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THE MOULDERS

By Benjamin Brooks

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN B. CHILD

MY introduction to the mysteries of the gloomy foundry was not encouraging. In the first place, it occurred quite before sunrise on a dull winter's morning, while there was still very little light in the open; and as I entered the black doorway against an ill-smelling current of steamy vapors, my eyes revealed to me no more than might be seen by looking down a chimney. A few gruff orders directed me to "Shorty over yonder with the candle," and I set out in his direction, stumbling over a pile of broken lava, still warm from its eruption from some fiery source, waded into hillocks of soft wet earth, fell in and out of a loose pile of crates (which I afterward learned to call flasks), and at length arrived at the candle. I found it securely stuck by much overspilled grease to a black hand quite unmindful of its high temperature, which in turn belonged to an unfamiliar crouching animal that rooted about in the earth and dug up odd-shaped things made of iron.

"Ah! so you come," said the animal laconically, straightening itself into a human attitude and disclosing a rather handsome clear-cut face above a body whose breadth of chest and shoulder was out of all proportion to its scant height. "My name's Mike; what's yours? Last names don't count in a foundry. Very good. Now you'll begin your education by finding where I always keep the shovel and fetching it here. After that you'll find the stink-pot by a little rooting in the corner, and can knock the ice out of her and mix her up again."

I located the shovel by bringing up against the protruding handle of it with my nose, which promptly started bleeding copiously; and soon after, to my unbounded disgust, found myself concocting a putrid compound of earth and water and mouldy flour in a small paint keg which fully deserved its unlovely name.

"How does your young friend like the moulding business?" said a burly voice out of the gloom, which was by this time giving way to a sifting of light that found its way in through the sooty skylights.

"Takes to it like a veteran," replied Mike; "leastwise, he was so anxious to mix me up my dope this morning, I let him do it first thing."

A rumble of hoarse laughter followed this delicate sarcasm, and so assisted me in getting up my temper that I resolved, no matter what the art comprised, I'd be a moulder or bust. With the zeal of Mr. Midshipman Easy, then, I took up my first and most important duty, which consisted of bending double over a short-handled shovel and sailing into a sand pile like a dog after a buried bone; and from that moment, seeing I meant business, Mike was always my fast friend.

I remember this first day of mine in the foundry as vividly as one recalls his first journeying in a strange land or his first setting to sea. In fact, travelling never brought me to so many incidents in one day; and between the excitement of venturing upon a new trade and the interest in such surroundings—the tall cupola with its ominous fire-stained openings, the great

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cranes moving ponderously under the creaking roof, the half-clad men delving in the black earth—I was far too occupied to be of much use.

Upon one hand were a lot of 'prentice boys (all greatly amused over my first efforts with the short shovel) who were engaged in what looked like a mud-pie contest. They had a number of neat wooden playthings which they spoke of as patterns—the body of a water valve, the hind leg of a stove, fragments of electric motors, parts of the internal economy of a piano—all these fashioned very carefully to go together and come apart like the halves of a walnut. They buried them in singular bottomless boxes like enlarged honeycomb frames placed one on the other, tucking the soft wet earth deftly into the crevices and corners, pounding it firmly with iron-shod poles, finishing with a primitive sort of war dance to tread it down to compactness. Very gently then, without so much as disturbing a single crumb of earth, they drew the frames apart again—the upper half from the lower—disclosing the wooden pattern. Still more gently, with tapping and coaxing and lifting with a pointed steel hook, they drew forth the pattern as carefully as though they were playing jackstraws; and this left a neat cavity behind it, which, when the necessary channels and openings were cut, would receive the molten metal and shape it as the wooden patterns were shaped, to the finest detail. And all the while they moved with the most wonderful dexterity, tucking and fitting and shovelling at an extraordinary rate, and at the same time chaffing one another and talking with their heads close to the ground as they doubled over the work, as if it were an entirely automatic process without special wonder.

In another place lay the long fin-like blade of a ship's propeller, varnished and polished like a piece of furniture; and a painstaking old workman bent over the impression of it which he had taken in the earth, smoothing it with a tiny trowel, dusting it over with sprinklings of plumbago, and polishing it with the flat of his rough hand till it looked as smooth and glossy as an ice pond. Beyond, in a deep pit, a crouching gnome with a short clay pipe in his mouth was building up a circle of bricks like a well-curbing, stuffing mud and straw into the chinks, lining it with earth carefully smoothed and polished. This was to give shape to the engine cylinder of some gallant liner of the near future. In another department men were compounding unusual shapes out of flour and clay and water mixed together and pressed into wooden forms, which they piled upon a car and ran into an oven as big as a small cottage, till they were baked hard. And these "cores," as they called them, were to be laid within the sand moulds to form the inside hollow places in the iron where required. So upon every side things were happening at the same lively rate, and from the great variety of the limbs and skeletons of future machinery that lay about, I concluded the foundry was the beginning of all things metallic—and this was not so very wide of the mark; for to go into a foundry is to go back to first principles in mechanics, where the ordinary common things we use and depend on every day, with no thought of their origin, are fashioned out of the elements of the earth.

But I had a great deal more to do than look on. Mike's frequent commands to "shovel in" kept the perspiration running copiously off the end of my chin, and his demands for earth which had been shaken laboriously through a coarse "riddle" or sieve told upon my back. I began to compare my slender limbs with those of my confederates, whose sleeveless shirts disclosed a magnificent set of knotty muscles, and wonder if I should indeed ever be a moulder, for all my resolutions. Yet strength was a very small part of it, as my laconic instructor was demonstrating every minute. He chanced to be making, on the day of our acquaintance, long strips of those beautiful carved mouldings which run about the entrances and staircases of the modern office building—save that you only see them after they have been polished and plated to look like bronze. He would grasp the handles of one end of his flask, directing me to the other with a "Say when you're mad"; and at the signal—"mad"—would straighten up easily under a load of three hundred and fifty pounds, setting it down as carefully as a keg of powder. So much for strength. But immediately afterward he would draw forth the light wooden pattern as gently as one draws a splinter, never harming the delicate

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sand form. All defects in the intricate design he conjured up again with a steel spatula and his blunt but sensitive thumb, replacing carved points and angles that, had you or I touched them, would have fallen hopelessly to pieces. He was as delicate of touch as a fat old potter I once saw at Sevres, who, with the same thick, clumsy-looking kind of thumb, made a fragile vessel on his wheel and handed it with unconcern to a dainty young lady, who, much to her chagrin, crushed it at the first touch. So much for skill; and as for knowledge and ingenuity, there seemed to be ten thousand ways of preventing the sand from falling out of place, by arranging wooden pegs in it made sticky by being dipped in the unlovely paint keg; of drawing most unmanagable shapes from the moulds by dividing them into Chinese puzzles of many pieces; of leading the metal where it should go, and damming it off with mud where it should not. How, for instance, would one go about making the hole in a water faucet, which is crooked and cannot be drilled? Or how would one cast a statue of Henry Ward Beecher all in one piece and have him hollow clear down to his toes? All good moulders know these things, for if there are tricks in every trade, moulding is a trade which is all tricks, as my first long and connected conversation with Mike the Laconic amply demonstrated. At high noon, which was announced by hitting a cracked bell with a hammer, we repaired by ladder to the roof of the low building, there to bask in the sun (which we had not seen before that day) and counteract the morning's gloom. While I devoured my sandwiches, finger-marks and all, with a mighty appetite, Mike reached over into a neighboring yard and plucked a crisp climbing morning-glory. Holding the delicate blossom up for my inspection, he said: "Young feller, kin you make me one just like that in bronze?" I was quite sure I could not. "But," said he, "you needn't think it can't be done. First you get an old can, punch a hole through the bottom of it with a nail, and stick the stem of the flower through the hole, leaving the blossom inside. See?" I saw. "Next you fill the can with water, and drop into the water, bit by bit, nice fine sand. Mind you go slow. After a long time the water will leak out, leaving the blossom buried in the sand, but still in good shape. Now you'll dry the whole thing in the core oven and bake it. That will burn the blossom to ashes. Then if you have the patience to shake it and shake it till all the ashes drop out through the stem, you'll be ready to pour in your metal; and if you do as I tell you and make no mistake, and try about six times, you'll have, in the end, the prettiest morning-glory that ever bloomed in a tomato can."

When the cracked bell summoned us again to earth—very literally to earth—they had closed up the chimney-like cupola at the bottom, strewn kindlings in it, added coke on top of that, then a layer of iron scraps, then more coke and more iron, alternately, till the charge was several feet deep; and the Cupola Boss touched it off with a smoky torch thrust in through the air twyers. Fire indeed became the ruling element, springing up everywhere—upon the floor under one's feet, deep down in the pits, and hung in iron baskets over the open moulds—each small blaze drying out a flask, each contributing generously to the smoke which soon enveloped all things. In the fitful flickerings the cranes, groaning under great weight and clanking with chains, swung back and forth placing covers on the moulds, weighting them with blocks of iron as big as the regulation ice cake, and fetching immense clay-lined "ladles."

Finally the moulds were all closed and clamped with iron bars as though they were expected to withstand dynamite. The men left off work, and stood in groups joking one another as though the day was done. But it was far from done. Presently from the cupola, which had been roaring with a strong forced draught and glowing red at the peep-holes, issued a slender stream of fire, first dull red, then yellow as a canary. As it coursed down the spout and fell splashing to the floor, a myriad of tiny livid beads spattered in the air, each bursting with a hiss into a spangle of light like the most delicate and beautiful sort of miniature sky-rockets. Yes, it was iron; and a very strange thing it was to see so dull and solid a metal running like syrup.

Soon the crane set down a big ladle under the stream, and, as it filled, the fireworks increased to a very torrent of sparks, falling upon the by-standers to their obvious discomfort; and great floods of light rose from the moulten pool, illuminating the black

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rafters and transforming my sombre associates to red fiends who brandished glowing "skimmers" in the air.

At the right moment a man with a clay plug on the end of a long pole stopped the flow, and the ladle, with much shouting of "histe away," went swinging high over head on the crane, casting weird shadows. As it stopped over the opening of a mould my curiosity reached a climax and I drew near. There was a moment's hesitation by the men at the turning handles, as if waiting for something, and then a man clapped me on the shoulder, saying, "Here, you'll do; take this and hold it so, to skim back the slag," and I found myself, willy-nilly, holding a bar across the lip of the ladle within three feet of the fearful stream that already began to pour into the mould with a gurgle like boiling oil. Now this was my very last hour, I felt sure. A blinding, shrivelling heat played upon my face and arms when the ladle tipped toward me, as though I were looking down the throat of a small volcano. Breathing was out of the question, for the moment. I felt my countenance ready to crack open like a roasted chestnut. My hair must certainly burn off like prairie grass. To strengthen this idea one of those fiendish little hissers dropped upon my head and rolled smoothly down inside my clothing, causing me to dance. But I dared not let go; the awful consequence of letting anything drop or go wrong, with a ton of moulten metal overhanging me, was too apparent. At the moment the last dregs were poured, however, the "riser" gate of the mould overflowed in the sputtering convulsive fashion of a young geyser, pouring over to the floor directly behind me. An attack from the rear was too much for me at this juncture. Without leave or ceremony I fled, and, being thoroughly blinded by staring at the metal, was soon sprawling in a sand pile which (praised be the Cyclops!) was cool. The voice of Mike came reassuringly out of the smoke—"The next time stand a bit more to one side and it'll not be so hot for you." And then, noting my chagrin at having run away, he continued, "I mind a time when I ran away myself. I had a top-heavy bull ladle full to the rim hooked on to a hydraulic crane and going up, me steadying it by the handles. Don't you ever trust no hydraulic crane, boy. When I sung out 'high enough' the valve broke short off, and she kept going up and no way to stop her. Ever dreamed you was fallin' and fallin', and woke up just before you hit? Well, boy, I was as scared as that, and yellin' for the fellers to run for it; and the higher it got the more noise I made. They ran, askin' no questions, and when she was as high as one could reach I had no choice but to run myself; and if I'd run a little faster I would have saved a whole suit of clothes and a lot of skin. Yes, boy, I was burnin' up pretty fast when they got to me and put me out."

By this time there were ladles going in all directions, each with its trail of light like a comet, some ponderously by the cranes, some smaller ones carried by men who staggered under their weight over rough ground and in the dark, but never stumbled. The moulds, as they poured them off, burst into flame at every chink and vent with the inflammable gases which the metal generated within. Loud boomings sounded on every hand like artillery, as accumulated gases exploded. Now and again a mould on the apprentices' floor, through bad venting, blew its entire contents into the air. Here a number of men with shovels were trying to stop a leak, others were bringing buckets of water to put out a too persistent blaze; there a man, unable to let go of his ladle, swore feelingly and urged somebody to extinguish the seat of his trousers which had inopportunely caught fire. Everything burned or smoked—even the earth, with the pools of congealed metal that lay on it; everything seemed given over to panic and destruction. The devil himself would have voted it a fine climate. Yet, despite the smoke and darkness, nobody stumbled or made a wrong move. Despite the roaring of the air blast, nobody misunderstood an order. Nobody seemed confused or in the least dismayed. To me alone was it fire and brimstone and the end of the world.

Now finally came a lull. The fires died away and dank vapors floated in the thick air. Mike and I set to with the help of the crane to break out the moulds we had set up, and this was all seven of the labors of Hercules, with the heroism left out. Red-hot sand poured out on our boots, or went up in the air with the heat currents to 'light upon us from above. The smoke blinded

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us, the fumes of burned flour stifled us, till we ran to a door with smarting eyes and nostrils for a breath of air, only to return again for another stifling. At length appeared our day's work in iron, still red with heat, and I herewith took first lessons in the art of uncovering castings to cool without cracking. We were still in the midst of this, thoroughly covered with sweat and hot sand, when there came a warning shout, a blow, and a crash, and the remaining contents of the cupola lay dumped upon the floor, a blinding, half-molten volcanic pile, and the water they played on it burned in long flames like so much petroleum. I stood fascinated by the sight till the force of example bid me lay hold of a long chain with the rest of the crew (keeping one arm over my face for protection), and heave away at the pile till it was scattered over the floor to cool.

And this was the end of my first day in a foundry. I came intact through the usual scrimmage for a place under the cold water tap, won out in the contest for the soap—the rare elusive soap—and passed out into the cool evening and God's fresh air.

I worked many months at the moulders' trade, but never learned it. For that matter, neither had my instructor, Mike, who had been at it years and had the advantage of a long line of moulders to inherit from; and his white-haired grandfather, crushed to death by the crane through a mistaken signal at the age of ninety, had never learned it either. He had often said to Mike, viewing with grave disfavor the introduction of machinery into the trade, "The day will come, my lad, when you'll be ashamed to say you're a moulder!" And all good mechanics are apt to feel that machinery takes the skill out of a trade and reduces it to drudgery. Yet here was I, working in what may prove the world's climax of machinery, and moulding was still an intangible, unlearnable art; and, as in the time of Mike's distinguished ancestor, so there are to-day about nine men out of ten who could never be good moulders any more than they could paint good pictures or sculpture in clay. Indeed, it is very hard to say where the moulder leaves off and the sculptor begins. There is, to be sure, a lot of humdrum about it. A man will often be found making twenty moulds a day from the one pattern, and doing the same for months together, till his tools wear out in his hands. He works automatically, without zeal or joy in the task, and whether the monotony makes the man or the man chooses the monotony is not easy to say. Most of them, at any rate, fight against routine. They roam over the map with a happy-go-lucky assurance of a job, appear in many shops, do many different kinds of work, until they have become too valuable to be set at one task to work without thought. Delightfully free and sailor-like it is to go where one will, seeing the cities of the world like a gentleman tramp, with one's office under his hat, with one's livelihood in one's hands, and money in pocket. Yet I believe the artist rather than the vagabond is uppermost with them. We took on a man one day who gave us a most convincing reason for having left his last job. It was this way: He was moulding large grooved pulleys for a cable railway. Some were cast, others he was at work on. At this point a surly foreman ordered him to "shake her out"—which meant to destroy the mould. Now why should he "shake her out"? The first pulleys were good, why not these? He had made no error. The foreman offered no explanation, but, with a sneer of disapproval, ordered the moulds destroyed. The purely materialistic view of the situation would have been—so many dollars per day, whether the work might be to build up or shake out; but our new man saw only that he was asked to destroy without good reason the work of his own skilled hand; and, sooner than do that, he put on his coat, demanded his pay, and set out for new worlds to conquer. There is usually room at the top for all such "unphilosophic" moulders as he, for in contrast with the twenty-pieces-a-day routine is the work that requires great skill and judgment—like the ocean greyhound's cylinder, for instance, that takes two weeks to make, and beyond that again are the fellows that cast the great chimes—five tons of metal in one bell, mixed and compounded with the care of an alchemist, true to the ear and without a single flaw. The bronzes on the Capitoline, the satyrs that were dug up at Pompeii—these also are moulding; and old Bartolommeo Colleoni, riding his famous bronze steed through the square in Venice,

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Breaking out the moulds.

is enough to make every moulder proud of his trade. It is a very ancient, respectable art, and has never declined like many others. I have seen, in the unromantic lower districts of breathless New York, moulders who, machinery and hustle to the contrary, took plenty of time and infinite pains fitting together hundreds of irregular blocks of the finest, compactest earth to form the moulds for the ornaments on palaces along the Avenue and the statues in the Park; and had they artists who could draw and model for them as of old, they could cast better bronzes than any Renaissance has yet brought forth. And this is to say nothing of aluminum of the cup defenders, and cast steel for a hundred things unknown a generation ago.

As to the moulders themselves, I have often been asked what my friends the sculptor-gnomes are like, in much the same way that the traveller, returning over seas, is asked, "What about the Patagonians?" as though moulders were quite an outlandish tribe. I have heard them characterized as ignorant, unruly, nomadic, brave, and so

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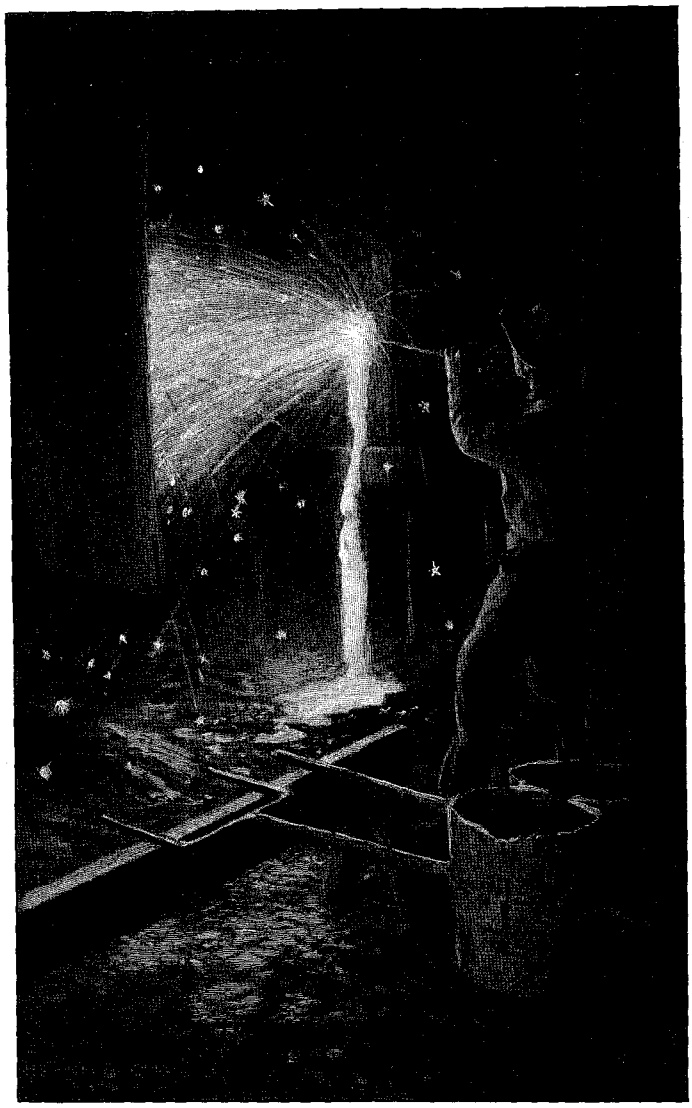

Blowing off the slag.

on, all bunched together; and once I was interrupted by a young giant near by who observed: "I say, Spindles" (which was my foundry name, denoting herculean build), "I see by this morning's *Journal* that moulders are a lazy lot of fellows all together. How about that?" But since it was so painfully evident that I was just about then having great difficulty in keeping up to Mike's pace, I made no comment on the editorial decision, but dispelled his derisive grin by throwing a gate-pin at him between riddlefuls.

Moulders look very much alike when you meet them hurrying to trains and ferries with tin pails and worn-out coats and that unmistakable smell of burnt flour about them, but work among them ever so little, and they become exceedingly individual, and, like the single men in barracks, "most amazingly like you." Ignorant? To be sure. There are moulders who can't read their own union cards, or measure accurately with a rule, but space off distances with their two fists held together with thumbs extended end to end for a crude

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twelve-inch measure; and record the length of bolts and clamps with chalk upon their trouser legs. On the other hand, I would stake the average moulder against the average college professor for a thorough knowledge of the laws of hydrostatics. As the Egyptian *had* to learn geometry and the Hollander engineering, so the moulder must learn those mysteries of liquid pressure along with the alphabet. I had sometimes seen fellows standing on their smaller flasks to hold them tight down in lieu of clamps, and pouring them at the same time. I tried it myself one day, and a little column of molten iron six inches high and one in diameter lifted me and three hundred pounds of sand off its bed so that the metal poured out through the joint; and I, who was "edekated," thereupon took a first lesson in hydrostatics, amid flame and sparks and the laughter of the foundry crew. After that it seemed unsafe to think of moulders as ignorant.

And their reputation for brute unruliness: A moulder is apt to turn devil when he strikes. A little scrap of cold iron dipped in water and dropped into a filling ladle will explode it like a Yellowstone "hell-hole," blinding, or maybe killing, everybody near it; and a handful of gunpowder dropped down a "gate" will never show till the metal touches it off when the mould is poured. It is a brave man indeed who will risk his life as a "scab" in a foundry. Yet in contrast to such occasional inhumanity are the weekly gatherings in sombre meeting halls decorated with florid banners, mediæval regalia, and spittoons, wherein the grievances of the hotheaded are allowed to dissipate in smoke, profanity, and chaotic argument; and the business element refers the matter to headquarters in Cincinnati, waits calmly for the decision of the central committee, and acts upon their Yea or Nay with the support of fifty thousand men.

To describe the moulders, then, would be for me to go back to the old shop and describe them as individuals. Mike, no doubt, would be as laconic as ever, save for grumbling that his father hadn't apprenticed him to an easier trade than moulding, yet secretly liking the work for its own sake, doing it always well, and standing off three foremen in a hurry, if necessary, to insist on enough time and the right methods. In contrast to him, "Black Jack" would still appear as low-browed and sullen as ever; would show as plainly each Monday the effects of an intemperate Sunday when the heat got at him. Henry, raw-boned, enormous, and clumsy, would be hard at it to no purpose after all, and about to invest his horded bank account in some aerated scheme to get rich quick. Possibly the old man is there yet, who they say went partially mad years ago over a great sorrow, working and working, and never looking up or speaking to his fellows. But the young Alsatian—he will be gone. He was a nomad. He could play the cornet when work was dull, or land anywhere and do anything, for that matter. He will be away to Japan for the fight, or to the Klondike for gold, and with equal relish. "Stagey Pete," so called from his weakness for amateur theatricals, might surprise you very much, if the mood was on him, by showing a phenomenal knowledge of the works of some famous bards. Often have I heard him begin "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" —as the metal began to run on dull days; or, when we were standing in groups waiting for our turn at the cupola, he would begin with me and recite "The seven ages of man" with an eloquence that charmed us, ending in mock solemnity with the most venerable of us all. "Skinney Jim," alternately member of the Salvation Army and penitent transgressor—he with the one remaining front tooth—is still, I doubt not, the butt of the foundry. You will hear them all singing in chorus:

"Are you washed, are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless and as white as snow?"

And Jimmy, being all one color of earth—hair, skin, and clothing, with nothing distinguishable but the whites of his eyes—responding, "Sing away, himps o' the devil! yer can't get me mad, gosh damn yer!" and brandishing a menacing skimmer rod.

If these heterogeneous moulders of mine had anything in common it was a general spirit of hearty cheerfulness, free from the cross-grains and "nerves" of men who sit in offices with no outlet for their physical energies. There is a saying, I believe, about the man who sings at his work, and I remember it was mighty inspiring in a long day's toil when we started up "John

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Brown's Body" all together in a big bull-throated chorus accompanied by the noisy "rattler mills" which churned without ceasing, and tumbled our castings about to rid them of tenacious sand and sharp corners and make them presentable. And if a joke sprang up anywhere it was everybody's joke, and went all round without interfering with the work. "Spindles," the 'prentice boy, was under a sort of kindly protectorate of them all, who saw that he worked like a horse, but never lifted beyond his strength. Then there was their stanch nerve—the kind that held Mike to his top-heavy ladle till the boys were out of danger; they all had that to a greater or less degree.

It might safely be said also, that although all moulders are not ignorant, nor any of them ignorant in all directions, yet they all, in common with other so-called uneducated workmen, show a sensitiveness about what they don't know. Have respect and interest in what a moulder does know, and he will eagerly tell you many of his trade secrets in exchange for a fact or so from you. But even hint by word or action that his knowledge is small, and it will go hard with you in the foundry. The consciousness that they vote blindly and the wrong way, that they know not how to seize opportunities nor just what to strike for, is pathetic; and I regret that, as a corollary to this, there exists a feeling almost of resentment and suspicion against the class who are better informed than they, whom they must deal with as the Irishman played the fiddle, "by main strength and awkwardness."

Well, since my foundry days the condition of moulders has grown better. I have seen foundries lately with windows that let in light and good cheer, and proper ventilators that let out smoke, and gas-burners that dry moulds much better than wood fires, and save a man's eyes. I have seen shower rooms and free soap; and these last are great things, for when a man can leave his work and the dirt of it behind him together at the end of the day, he comes to much more consideration in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. Some day I hope for a sort of internal strike, whereby the real moulders will strike out the incapables, the mere "hoboes," from themselves and their unions, and stand ready to advance according to their own merits.

However, as I said, I never learned the trade—all of it—nor all about my gruff, hearty friends, the moulders. It is better to have been a moulder than to be one, even to-day; so, following the examples of the sons of great designers and inventors, who take their course in the foundry as a means to an end, I finally set out for new fields, with a broader chest and an invaluable, unforgetable accumulation of experience. But to-day, whenever I chance to pass within scent of a foundry and see the flames at the cupola stack, the old desire is strong upon me to get back to those primitive black elements again and be making things with my hands.

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HENRY JAMES

By Elisabeth Luther Cary

FROM most of the fiction of the present day, always excepting that of Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy, I gain the impression that it is written for the young and by the young. I gain the impression that its authors have been checked at a certain point in their intellectual development by the abundance of the satisfaction their immature sympathies and observation provide. A few points of human nature and experience have claimed their attention without luring them to further inquiry. And the result is an atmosphere in which it is difficult for those who have "grown old and crafty and wise," and for those who have "grown old and godly and grave," to breathe. Yet to fiction surely we should turn as we grow older, to find that enlarged field of subtle and poignant interests demanded by our initiated minds. Nowhere else can we move in such varied and such stimulating society; nowhere else can we learn the jealously guarded secrets of the mind and heart that become important to us in proportion as our fellow beings render them inaccessible. In the novels of Henry James we drink deep of this peculiar satisfaction. Here, at least, there is no shirking of the exactions upon the mind made by increasing years. The enlightened and fortified intelligence has kept pace indefatigably with its task of investigation and record. There has been neither impatience nor weariness shown in the arduous study of character constantly rendered more complicated by wider and richer opportunities. Rightly to estimate the contribution thus made by Mr. James to the small body of what we may call our mature fiction demands an ability in analysis equal to his own; but there are in his work a few salient qualities that leap to the notice of the reader, and that, brought together, form in themselves a sufficiently coherent picture of the more obvious side of his performance. First of these is what can only be termed, although perhaps misleadingly, his patriotism. To this day we hear it pointedly explained by the militant type of critic that he is the opposite of a patriot; so, possibly, it is necessary, in order to get the best point of view from which to regard his work, to examine somewhat closely his claims to Americanism. In one of his biographical sketches he declares that we know very little about a talent until we know where it grew up. Certainly in his own case it would be superficial in the extreme to fail to note in his accomplishment the influence of environment and of certain facts in his life.

He was born of American parents, his earlier childhood was passed in New York, where, he tells us, he spent a large part of his time poring over the pictures in *Punch*, yielding himself to the appeal of their trans-Atlantic suggestions, and dreaming of Drury Lane and Kensington Gardens. When he was twelve years old he was taken abroad and his schooling was carried on in France and Switzerland. At sixteen he came back to continue his studies at Harvard. Finally when he was six and twenty he went to Europe to live the rest of his life there, chiefly in England. Once only he has returned for a visit of a few months' duration. As he is now well past the middle years it is immediately apparent how small a part America has played in creating his environment and forming his associations, and it is the more interesting to observe that his attitude toward Americans, after all has been said—and certainly it is not a little—shows extraordinary sympathy and comprehension. He has written between thirty and forty novels and long stories, and in two-thirds of them, at least, is portrayed the American character with the scrupulous care of a mind ardent in the pursuit of truth. These wonderful types are as flexible and pure of outline, as nervously alive and as beautifully expressive, as any to be found in English fiction. They appear against the backgrounds of British and Continental life provided for them, surrounded by an air of their own, a clear medium of innocence enriched by intelligence. They

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are acutely interested by the world that lies about them, and abundantly susceptible to new impressions; but what strikes one most forcibly in regarding them as a group is the depth of their temperamental refinement; their inability to think coarsely of their relations with their fellow beings. They represent their nation on its most exquisite side —youthful, bright, incorruptible, confiding, expectant. And almost with one accord they bring this unsophisticated, receptive temperament to the deep wells of civilization, where the intensity of their thirst becomes apparent. They are continually leaving the keen, thin atmosphere of their native society to expand and ripen in the mellow and brilliant world to which Mr. James invites them, and which returns them rejoiced, or sometimes chastened, but singularly unspotted and unimpaired. For, unlike many of the pilgrims in search of experience with whom literature has concerned itself, these people, created by Mr. James in the image of America, present an impenetrable surface to the demoralizing influences of the spectacle which they find so alluring. They receive the beauty of the vision and maintain their integrity of soul. They are as sound as the picked apples of their orchards, and they are made to assist at situations both ugly and mean without either losing their fine moral constancy or showing themselves priggishly insensitive. Gertrude Wentworth and Daisy Miller, Isabel Archer, Christopher Newman, Milly Theale, Francie Dosson, the incomparable Strether, all meet their various fates, some of them tragic enough, with the fervent sweetness of the dreamer for whom the joy of impressions can never be dimmed by the shock of personal disillusionment. Together they form a body of character and temperament that makes powerfully for wholesome idealism. Never was exhilaration of mind and soul obtained from purer sources than those from which they draw their inspiration, and never were the satisfactions of spiritual and intellectual curiosity more vividly realized.

Apparently Mr. James has not been able to forget the sentiment of the little boy turning the pages of *Punch* and looking forward with impatience to the time when he should walk the London streets. The sense of initiation began for him with those London pictures, and the sense of personal discovery that was soon to follow has not yet ceased to exercise its magic. His latest novel, "The Ambassadors," contains the figure of a man who has grown grizzled in an Eastern town of the United States and who meets at last in Europe the savor of life that enchants him. In Strether we have the ideal American as Mr. James beholds him incarnate. A freshness of heart and soul that is not youth, but that to the crude eye simulates it; a temperament fine and rich and warm in which the seeds of experience, once dropped, spring instantaneously into blossom and fruit; a mild and genial kindliness, the key to precious intimacies, an appreciation of the more delicate delights of civilization so keen as to inflict suffering; the perfection of desire toward the right and of knowledge of what makes the right—these in Strether combine to form that Americanism for which Mr. James has the tenderest sentiment, the most loyal respect. In the first chapter of his "Life of Story" he declares that "the old relation, social, personal, æsthetic, of the American world to the European" is "as charming a subject as the student of manners, morals, personal adventures, the history of taste, the development of a society, need wish to take up—with the one drawback, in truth, of being treatable but in too many lights;" and later he laments that "it has never been 'done,' to call done, from any point of view." Perhaps not; but it has never come nearer to it than at the hands of Mr. James himself, and the point of view to which he has chiefly confined himself is that which presents his compatriots in their most winning aspect. In his hands their representative fabric of qualities and susceptibilities becomes a thing of shimmering tones and elusive beauty. Milly Theale, for example, in "The Wings of a Dove," is minutely defined as a product of New York. Her wealth, her history, her face, her dress, have the stamp of New York upon them. She glides across the pages upon which are depicted her lovely life and death, with a fascinating lightness of movement, and the gracious turns of her beneficent spirit in working out its kindness of intention are not less entrancing. No character in any of the novels is freer from aggression, triviality, or crudity; no character is richer

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in mellow instincts and harmonious impulses. In the disastrous impact of her fragile nature upon the coarser alien types with which she is brought into relations we have a tragedy of which Mr. James has developed many sides. It occurs in "The American," in "The Reverberator," in "An International Episode," in "Daisy Miller," and in each case it is the American whose texture, when the crash reveals it, proves to be exquisite in fineness, and quite without the stain of self-seeking.

Of course there are Americans of a different kind. There are Madame Merle and Gilbert Osmond, Olive Chancellor and Mrs. Tristram, Roderick Hudson and Caspar Goodwood; there is the sturdy Waymarsh; but, interesting as these are, they are not the real thing. "The name of the good American," Mr. James has recently ejaculated in the person of the astute Miss Gostrey, "is as easily given as taken away. . . . What *is* it, to begin with, to *be* one . . . surely nothing that's so pressing was ever so little defined!" Mr. James defines it by the dramatic method, by embodying his definition in his chosen characters. For those who play the leading parts in his books he unerringly selects models of singular moral and temperamental beauty, and these respective and responsive people make up the principal charm of the international drama with which he so largely concerns himself. In detaching the figures of his Americans from the group of his distinguished characters there is no injustice to his art, for they indubitably stand for what is most individual and most precious in the sum of his achievement.

If Mr. James, however, after many years of what his critics deprecate as expatriation, has not merely preserved, but has intensified his sensitiveness to all that is sweet and sound in the American composition, it is not therefore the case that he finds in America the Land of his Heart's Desire. He has chiefly exploited it as a place from which to escape whole-hearted to the homes of traditions and symbols, of faint fragrant messages from the past, and long-established institutions. At the time when he knew it best he put into the mouth of a mad artist this characterization:

"We (the Americans) are the disinherited of art. We are condemned to be superficial! We are excluded from the magic circle. The soil of American perception is a poor, little, barren, artificial deposit. Yes! we are wedded to imperfection. An American, to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European. We lack the deeper sense. We have neither taste nor tact nor force. How should we have them? Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstance, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so." Doubtless he would now put it with far less bald conclusiveness, even were the changes due to what he calls the annexation of the complicated European world less marked. His present impression, indeed, is conveyed chiefly by means of mild insinuation. The town of Woollett, Massachusetts, is, he suggests, a place marked "by the failure to enjoy"—one of the great failures in his eyes, . . . and Woollett stands for a thousand towns of modern New England. It is not sure it ought to enjoy. If it were, it would. But it hasn't, poor thing, anyone to show it how. New York, despite its cleverness in originating Milly Theale, appears to little advantage in the references she makes to it; those "American references, with their bewildering immensities, their confounding moneyed New York, their excitements of high pressure, their opportunities of wild freedom, their record of used-up relatives." It is thrown out at the same time that Boston is a city in which one finds "a particular peace" beyond the power of New York to bestow, a city which may be counted upon to help you "feel your situation as grave" under the discipline of life or death. Such attributions are amusing and discerning, and frankly unsympathetic. Mr. James is too deeply enamoured of art, the outcome of "Silence and slow Time," to be patient with any form of life that dissipates the æsthetic inclination or confuses the æsthetic effect. Not merely the pursuit of art as an avocation or religion or destiny, although in "The Tragic Muse" this too has received a large and splendid recognition, but the art that colors and moulds our surroundings, that affects our taste in the minutest particulars, that makes itself manifest through

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the harmony of our environment and our relation to it—this affords him continual concern. Who else has given us such portraits of places, of homes, of rooms, of gardens, of streets and churches and little inns, of dress even, of all that has passed under the hand of man to be beautified? In the earlier books, where all emotions are more insistently held, this emotion for beauty has its active part to play on the comparatively empty stage, and one grows at times almost tired of its inevitable appearance. Later it takes its place as a pervasive, comforting influence which, like the fragrance of flowers, ameliorates all harsh conditions and deepens the sense of well-being. In "A London Life," miserable story as it is of sordid quarrels and debased relations, the description of the dower-house at Plash is like a cool and soothing touch in fever. In the novel that has least to commend it to the admirers of Mr. James, "The Sacred Fount," we find ourselves bewitched by Newmarch, the country-seat at which take place the extravagant and pitiful events of the fable. Wherever we turn in this strange story, driven by our puzzled and half-rebellious curiosity, we are hushed and calmed by glimpses of utter loveliness. They are scattered in single sentences and fragmentary allusions, occasionally expanding into descriptions of consummate felicity, fixing some moment of passing effect:

"There was a general shade in all the lower reaches—a fine clear dusk in garden and grove, a thin suffusion of twilight out of which the greater things, the high tree-tops and pinnacles, the long crests of motionless wood and chimnied roof, rose into golden air. The last calls of the birds sounded extraordinarily loud; they were like the timed serious splashes in wide, still water, of divers not expecting to rise again. I scarce know what odd consciousness I had of roaming at close of day in the grounds of some castle of enchantment. My few steps brought me to a spot where another perspective crossed our own, so that they made together a verdurous circle with an evening sky above and great lengthening, arching recesses in which the twilight thickened. Oh, it was quite sufficiently a castle of enchantment, and when I noticed four old stone seats, massive and mossy and symmetrically placed, I recognized not only the influence, in my adventure, of the grand style, but the familiar identity of this consecrated nook, which was so much the type of all the bemused and remembered. We were in a beautiful old picture, we were in a beautiful old tale, and it wouldn't be the fault of Newmarch if some other green *carrefour*, not far off, didn't balance with this one and offer the alternative of niches in the greenness, occupied by weather-stained statues on florid pedestals."

These are the scenes with which Mr. James has gained familiarity and which he reproduces as they are reproduced in the art of Corot, with such an adjustment of values and accents that the whole trembles mysteriously into color without a brilliant note or patch of deadness. And it is in such descriptions that one feels now his older vision, they are so perfectly the evolution of what his younger eyes beheld when Europe still was foreign land; they realize so fully the dream that grew out of early reading and imagining. Compare the bland serenity of Newmarch with this picture of Hampton Court, dating more than a quarter of a century earlier, and throbbing with impressionable youth and eagerness:

"Over against us, amid the deep-hued bloom of its ordered gardens, the dark red palace, with its formal copings and its vacant windows, seemed to tell of a proud and splendid past; the little village nestling between park and palace, around a patch of turfy common with its tavern of gentility, its ivy-towered church, its parsonage, retained to my modernized fancy the lurking semblance of a feudal hamlet. It was in this dark, composite light that I had read all English prose; it was this mild moisture that had blown from the verses of English poets; beneath these broad acres of rain-deepened greenness a thousand honored dead lay buried."

It is the same vision, it is the same craving, the same delight in humanized landscape and sophisticated nature, the same zest for turning the pages of a book written in the tongues of ancient peoples and illustrated by the great masters of form and color. The development has been certain, sustained, and complete. Following a habit he has in common with many other intensely personal writers, Mr. James has devoted to this trait of his mental

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physiognomy an entire book. In "The Old Things," later called "The Spoils of Poynton," he gathers up as if in some slender vase of intricate workmanship, the aroma diffused by the multitudinous flower of civilization. In this work (and in this alone) the human interest is subordinated to the pressure of æsthetic preoccupations. At the end Fleda Vetch and Owen Gereth are dim and fantastic to the reader's imagination, and it is the fresh old tapestry and deep old damasks, the rare French furniture, the old golds and brasses, the Spanish altar cloth and the ivory crucifix that flicker and glow with vitality. Saving himself by the adjective "maniacal" applied to Mrs. Gereth's passionate regard for her properties; saving himself still more by Fleda's refusal to see in those wonderful properties the price of her affections, Mr. James nevertheless emphasizes, once and for all, the reader feels, the compulsion of such a passion as that of Mrs. Gereth for her "Old Things." He points a warning hand in the direction of its ultimate effect upon human character. We may see for ourselves, he seems to say, how far it may carry one. In "The Portrait of a Lady," which antedates "The Old Things" by some fifteen years, he has also shown that the dilettante attitude, the excessive preoccupation with matters of taste, presents to him as to less susceptible observers its ugly and contemptible side. In the person of Gilbert Osmond he has concentrated all its hardening and lowering possibilities, and he has provided an illuminating contrast to this peculiarly detestable connoisseur in Ralph Touchett, in whom taste, the unfortunate Isabel feels, is "a kind of humorous excrescence" that does not interfere with his inalienably human qualities.

In the world which Mr. James has chosen to depict, reality prevails. There is a vast amount of art, but there is little artificiality. There is almost nothing of what critics are fond of calling primal sentiment, but there is an abundance of the ordered, restrained, compressed sentiment that reaches its highest development in the soil of civilization. Unlike Mr. Meredith, he fails to show us any wild flowers of womanhood springing, beautiful and alluring, from the crags of unconventionality. None of his heroines could be compared to great sky-birds, or to forest trees, or to the shower-cloud of the mountains. But to say that his characters clothe their emotions with the garments of the cultivated world to which they belong is not to deny their sincerity or even their intensity. Purely primitive passion does not interest him, but strong feeling—feeling of which one may die, for that matter—assailed by the problems of life in a complex environment—this awakens him to searching analysis and to poetic interpretation. The wonderful story, "The Beast in the Jungle," furnishes a striking definition of the tragedy which he finds in passionless living. No more terrible vision of blank and empty reaches in the soul can be conceived than that evoked by the anguish with which Marcher covets the ravages of grief beheld upon the face of a mourner. And, as usually in the life of the modern world, feeling is obliged to parade itself or else to seek concealment before a cloud of witnesses. In all the later stories people are coming and going with constant intrusion, doors are swinging, we obtain glimpses here and there of significant corners out of the way of the crowd; but it is a rare chance that we can feel ourselves alone for an instant with anyone. All that we gather in the way of confidences must be culled from half-framed sentences, from allusions, tacit understandings, instantaneous intuitions. We must keep ourselves alert, guarded, intelligent, or we miss the secret. If Mr. James is the opposite of idle with his observing and recording, we too are industrious. He calls upon his readers to work with him and in his own spirit of untiring curiosity. And everywhere he produces what a recent critic has called "the emotion of multitude." He moves among his characters, numerous as they are, with great serenity and with an air of perfect ease. Again unlike Mr. Meredith, who continually enters one's thoughts in his company, he assumes no mask of comedy or tragedy, he requires no isolation of place. In evening dress, in great assemblies, he astutely interrogates the human soul and receives its confessions. I recall but one instance of his rebellion against the social order, the shackles of which he seems so consentingly to embrace. Once, at Newmarch, he complains that to that fine and formal company the summer stars called in vain. "We had ignored

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them in our crystal cage, among our tinkling lamps, no more free really to alight than if we had been dashing in a locked railway-train across a lovely land." But for the most part the immense society of the civilized world offers him his tremendous opportunity and he is not disdainful of it. For this reason he has been placed in a group of writers fundamentally unlike himself, and the tag of "realist" has been cheerfully attached to him. It is hardly worth while to dispute the applicability of that or any other tag when its applicability can be so easily defended. But the realism of Mr. James is merely the solid and tangible envelope of his inherent mysticism. He is too thoroughly an artist to leave his characters in the air in a disembodied state. It is the business of an artist to give form to his thought, to provide illusions that shall convince; and this to the most extraordinary degree Mr. James accomplishes. His least characters walk the solid earth and think and act with integral individuality. They are born into life as real persons, not as dreams or ideas; but this world of our mortality is not the only world of which they are conscious. The domain of terrestrial experience is narrow compared to the wide world of psychological conjecture. From the natural phenomena absorbing the attention of most of us, some of us are continually summoned by a vision of miracle, by a ghostly sense of the supernatural coldly breathing upon our lusty materialism. It was not for nothing that Mr. James had for his father and the guide of his early studies, that genial theologian of Swedenborgian tendencies, who pursued Emerson even to his bedchamber to "bring him to book on the topic of man's regeneration," and who found the idol of Concord "absolutely destitute of reflective power." In the early work of Mr. James, in that of his middle period, and markedly in the work of his later years, we feel that visions and dreams have been his frequent companions. Occasionally he has written ghost-stories of undiluted mystery. "The Turn of the Screw" is a tale of which the elusive horror cannot be exaggerated. In all its elements, in the choice of the little child as the victim of inexplicable evil, in the veil shrouding in darkness the manifestations of the evil, in the sense of irresistible forces sweeping against and overturning divine innocence of heart, in the downfall of the physical under the fierce assault of the spirit, sheer ghastly, shattering horror is present. In other stories involving excursions into the region of good and evil spirits, a lighter medium is used. The ghosts of "The Real Right Thing," "The Third Person," "Owen Wingrave," "The Romance of Certain Old Clothes"—these ghosts enlist the imagination without appalling it. In the story called "Maud-Evelyn" the eccentric spirit of whimsy is riotous. Maud-Evelyn is a child who died at some early age and who lives in the memory of her parents with such intensity—but it is folly to translate or curtail the wonderful web into which Maud-Evelyn's adventures are woven! Reading of them one is far away from the author of "The Papers" and "What Maisie Knew."

But it is from this amazing composition of equal sensitiveness to the visible and the invisible that the moral worth of these various works has grown. The spiritual difference between good and evil is kept continually in mind, and out of a maze of incident, weary with intellectual exercise, one emerges at the important goal to find the beauty and dignity of virtue still pre-eminent. Out of the corruption of a society which Mr. James depicts with unsparing detail and without satire or didactic comment, rises the flame of purity. Some one among his characters is sure to stand for invincible goodness. There is never for a moment the pretense that wickedness and vulgarity are happy estates for the soul. There is always the assumption that to be sanely and positively good is to shape for one's self the only satisfying destiny, and the assumption is the more potent that none of the felicities of life escape the notice of him by whom it is made. The resources of the opulent material universe, the complications of the intricate social relation, the deep delights of multifarious personal experience—to hold these in the hand and weigh against them the secret value of goodness is to count so far as one can for morality.

Mr. James may be said to count for morality on its sturdiest side, on the side assailed by all the insidious temptations of refined and sophisticated tastes. "I like your talking, my dear man, of what you don't perceive. I've yet to find out what that remarkable quantity is." One of his

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own characters tosses him this appreciation, and he himself admits that "a man habitually ridden by the twin demons of imagination and observation is never enough for his own peace out of anything."

But such a man speaks with authority to the initiated and those who have tasted satiety. The freshness and sweetness of his message has none of the crude tang of immaturity, and if he is listened to he is believed.

Unfortunately it becomes increasingly difficult to listen understandingly. Many years ago—the years of "The Passionate Pilgrim" and "The Europeans"—there was but one fault to find with that clear enunciation in which words had so delectable a sound. It was not entirely flexible. Mr. James, like many another writer whose ideal of the English tongue is a high one, wrote at first cautiously, and erred on the side of elaboration. He explained; at times he even a little exhorted. He moved not quite freely among his sentences. In the correction of that fault he arrived at the style of "Princess Casamassima" and of "The Portrait of a Lady," a style beautifully sincere, personal and significant. Then, to use the expressive characterization of one of his fellow novelists, he "bent backward." Apparently he is increasingly anxious to be on terms of careless intimacy with his readers, to address them in the colloquial speech of inner circles, in an *argot* like that of the studio or the newspaper or the stage. Such an expression as "things are not, also, gouged out to your tune" is an example of the liberties he now takes with his easily handled instrument. The result is an immense pliability; a wonderful sense of being in and of the group; a pleasant good-fellowship between the reader and the book, but as one reads, a fear settles upon the mind—is not this broken and distorted style the most fragile of vessels in which to preserve the precious substance? Will it not be practically unintelligible for future generations? A greater mishap in literature could hardly be imagined.

QUATRAINS

By Arlo Bates

SELF

One newly dead, wafted on winds of space,
Felt clustering shapes he knew not and yet knew.
"Who are ye?" cried he, scanning face by face.
"Yourself!" they laughed. "We all have once been you!"

TRUTH FALSIFIED

Of countless bards, each called his love a rose,
Yet never was it true till Sylvia came;
And so much fairer than the flower she shows,
That what now first is sooth, now first seems blame!

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THE FIGHTING IN MANCHURIA

WHY GENERAL KUROPATKIN HAS FAILED

BY THOMAS F. MILLARD

WITH MAPS BY THE AUTHOR

THE beginning of the rainy season may be said to mark the completion of the first stage of the war. The difficulty of conducting extensive operations during the rains, coupled with the comparative exhaustion of both armies after a prolonged campaign attended by unusual hardships, will probably cause a temporary cessation of hostilities on a large scale in central and southern Manchuria. From six weeks to two months will elapse before the ground becomes again sufficiently firm to bear the weight of heavy transport, and in the interim, while keeping a close watch on each other, the antagonists will do what they may to repair the wastage of the campaign now ending, preparatory to taking the field in the fall.

The time, then, seems opportune for an account of some of the operations of the army under the command of General Kuropatkin as they have come to my knowledge during four months spent with the Russians in the sphere of hostilities.

That Russia was not prepared to undertake a war in this part of the world must now be generally understood, but the extent of her disadvantage is probably not yet fully appreciated. When the war began, various estimates of Russia's strength in the far East were published. These differed widely, but it is not putting it too strongly to say that even the lowest was greatly in excess of the reality. So well do the Russians preserve their military secrets that it was not until I had been for some time on the scene that I began to grasp the facts. Many details conspire to confuse one. For instance, the organization of the Siberian troops and railway guards is different from the European army, and estimates of numbers based upon battalions, regiments, or divisions are apt to be entirely at fault.

In attempting to estimate the number of men Russia actually had in the theatre of war at the beginning of hostilities, the Vladivostok garrison should be at once eliminated, since they were required for the defence of that fortress and could not be used for any other purpose. Not only was it impossible to withdraw troops from Port Arthur for use in the field, but it was necessary to reënforce the garrison. When the war began, there were probably about 20,000 men in and about Port Arthur, and as many more in the Vladivostok district. This left free for active operations only the Manchurian railway guards and such of the Siberian troops as happened to be east of Lake Baikal at the time. While I do not pretend to possess positive information on this matter, I have good reason to regard the following estimate as reasonably accurate. Of railway guards, who are armed and equipped as infantry, there were approximately some 24,000, fully one-fourth of which were required to guard and operate the railway east of Baikal. Moreover, when the war commenced, these were not concentrated, but were widely distributed. In addition to the railway guards there were two brigades of East Siberian rifles, of four regiments each, and having a theoretical strength of 16,000 men. Then there were some thirty or forty sotnias of Siberian Cossacks—at the outside some 4,000 men—distributed throughout the Yalu country and along the Korean frontier. So, assuming that these regiments were full strength—which certainly was not the case—the Russians had not more than 40,000 men free to take the field when war was declared. Compared to estimates varying from 150,000 to 300,000, conceded to the Russians by military experts at that time, this seems a ridiculously low figure, but I believe it is not far from correct.

Although something had been accomplished in the way of concentration, this

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was practically the situation when General Kuropatkin reached the scene in March. However, by this time all the Siberian troops that could be spared had been mobilized and were being conveyed to Manchuria as rapidly as possible. These troops had to be brought, many of them, from central Siberia—a great distance, notwithstanding the seeming adjacency on the map—and in the early attempts to adjust the traffic of the railway to the increased demands of the war progress was slow. By this time, the Russian fleet at Port Arthur had been seriously crippled, the Japanese had occupied the greater part of Korea and were already approaching the Yalu, delayed only by the natural difficulties of the way and such predatory opposition possible to a small force of Cossacks which, immediately upon the commencement of hostilities, had crossed into Korea.

The prospect that confronted General Kuropatkin certainly was not a favorable one. He spent his first fortnight in Manchuria familiarizing himself with the ground, making hurried visits to the Yalu, Port Arthur, and Newchwang. Having done this, and taken stock of the army at his disposal, he announced to the authorities at St. Petersburg that it would be impossible to hold the Yalu, and that Port Arthur must be fully garrisoned and left to shift for itself, while he spent many months in assembling at some convenient point an army capable of taking the field with a fair prospect of success. Of course, General Kuropatkin did not take me or any of the correspondents into his confidence, but these matters are now notorious throughout the army, and are freely discussed not only by the staff, but by the line as well.

The reasons for this decision are quite clear, and easily understood even by the lay mind. By controlling the sea, the Japanese were able to land large armies at almost any point they might decide upon. Should Kuropatkin take his small army to the Yalu—and he must take the whole of it to successfully oppose the Japanese advance from that quarter—it would be an easy matter to entirely cut him off from the railway and his entire line of communications by landing a Japanese army at Newchwang or any one of many convenient places on either side of the Liao-Tung. To place his army in such a position was to invite disaster. That there should have been any military criticism of Kuropatkin's policy in this matter must have been due to the almost universal misconception of his strength at the time. Had he 200,000, or even 150,000 men at his disposal outside of Port Arthur, he might have detached 50,000 for the defence of the Yalu, and still been able to secure himself in the Liao-Tung. But he had altogether not more than 50,000, as most of the troops first arriving were sent to reënforce the garrison in Port Arthur, which was even at that time believed to be threatened.

But Kuropatkin's plan was not favorably received at St. Petersburg, and against it was arrayed the still powerful influence of Admiral Aliexieff, who refused to admit the complete inadequacy of his preparations. A difference had arisen between Kuropatkin and Aliexieff two years before, on the occasion of the general's tour of inspection in the far East, when Kuropatkin reported adversely to many things connected with the military administration, and the breach caused thereby had never been entirely healed. At the court it was known that Kuropatkin believed Aliexieff to be incompetent, and Aliexieff regarded Kuropatkin as certain to replace himself as Viceroy should the general succeed in retrieving the difficult situation brought about by the admiral. With this previously laid foundation, it was not hard to foresee friction between the political and military powers in Manchuria. Kuropatkin took a purely military view of the situation, and his opinion was undoubtedly correct, bearing, as it now does, the approval of events. But the Viceroy, in his representations to St. Petersburg, where, notwithstanding his damaged prestige, his peculiar relations to the court gave him undiminished influence in powerful quarters, was able to advance some plausible and potent arguments against the adoption of Kuropatkin's proposal to abandon the Yalu and southern Manchuria. He pointed out, and rightly, that to retire from southern Manchuria would not only involve a serious loss of prestige in the eyes of the world, and particularly—which was of more practical importance—the Chinese population, but would mean the virtual abandonment of immense quantities of supplies and material, which even a temporary retention of the

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country would enable the Russian army to apply to its own uses, rather than leave them to the uses of the enemy. Then there is no doubt that Aliexieff represented the military situation as by no means so desperate as Kuropatkin would have the government believe, and more than hinted that the general exaggerated the difficulties ahead of the army. In these matters Aliexieff was correct politically, but under such circumstances political considerations should, and of necessity must, yield to military ones. However, Aliexieff was supported by St. Petersburg, and thus the character of the first campaign was determined.

Since it was evident that sooner or later Port Arthur would be isolated, the first consideration was the preparation of the fortress to withstand a prolonged investment, and for some time the resources of the railway were applied to this purpose. Reënforcements of men, material, and supplies were hurried forward, and it was not until April that the needs of the field army could receive more than casual attention. By degrees, and somewhat slowly, owing to the interruption of traffic across Lake Baikal, the available Siberian troops were brought out. General Kuropatkin had established his headquarters at Liao-Yang, a Chinese town of some importance, situated on the main highway between Peking and Seoul, and which crosses the Yalu near its mouth. As the troops arrived they were formed into divisions and corps. The necessity of pretending to hold the Yalu compelled the dispatch of a considerable number of troops in that direction, and the command of this force was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Sussolitch, and denominated the Second Siberian Army Corps. Another, called the First Siberian Army Corps, commanded by Lieutenant-General Baron von Stalkenberg, was assembled in the vicinity of Kai-ping, with a view to preparing for a possible Japanese landing at the head of the Liao-Tung Gulf. The garrison of Port Arthur, commanded by Major-General von Stoessel, was organized into the Third Siberian Army Corps, while a Fourth Siberian Army Corps was collected at Liao-Yang and Hai-Cheng, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sarubayieff. A division of this corps, commanded by Major-General Kontratorvitch, a young but brilliant officer, was stationed partly at Newchwang and partly at Ta-shih-cha, where the railway branch to Newchwang joins the main line. Until Port Arthur was cut off Admiral Aliexieff divided his time between that port and Moukden.

These were the dispositions at the time of the first Japanese landing in the Liao-Tung, and considering General Kuropatkin's orders, it is difficult to see how they could have been improved.

Up to this time (late in April) no troops had arrived from Russia, except some batteries of field artillery, and the total number of troops at General Kuropatkin's disposal did not exceed seventy thousand, with which he was required to defend a line extending from the Yalu to Newchwang, and assailable almost anywhere by an enemy who, through commanding the sea, might appear at any moment. Meanwhile, a bold front was maintained all along the line, and the greatest precautions were taken to prevent the weakness and vulnerability of the Russian army from becoming known. Exaggerated statements concerning the number of troops on the ground and the arrival of reënforcements were cleverly fostered and preparations accelerated as much as possible. At this time it was a constant source of wonder to General Kuropatkin why the Japanese did not begin their landing operations while they might take him at such a great disadvantage, but the Japanese doubtless had excellent reasons for the delay. It is now evident that their first landing on the Liao-Tung was timed to be practically simultaneous with their advance at the Yalu, so as to increase the chances of success in both places by compelling the Russian commander to keep his force widely divided. This was correct strategy, and was entirely successful because the weakness of General Kuropatkin's army compelled him to follow the enemy's lead, leaving him practically without initiative.

It is well known in the army that General Kuropatkin, while compelled by the policy of the home government to apparently oppose the enemy at the Yalu, positively refused the responsibility of accepting a battle there, and General Sussolitch had strict orders not by any chance to be drawn into a decisive engagement. This is not a stock excuse, of the brand now made so familiar by Major-General Pfloug,

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for explaining away a reverse. Its correctness is conclusively proved by the force placed at the disposition of General Sussolitch, which, deducting those necessary for the protection of his long line of communications, did not exceed twenty thousand of all arms. The reasons for limiting the force to this number were several and excellent. It was quite sufficient for the task of retarding the enemy's advance by effective frontal demonstrations, it was as large as could quickly and safely retreat along the single road available, and it was all General Kuropatkin could spare. It is evident that such a force could not long resist the advance of a Japanese army estimated at from fifty thousand to seventy thousand, and which certainly was fully double that of the Russians.

I shall not review the Yalu battle, which has been so often described in detail, but even a casual study of it will show that it was not the frontal attack opposite Wiju, but the counterflanking movement to the north that compelled the evacuation of the Russian positions. It is very doubtful if the Russians could have been dislodged by a frontal attack, notwithstanding the superiority of the Japanese force in all arms and the fact that a passage of the river could not well be prevented. The Russians had only light artillery, while the Japanese had a number of long-range guns of large calibre, besides the naval guns on the ships. This gave them a commanding fire advantage over their opponents, which they utilized to keep the Russians in any force away from the river banks. In the real fighting of the day, along the Loang-Chang River and the Liao-Yang highway, the Japanese heavy guns and the gunboats were unable to play a part, but the prompt pursuit of the Japanese infantry after the evacuation of the main Russian positions prevented General Sussolitch from stopping to save his heroic rear-guard. On the whole, considering the tardiness of definite information regarding the Japanese turning movement, General Sussolitch may be said to have done fairly well to save his corps and the bulk of his artillery and transport. His mistake, which led to the disaster to the two regiments, was due to his delaying his retreat too long. I do not wish to be understood as attempting to detract from the feat accomplished by the Japanese. General Kuroki's plan was excellent and was almost certain to accomplish the desired result, namely, the passage of the river and the dislodgment of the enemy, and his troops displayed throughout splendid courage and energy. But I must deprecate the apparent tendency of the American and British press to magnify this action into a wonderful military accomplishment. General Kuroki could form his plans at his leisure and had no occasion to fear a counter-attack, as his gunboats gave him absolute command of the river. It was a creditable performance, I think; nothing more.

After the battle on the Yalu General Sussolitch retreated rapidly, but in fairly good order, to Feng-huang-cheng, where a supply depot had been established. There was nothing resembling a rout, although the Japanese pursuit was prompt. Naturally, as is always the case in similar circumstances, some transport and supplies had to be abandoned, and a few stragglers were picked up by the enemy. General Sussolitch had prepared a secondary position at Feng-huang-cheng, but General Kuropatkin, fearing a repetition of the Yalu disaster, and being unable to send any reënforcements, ordered a further retirement to the Mo-ting pass. Such supplies as could not be removed were destroyed.

Meanwhile, the long-expected Japanese landing on the Liao-Tung had taken place, and General Kuropatkin's attention was fully occupied elsewhere. After a number of feints, the Japanese landed a force near Fu-chou, on the west side of the peninsula, and a few days later at other ports. General Kuropatkin fully realized that he was helpless to prevent the enemy from landing almost where he chose, so he turned the command of Port Arthur over to General von Stoessel, with instructions to withdraw his troops inside Kinchou neck, while such of the field army then in the Liao-Tung was withdrawn to Kai-ping.

The Japanese landings on the peninsula compelled Admiral Aliexieff, who had gone to Port Arthur after the death of Admiral Makaroff, to return to Moukden, where he established his headquarters in a train composed of drawing-room cars, which remained on a specially built siding near the station. The reverse at the Yalu and the complete success of the Japanese landing operations were keenly felt in St. Peters-

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burg, where, notwithstanding the ill success of the navy, it was expected that the army would more than redeem the situation. With little else to do, Aliexieff began a systematic attempt to undermine Kuropatkin. There is no doubt about this. A scapegoat must be found, and, naturally, it would be either Aliexieff or Kuropatkin. Aliexieff blamed Kuropatkin for the disaster on the Yalu, contending that he should have sent a larger force. Kuropatkin retorted that he had no force to send. Thus the controversy waged, and the breach widened. While shouldering the responsibility for an awkward situation which he had nothing to do with bringing about, General Kuropatkin felt that the wires to cause his removal were being pulled in St. Petersburg. Many another general has been in a similar situation.

Fresh differences between the Viceroy and the commanding general soon arose. Kuropatkin again advised a retirement at least to Moukden until a large army could be assembled, representing that with the comparatively small force in hand he could not attempt to hold southern Manchuria without risking serious disasters. Aliexieff intimated that timidity was not exactly the quality desired in a commanding general. But for a brief time it seemed that the retreat northward would be made. After occupying Feng-huang-cheng, General Kuroki dispatched a small force to the north, in the direction of Sing-king, which lies almost directly east of Moukden. The appearance of this force, whose strength was greatly exaggerated, caused something like a panic in Moukden. Hurried preparations were made to remove the Viceroy's headquarters to Harbin, and for several days a locomotive with steam up was kept attached to the vice-regal train. All the money and papers of the Moukden branch of the Russo-Chinese bank were packed ready to depart at a moment's notice. A regiment of Cossacks was dispatched to the eastward, and followed by some infantry. For a week southbound troop trains discharged their contingents at Moukden. But the scare passed. The Japanese movement developed into a mere reconnoissance, and the Viceroy, who had been fully prepared to go to Harbin, again poohpoohed the suggestion of a retreat.

During this time General Kuropatkin remained at Liao-Yang, which became the central base for the Manchurian army. It was the most convenient place to keep in touch with the various divisions. Numerous minor operations and engagements were going on continuously. General Mischenko, who, it will be remembered, had crossed the Yalu with a small cavalry force, made a sudden descent upon Wiju. The Japanese were thoroughly surprised, but soon recovered and drove the Russians away after a sharp little fight.

So passed some six weeks. Reënforcements were arriving with considerable regularity, but not very rapidly. As the troops, which were still, except some artillery from Europe, two regiments of Orenberg Cossacks, and a regiment of Trans-Caucasian Cossacks from Siberia, reached the scene they were attached to the various army corps according to the scheme already prepared. For several weeks after the isolation of Port Arthur from all communication by land the First Siberian Army Corps, under command of General Stalkenberg, was encamped in the vicinity of Kai-ping. There General Kuropatkin desired it to remain until the enemy's plan of campaign was more fully developed. But St. Petersburg, probably prompted by the Viceroy, insisted that a demonstration be made in the direction of Port Arthur, with a view to relieving the pressure upon the garrison by threatening the Japanese rear. By this time General Kuropatkin's force was increased to nearly 100,000, but it was widely scattered. And it should be remembered that the Japanese forces were being augmented much more rapidly. At this time there were, so far as we with the Russians could judge, four Japanese armies in the field. One was investing Port Arthur. Another was composed of troops landed at Fu-chou and Pei-tse-wo, which had been concentrated north of Port Adams. A third was composed of troops landed at Ta-whang-ho and Ta-ku-shan, and was concentrated at Hsu-yen, which was occupied on June 8 The fourth army was at Feng-huang-cheng, and was composed of troops who fought at the Yalu, under General Kuroki. It may be that the troops landed at Ta-whang-ho and Ta-ku-shan also belonged to Kuroki's army, but the nature of the country compelled them to act separately. It is probable that at that time the

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Japanese had 150,000 men in the field, exclusive of those investing Port Arthur.

Against his judgment, as I have good reason to believe, General Kuropatkin sent General Stalkenberg southward. The Russians had all along retained possession of the railroad well down to the middle of the peninsula. Stalkenberg advanced until he came in contact with the enemy, which occurred a few miles south of the town of Wa-feng-tien. This southward movement left Kai-ping exposed. For a fortnight Kai-ping could have been taken by a single Japanese regiment. It also still further stretched General Kuropatkin's already attenuated line, which extended from Moukden to Wa-feng-tien, a distance of about 150 miles. This was the situation when the battle of Wa-feng-goa was fought.

The country surrounding the towns of Wa-feng-goa and Wa-feng-tien is very like the greater part of the Liao-Tung. It is extremely rough and hilly, the elevations crowding close together, separated usually by narrow gorges, which here and there widen into small valleys. This is one of the poorest parts of the peninsula, agriculture being scanty and villages small and less numerous than is usual in China. The bare hillsides offer little in the way of natural cover; on the whole, an unattactive spot, with little to recommend it to the eye. However, it is not without military advantages, and reminded one somewhat of parts of Natal, the scene of so much fighting in the Boer war.

General Stalkenberg's corps, which had been reënforced by part of the Tenth Army Corps, then just arriving from Russia, amounted to about 28,000 men, with eighty guns. Opposed to him was a Japanese army of more than 40,000, with 120 guns, commanded by General Okiu. As at the Yalu, General Stalkenberg had orders to avoid a decisive battle if he found the enemy in superior numbers, but to retire slowly, delaying the Japanese advance as long as possible. The armies, after the usual amount of "feeling" for each other with their skirmishers, came into contact, on June 14, some two miles south of the village of Wa-feng-tien. Here a sharp advance-guard action was fought, but the Russians, after contesting the ground stubbornly for several hours, retired three miles to the north, where General Stalkenberg had established his main position. General Stalkenberg had rested his right on a branch of the Pih-li River, which here flows in a northeasterly direction, with numerous windings among the hills. This creek is shallow and easily fordable in the dry season. The main highway from Port Adams to Kai-ping follows the general course of the stream. The road to Pei-tse-wo, along which the main body of the Japanese army advanced, passes through Wa-feng-tien and joins the highway at Wa-feng-goa. Thus the Russian position commanded both roads, as well as the railroad, which also follows the course of the creek. The Russian left extended beyond the village of Chuet-tsu-tun on the other side of the Pei-tse-wo road. On June 15 the Japanese extended their left wing across the creek at the village of Pad-shan-tse and occupied a large hill, around which the stream looped. The Japanese centre rested on a long ridge just north of the village of Chud-tsai-tun, while the right occupied another ridge across the Pei-tse-wo road, and to the eastward of Wa-feng-tien, which thus lay between the two armies. This was the position at nightfall of June 15.

It seems that each general determined upon the same plan—to attack his opponent's right wing. After the battle, when reprimanded by General Kuropatkin for assuming the offensive, General Stalkenberg explained the considerations which induced him to take the initiative. He pointed out that by crossing the creek General Okiu had divided his forces. By attacking the Japanese right and driving it in, the Russians would be able to seize the Pei-tse-wo road, and by thus threatening his entire line of communications, compel General Okiu to retreat. General Stalkenberg thought that General Okiu had in mind to turn the Russian right, necessitating a wide detour, and calculated to anticipate the movement by crushing the Japanese right before the turning movement could be accomplished. In short, General Stalkenberg thought that this was a case where aggressive tactics constituted the best possible defence against the enemy's plan. So he made his dispositions, and ordered the attack to begin very early on the following day, in order to be ahead of his opponent.

The night passed quietly. The first

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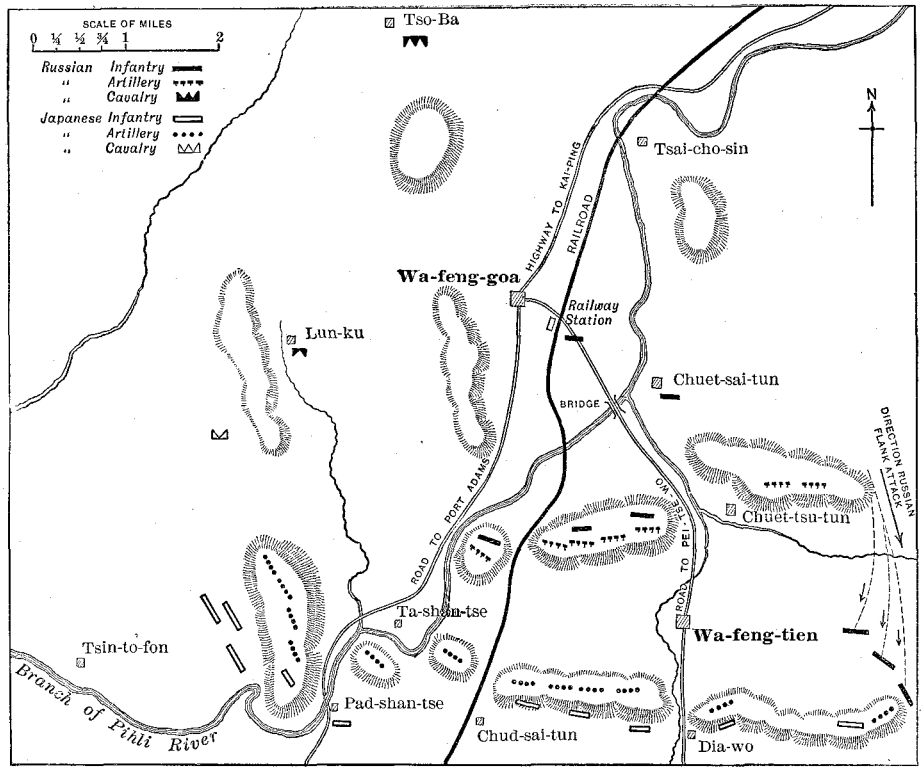

The battle of Wa-feng-goa.

Positions of armies at 4.30 A.M., when the Russians began the fight by attacking the Japanese right flank with some success.

faint rays of the dawn had hardly appeared in the east, touching the hilltops with a pale pink glow, while the shadows yet lingered in the valleys, when the Russian advance upon the Japanese right began It was not four o'clock when the assaulting column debouched from behind the long ridge east of the village of Chuet-tsu-tun and moved rapidly forward. Crossing a rivulet, the column deployed into a line of battle without materially slackening its progress, and reached a point abreast of Wa-feng-tien before it was discovered by the Japanese. Two batteries of Japanese artillery, situated a mile or so to the eastward of the village of Dia-wo, promptly opened fire, as did the Japanese infantry. The assault was completely successful. The east end of the ridge was carried with a rush, the two batteries captured, and the Japanese flank doubled around upon itself. But by this time the Japanese were awake to what was happening, and General Okiu took prompt measures to check the Russian assault. Reënforcements were rapidly shifted eastward, and a new position fronting to the east taken up. By six o'clock the Russian advance had lost its momentum, and although it continued to press forward with determination, it practically came to a halt, still nearly a mile short of the Pei-tse-wo road, by eight o'clock.

The checking of the Russian attack on his right left General Okiu free to carry out his original plan, which he now did with remarkable vigor. The Japanese artillery was posted on several eminences, extending from the Pei-tse-wo road to the big hill on the west side of the creek. Altogether, according to a fairly reliable estimate, 108 guns were in position along this line, which had a front of over three miles. Opposed to this formidable artillery, General Stalkenberg was only able to bring sixty-four guns. These were nearly all placed on the high hill between the village of Chuet-tsu-tun and the railroad. Thirty-two guns were established in two redoubts on the higher

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part of the hill, while the remainder were without protection, except that afforded by the uneven terrain.

Shortly before nine o'clock occasional impact shells began to fall upon the Russian centre, and the Russian batteries sent back a few in reply. This was merely a preliminary exchange of courtesies, for the purpose of getting the range. The Russian gunners in the redoubts were given the range at 3,800 yards, which shows approximately the distance between the lines. About 9.20 the Japanese batteries began to fire salvos, also of impact shell. This was for the purpose of finally correcting the ranges, but they needed little correction, for it was remarked that nearly all these salvos, which were fired at short intervals, burst almost directly upon the Russian redoubts. At 9.30 the Japanese artillery opened all along the line, and at the same time the counterflanking movement started.

Eye-witnesses of this fire agree that it exceeded in intensity, accuracy, and execution anything of the kind they had ever seen, and many of those expressing this opinion were officers of experience in former wars. A perfect rain of shells (this well-worn simile is literally true) fell upon the positions occupied by the Russian batteries, killing and wounding hundreds of the artillerists and dismounting quite a number of the guns. Fifteen minutes after the Japanese fire opened not a single Russian gun fired another shot. Within that brief time from ten to fifteen thousand shells fell upon the Russian positions, making it absolutely impossible to work the guns. The Japanese used both shrapnel and impact shells, and both were terribly effective. The Russian redoubts, which were of the old-fashioned kind, offered scarcely any protection from the shrapnel, while the new high explosive first used in this war by the Japanese caused fearful havoc, ripping up the entire top of the ridge like a ploughed field. Notwithstanding this fire and the fact that their artillery was no longer able to reply to the enemy's guns, the Russian troops on the ridges held their ground without flinching, and would probably have continued to hold it had they been called upon to do so.

The scene during this frightful cannonade was typical of modern war. Looking toward the Japanese lines nothing was visible except the brownish-green slopes of the hills, ribbed by the darker shading of the gorges. Here and there, on the lower slopes or in the little valleys, nestled a Chinese village, its yellow mud walls and thatched roofs bas-relieved by contrast. Occasional stretches of the stream, where its course fell into line with the eye, were marked by a silvery sheen. Nowhere within the hill-bound perimiter of vision the slightest sign of the enemy. The deafening roar of two hundred guns, jumbled by quick-firing mechanism into a sound like that caused by a boy scraping a stout stick rapidly along a picket fence smote the ear. But more real, more palpable than the noise was the vibration of the atmosphere, which quivered under the concussion like a tuning-fork, causing a keen, yet seemingly far-away, tingling of the ear-drums. The roar was punctuated by the nearer, more acute, bursting of the shells, and the raucous whine of shrapnel after it blows its head off gave out a distinct note of its own. Shells were bursting high up in the air, leaving a pale-blue ring of smoke, as if some destructive spirit had puffed upon an invisible cigar; others, nearer the earth, extended penetrating fumes together with their clusters of shot; still others, of the impact variety, ricochetted over the ground, throwing up by their explosion a cloud of stones and dust. But still no enemy. Shells are bursting by thousands, hundreds of men are being killed by them, but whence do they come?

In this battle the Japanese used entirely the indirect method of firing, made possible by the long range and consequently high-aiming elevations of modern field guns. For the information of the unsophisticated I will explain that indirect firing consists in placing guns behind an elevation of the ground, and by raising their muzzles at an angle mathematically calculated, firing at an object a long distance away. Thus while the projectile, which takes a curved flight reaches the object at which it is aimed, a line of vision, which is direct, cannot reach the gun from the object fired at. So the Russians at Wa-feng-goa were for hours under a terrific artillery fire, yet not once did they catch sight of a Japanese gun. Of course, while they were able to reply they directed their own fire where the enemy was supposed to be, and probably

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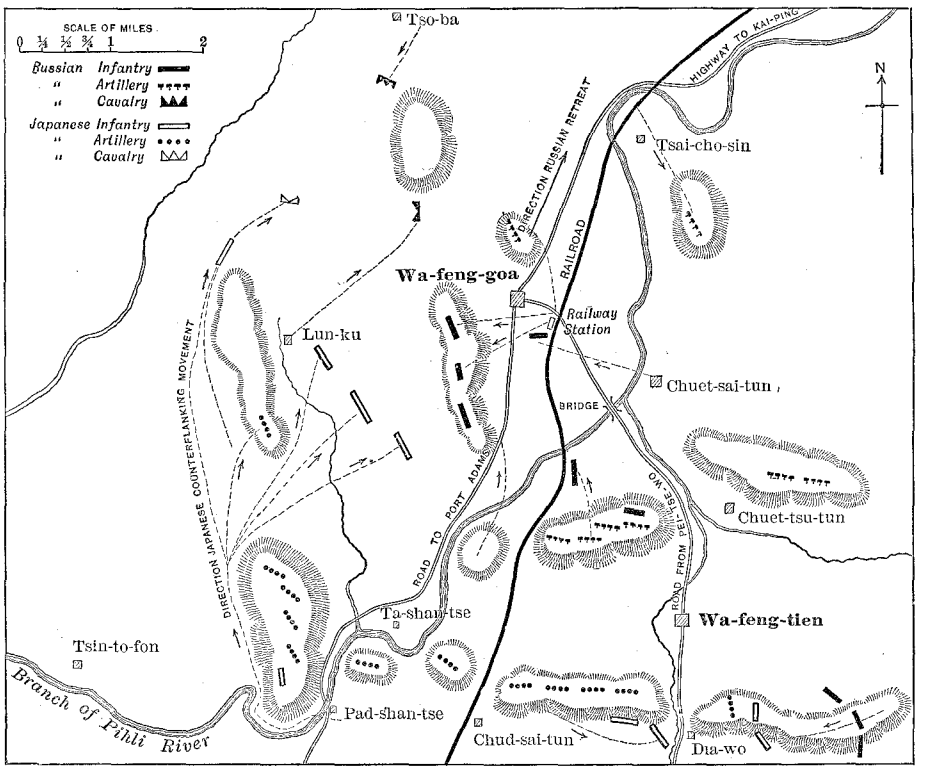

The battle of Wa-feng-goa.

Positions at 9.30 A.M., when the Japanese, having checked the Russian flank attack, had executed their plan of counterflanking the Russian right. The success of this movement decided the day.

did him considerable damage until their own guns were put out of action by the superior fire of the Japanese.

While the Japanese artillery was thus crushing the Russian centre by sheer superiority of fire, the counterflanking movement was making rapid progress. The speed with which this movement progressed was, indeed, extraordinary. It was soon detected by a detachment of Russian cavalry stationed near the village of Lun-ku, and reported to General Stalkenberg, who had his headquarters during the battle at the railway station. Measures to meet it were taken at once, but so rapidly did the Japanese move that General Stalkenberg had great difficulty in saving his army. The Japanese column marched nearly straight north until its head reached a position opposite Wa-feng-goa, when it deployed into line of battle by the simple movement of wheeling into line, while at the same time it broke out its line of skirmishers, and the attack moved forward almost without hesitating. The whole movement was magnificently executed, and would have reflected credit on any army in the world.

But undoubtedly the decisive factor in the battle was the handling of the Japanese artillery, which was almost beyond criticism. As soon as the Russian artillery was silenced the Japanese fire was shifted to another object. Fully aware by ten o'clock that his flank had failed and that he would be compelled to retreat, General Stalkenberg issued orders to move the large amount of transport which was collected, principally, about the railway station and in the rear of the Russian centre near the village of Chuet-sai-tun. Here was collected the bulk of the reserve ammunition parks, several emergency hospitals and their equipment, and much miscellaneous transport. When this began to move it raised a cloud of dust, which was immediately noticed by the Japanese, who turned their artillery fire upon it, throwing it into confusion. The Japanese continued to

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shell the dust clouds for probably an hour, doing considerable damage and spreading panic in the rear of the Russian army. During this period nearly all the troops then withdrawing from their positions in order to meet the counterflanking movement marched along the Pei-tse-wo road to where it crossed the creek, in order to avail themselves of a bridge which General Stalkenberg had prudently constructed to facilitate his retreat, and they suffered severely from the shell fire. Then, as the attack on the Russian right developed, the Japanese artillery fire was directed at the ridge west of the railway station, where General Stalkenberg was rushing troops to hold the enemy while he could withdraw his army, and at the station itself, which could be located by the Japanese gunners by the smoke sent up from the locomotives. It was not necessary for the Japanese guns to change position. The officers directing their fire simply increased the elevation as the Russians retired, never scattering it, but concentrating it on an object until it was smashed, then turning it upon another. It was altogether a masterly handling of artillery fire, and decided the battle.

As illustrating the effectiveness of this artillery fire may be mentioned an incident that occurred during the last stages of the fight. A regiment belonging to the Tenth Army Corps was brought down by train while the battle was going on, and detrained at the station. The men had been over a month on the train coming out from Russia, and naturally felt the effects of their long and fatiguing journey. They were formed near the station, and, drawn up in a square with one side open, the men all knelt while the regimental priest administered the sacrament and gave them his blessing. It was a most impressive sight. These men had come to war, but it is unlikely that they expected to step from the train into a battle. Yet so it was to be, and they knelt with bared heads while the long-haired, bearded priest absolved them. Half an hour later that regiment had lost nine hundred men, about one-fourth its total strength. It suffered most from the Japanese artillery fire, aimed at an entirely invisible target, a striking result of a well-directed long-range fire.

By fighting desperately the Russian rearguard succeeded in holding the Japanese while the remainder of the army withdrew. But owing to the battery horses being killed, many Russian guns were left on the field, and for the same reason the Russians were unable to bring away the guns they captured in the attack upon the Japanese right. However, on the whole, the army got away in tolerably good order. The work of the Russian field hospitals during the battle was splendid. Hundreds of wounded were brought back, given first aid, and placed on the hospital trains to be carried north. Had it not been for the remarkable use of these hospital trains, nearly all the Russian wounded must have been left in the hands of the enemy, as was the case at the Yalu. Regardless of the Japanese artillery fire, these trains were brought to the station and held there while filled to their full capacity with wounded, and when the last one pulled out shells were falling all about it, and the Japanese infantry was not more than a mile away. The Russian retreat was much aided by a heavy rainstorm which broke shortly before noon. The rainfall was so heavy that objects half a mile distant were invisible. Covered by this friendly curtain, the Russian army abandoned the field and drew off to the north. Baroness von Stalkenberg, who was visiting her husband at the front, remained at the railway station throughout the battle, and did not leave the field until the general retired. When the reserves went into action she stood on the platform of her carriage and waved a flag as they marched away.

The retreat to Kai-ping was orderly and well conducted. The Russian troops showed a fine spirit, frequently leaving their columns to help drag a piece of artillery out of the mud.

"We will need you later, little brother," they would jocularly say.

General Stalkenberg shared the fate of General Sussolitch, and narrowly escaped a court-martial. The rank and file who had not yet met the enemy could not understand how a Russian army could be defeated by the Japanese. In my opinion, General Stalkenberg made a good fight, considering the discrepancy between his army and that of the enemy. The superiority of the Japanese artillery was quite enough to decide the battle against the Russians. Such guns as the Russians pos-

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sessed were poorly handled, and some of them did not get into action at all. The Russian infantry displayed its accustomed dogged courage, but was hopelessly outnumbered and demoralized by the fire of a powerful artillery to which they were unable to reply. On the part of the Japanese, Wa-feng-goa was a far more creditable performance than the Yalu. Their tactics in this fight were irreproachable, broadly considered. It was a well-fought battle, and the biggest and best army won. The Russian loss was about four thousand. I have, of course, no means of ascertaining the Japanese loss.

I have not the space here to summarize the harassing campaign by which the Japanese army, on July 9, occupied Kai-ping without having to fight a battle.

I have tried to make clear General Kuropatkin's situation and the difficulties which have beset him. The Russian commander-in-chief has had more handicaps than numerical weakness, a strategically difficult position and a lack of support in certain high quarters. It is not to be wondered at that of late his temper has become so irritable that even his chief lieutenants hesitate to approach him. As for General Kuropatkin's relations with the Viceroy, they are no longer even outwardly amiable. All pretence has been thrown aside, and the whole army knows that the commanding general and the Viceroy hold no communication with each other beyond what is absolutely necessary. As will readily be understood, this knowledge does not tend to increase the general morale.

On the whole, the Japanese strategy, so far as the war has gone, has been well conceived and consistently executed. But much of its success has been due to the inability of the enemy to seriously impede its operation. An important factor has been the undoubted superiority of the Japanese service of security and information. Much of this superiority is due to the fact that the Japanese have been able to make excellent use of Chinese sources, while this avenue of information has been practically closed to the Russians, owing to a latent, though not openly expressed, hostility. For five years before the war began the Japanese had been sending hundreds of coolies into southern Manchuria, with instruction to live among the Chinese and fraternize with them. In this way the foundation for an excellent system of information was laid, which is now yielding excellent results. The Russians freely admit that they have been unable to use the Chinese to any advantage, and that much of the information procured from them has proved unreliable and misleading. Owing to their superior information, the Japanese generals have often been able to keep the Russians entirely in the dark as to their movements. All along, since they secured a footing in Manchuria, the Japanese have been able to cloak their movements behind a living screen of advance patrols. This would have been impossible had the Chinese been disposed to inform the Russians, for the utmost vigilance could not have prevented the transmission of the intelligence. On the contrary, most of the important moves of the Russians were quickly reported to the Japanese through Chinese sources, and the Russians were utterly powerless to prevent it. It is no more possible to keep the Chinese population in Manchuria under surveillance than to keep track of a million fleas in a bed.

Yet, notwithstanding these advantages, the Japanese strategy has shown several noticeable obsessions. For the last two months they have virtually had the game in their own hands. While all their movements bear the stamp of a prearranged general plan of campaign, most methodically carried out, there have been occasions where they failed to rise to a great opportunity. Before the battle of Wa-feng-goa the Japanese were within fifteen miles of Kai-ping, and there was nothing to oppose their occupation of that important place except half a battalion of railway guards. Had they seized Kai-ping at that time with any force, General Stalkenberg's army must have been lost. They had a similar opportunity to take Liao-Yang while General Kuropatkin had his whole army in the south, but moved too slowly. Success in either of these moves would have at once placed the whole of southern and central Manchuria in control of the Japanese, and might have had a decisive bearing upon the result of the war. This, however, the Japanese strategy has accomplished: it has managed by keeping General Kuropatkin always "guessing" to prevent him from concentrating a large army at any point, thus en-

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abling the Japanese generals to fall upon the Russians and defeat them piecemeal; and it has kept the Russian troops almost continually worn out through the necessity of repeatedly being shifted from place to place. From the beginning of land operations the Japanese have taken and retained both the offensive and the initiative, in themselves often sufficient to decide the issue of a campaign. Evidently the Japanese have throughout followed a carefully matured plan, carried out thoroughly and with remarkable attention to details.

The beginning of the rainy season finds the Russian army still at a decided disadvantage, and with no very promising prospect, that I can see, of any material improvement by the time operations are resumed. There seems little probability that General Kuropatkin will be able to obtain a numerical superiority over his opponents for many months to come, if ever. And until he does gain such superiority he will have to remain on the defensive, in a situation more or less difficult from a military standpoint. In my opinion, the total Russian force now available for field operations in central and southern Manchuria does not exceed, at the outside, 120,000 of all arms. It consists of 128 battalions of infantry, 124 sotnias of Cossacks, and 42 batteries of artillery. If all these units were full strength, the total force would be approximately 180,000; but they never were full strength, and a majority of the regiments have been decimated by casualties and disease. The army is particularly weak in cavalry, the total of this arm being less than 10,000. Russian field batteries have eight guns, except the light mountain batteries, which have four. Against this force the Japanese are estimated to now have from 160,000 to 180,000 of all arms.

A vital factor in the situation is the railroad, for it is the only feeder of the Russian army as long as Japan retains control of the sea. I have observed with as much care as possible the operation of the railway during the last three months, and have been able to form a tolerably good idea of how rapidly reënforcements are being brought out. The daily average since the war began is a little more than four hundred men, with their equipment and transport. The maximum was reached within the last month in the transportation of the Tenth Army Corps from Russia. From the day the first troops belonging to this corps reached Liao-Yang until the last arrived at the same place thirty-four days elapsed. The full paper strength of this corps is 31,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry and 3,200 artillery, with 124 guns. But it is very doubtful if this pace can be maintained. With the arrival of more troops, the burden of transporting their supplies increases in proportion, and becomes an additional tax upon the carrying capacity of the railroad. Moreover, as certain kinds of supplies in the country are exhausted, it becomes necessary to bring them from Russia and Siberia, still further adding to the traffic on the railroad. Then the unusual strain is beginning to tell upon the road-bed and rolling stock, and even now constant repairs are needed. These are matters which must be taken into consideration, and, making all allowances for the better management that always follows experience, I do not think that an average of 1,000 a day, or anything like it, can be kept up. So, in view of the comparative ease and rapidity with which the Japanese can reënforce and repair their losses, it is hard to see when General Kuropatkin will be strong enough to take the offensive with a fair prospect of success. It is entirely too soon to predict the outcome of this war, but the man who can feel optimistic over the prospects for the success of the Russian army in Manchuria must give greater credit to favorable staff reports than I, after some months on the scene, am able to do.

LIAO-YANG, MANCHURIA, July 18.

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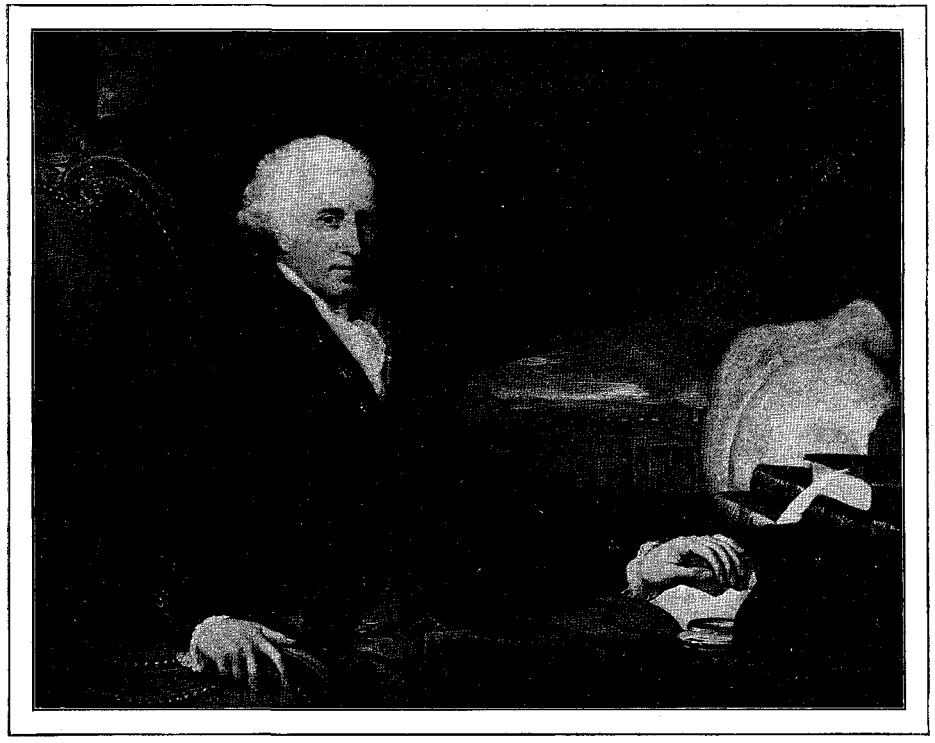

Benjamin West, P. R. A., by himself

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By Fred. A. Eaton
Secretary R. A.

FIRST PAPER

THE Royal Academy, like its elder sister, the Royal Society, owed its successful inception to royal patronage. What Charles the Second did for Science in 1660, George the Third did for Art in 1768. As a matter of fact, he did a great deal more, for he took a deep personal interest in the foundation of the Academy, calling it "his Academy," and not only gave it apartments in what was then his own palace at Somerset House, but undertook to supply out of his own purse any deficiency between its receipts and expenditure, an undertaking which cost him in the first twelve years of the Academy's existence a little over £5,000. Then in 1781, the necessity for such assistance ceased.

The story of the foundation of the Royal Academy has been often told, and it is not intended to repeat it here. A short summary will suffice. Many attempts, dating from the time of Sir James Thornhill and Hogarth, had been made to form a society for the advancement of art in England, but all had failed for want of money. Chance revealed the fact that a revenue might be made out of an exhibition of pictures. Two societies were quickly formed to profit by this discovery. One of them was granted a Royal Charter in 1765, under the title of the "Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain"; but it made the mistake of placing no limit to the number of its members, with the inevitable result that the inferior artists constituted the majority, and very soon removed the original founders and directors of the Society, who were the most distinguished artists of the day,

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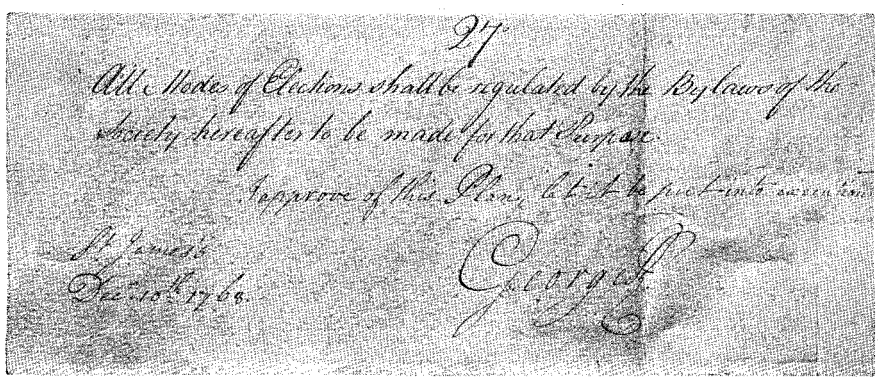
and took their place. These artists therefore resigned, and, headed by William Chambers and—it is interesting for Americans to remember—Benjamin West, both of them *personæ gratæ* to George the Third, presented a memorial to the King praying for his gracious assistance and patronage "in establishing a society for promoting the arts of design." The King assented, and a detailed scheme was drawn up, which, under the title of the "Instrument," was signed by his Majesty on December 10, 1768, a date which has consequently been always kept as the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy. This document defined the constitution and government of the Royal Academy, and though



Final clause of "Instrument" with King's signature.

many changes have of course been made in the laws and regulations, it still remains the "Magna Charta" of the Society.

After the King, the chief personal factor in the successful founding of the Academy was undoubtedly Joshua Reynolds; for although he took no part at all in the preliminaries, contemporary records leave little doubt that the success of the scheme largely, if not entirely, depended on securing him, by common consent the first artist of the day, as President of the Society. Alike by his personal character and his intellect, apart from all question of his art, he was preëminently fitted for the task of guiding the footsteps of the infant Academy. Courteous and discreet, with a well-balanced judgment and a tact that rarely failed, he was the ideal *primus inter pares* which the position required; while his literary attainments and his acquaintance not only with the practice but the highest theories of art were far above those of any of his artistic contemporaries. To dwell on his merits as a painter would be superfluous. England has never produced a greater, and, indeed, a very competent critic has said that to him belongs the glory of being the most complete all-round painter the world has ever seen. The immortal "Discourses" testify to his lofty theories of art and his power of literary composition.

The foundation date of the Royal Academy was, as has been already stated, December 10, 1768; and on December 14th, twenty-eight of the thirty-four Royal Academicians nominated by the King met and signed the Roll of Obligation. This obligation has been signed by every Academician since. It is written at the head of a large sheet of parchment, and the signatures now extend far down a second sheet. At the same meeting the chief officers were appointed, and at a further one, on December 17th, the Professors; and in less than a month one of the two objects for which the Academy was founded, viz., a "School or Academy of Design for the use of students in the Arts," was opened at Dalton's Print Warehouse in Pall Mall, a little eastward of where the United Service Club now stands, and nearly opposite the modern Carlton Hotel. On this occasion Reynolds delivered his first Discourse.

The other object for which the Academy was founded—"An Annual Exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of repu-

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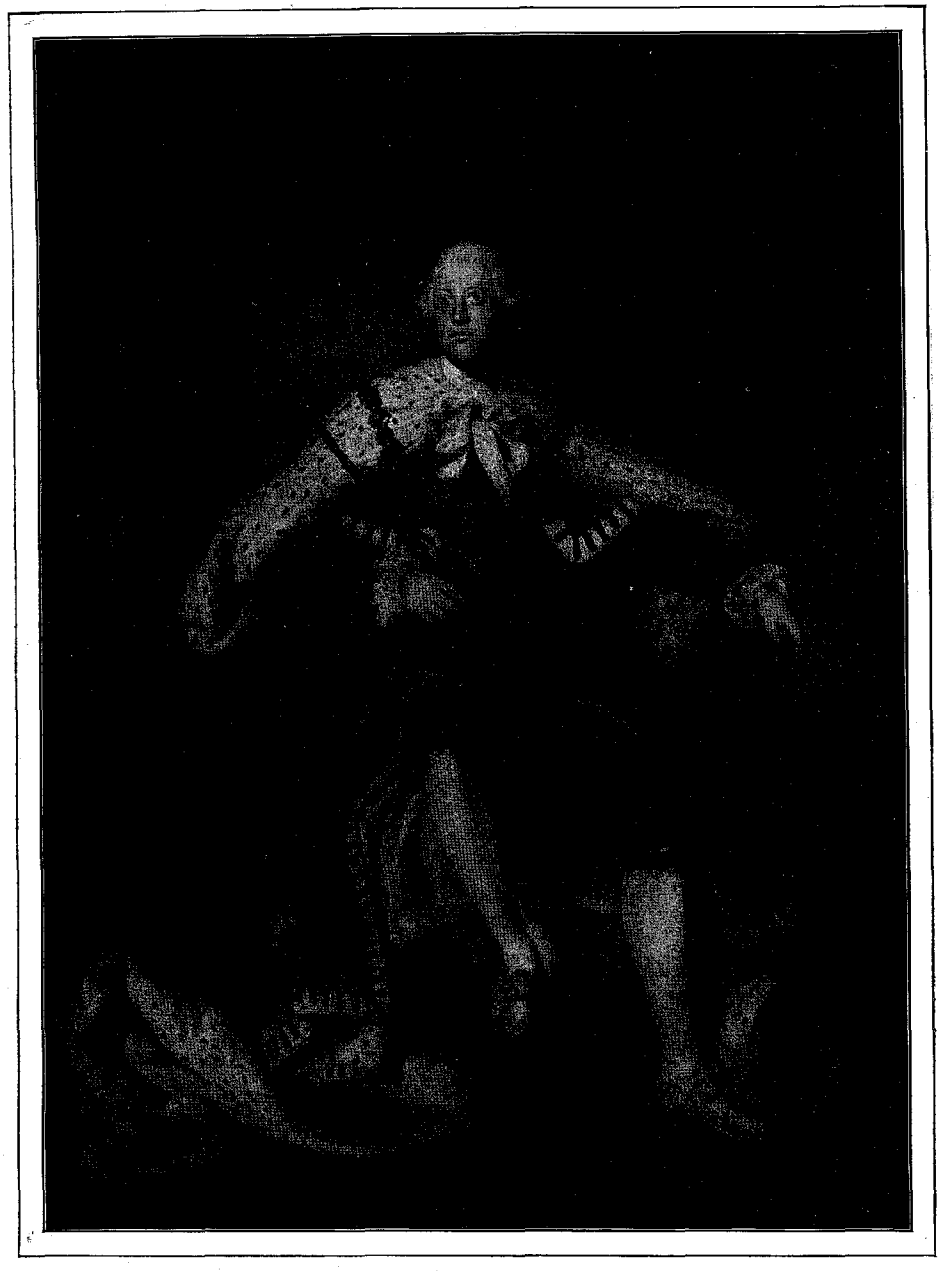

George III.
From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

tation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve"—was inaugurated with equal promptitude, the first exhibition being opened to the public on April 26, 1769. It contained 136 works, arranged in a small room about thirty feet long, lighted by a central skylight, as depicted in a print by Earlom from a picture by Brandoin of the Exhibition of 1771. Among the pictures were four by Reynolds, one the beautiful "Hope Nursing Love"; a portrait of the actress Miss Morris; four by Gainsborough, one a landscape; two by West; and three by Wilson. In all, thirty-three Acade-

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The Royal Academy, Burlington House.

micians exhibited eighty-seven works, and the remaining forty-nine were by other exhibitors.

In the memorial to the King, the memorialists had stated that they believed that the profits arising from the exhibitions would suffice for the expenses of the schools, and even leave something over for distribution in charity. Accordingly, the following advertisement was printed at the beginning of the Catalogue: "As the present Exhibition is part of the Institution of an Academy supported by Royal munificence, the Public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense. The Academicians therefore think it necessary to declare that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other means, than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled by improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the Exhibition is apparently intended." An engraving from a drawing by Ramberg of the opening day of the Exhibition of 1787 has under it the legend "*ο' υδεὶς ἄμουσος εἴσιτο*," perhaps a delicate way of hinting at the exclusion of improper persons.

The financial results of this first Exhibition, which was only open a little more than a month, were so far satisfactory that while the expenses were only £116.14.2 the receipts were £699.17.6. Of this, £169.1.0 was given in charity to artists, not members of the Academy, their wives and children. The remainder went to defray the expenses of the schools, and the general expenses; but as these exceeded it by £903.17.7, recourse was had to the Royal purse to supply the deficit. In 1780 the Exhibition was held in the new rooms at Somerset House for the first time. Both the number of works and the receipts showed an increase, and the King's privy purse was called on for the last time.

The finances of the Academy had been placed by George the Third in the hands of William Chambers, the architect. The Treasurer was essentially the "King's officer" in the days when the sovereign practically financed the Academy; and, indeed, the appointment, which with one exception has always been held by an architect, was until recently entirely in the hands of the Sovereign, in order, as the Instrument recites, that his Majesty "may have a person in whom he places full confidence in an office where his interest is concerned." Careful management soon placed the Acad-

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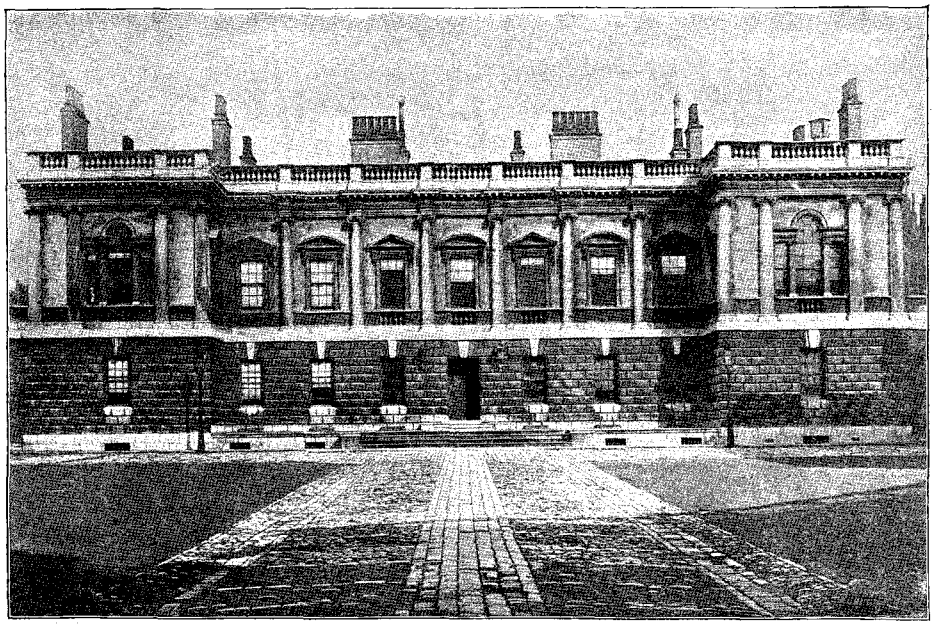

Burlington House before it came into the possession of the Academy.

emy beyond the need of assistance from the Sovereign's purse, but theoretically the liability continued, and it was not until 1875 that with the assent of the late Queen the office was assimilated to that of the Keeper and the Librarian, and made elective for a period of five years. Both in the inception of the Academy and in the conduct of its business, Chambers played a very important part. At one of the earliest meetings of the Academicians a Resolution was passed thanking Mr. Chambers "for his active and able conduct in planning and forming the Royal Academy"; and it was no doubt the favor in which he was held by George the Third that induced that monarch to give his patronage to the new Society and to take such a close interest in its proceedings.

This favor, it may be noted, was shared by another, who, perhaps, subsequently exercised more influence than Chambers—viz., Benjamin West. He was the King's favorite painter, and neither Reynolds nor Gainsborough nor any other artist of the day exercised such influence over the virtuous monarch as the American Quaker, with his sedate manners and unimpeachable morals. It may be suspected that he was dull, but that probably did not operate greatly to his disadvantage at the Court of George the Third. He was eminently safe and had a reputation for wisdom which he no doubt owed in some measure to his habitual silence. At the same time he was suave and even-tempered, and always ready to smooth rather than to raise difficulties. The Academicians showed their usual perspicacity when they elected him President in succession to Reynolds; though, no doubt, the more ardent spirits among them sometimes longed for a little more "go" in their leader, and Fuseli is credited with having said at one of the annual re-elections of President that he was going to vote for Mary Moser, "as one old woman was as good as another"; but the records do not show that he carried out his threat.

The personal interest of George the Third in the affairs of the Academy extended even to quite trifling details. Even the appointment and the wages of the servants were sometimes subject to his approval, as, for instance, in what is called "The Royal Book," i.e., the book containing the documents submitted for the approval by signature of the Sovereign, one of the resolutions submitted on February 10, 1791, reads: "And to engage Charles Cranmer (who has for many years been the occasional assistant) as an

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additional porter at the Royal Academy, at a salary of Forty pounds per annum." It may be added that in the original "Instrument," "signed by his Majesty's own hand," provision was made for "A Porter of the Royal Academy, whose salary shall be twenty-five pounds a year," and for "A Sweeper of the Royal Academy, whose salary shall be ten pounds a year."

In this same Royal Book is preserved a very interesting example of the minute and careful attention given by the King to the affairs of the Academy which he had founded. It is the first draft drawn up by him in his own hand of the preamble for the Diploma of an Academician. The chief differences from the wording as finally determined on are "The City of Westminster," instead of "The City of London," and "honours, privileges, and emoluments," which are reduced to the one word "endowments." For the head-piece of the Diploma several designs were made, many of the members being requested to furnish one. In the end that by Cipriani, subject to certain alterations, was chosen, and the engraving of it entrusted to Bartolozzi. The Diploma given to the Associates has the same head-piece, but the wording is, of course, different, the bestowers being in this case the President and Academicians, and the signatures attached to it being those of the President and Secretary.

The Class of Associates was instituted at the end of 1769, one year after the foundation of the Academy, and was at its outset limited to Exhibitors at the Academy, those who desired to become candidates having to inscribe their names on a list. This rule continued till 1866 when it was replaced by the one now in existence, in accordance with which any Academician or Associate has the right to propose and second artists for the Associateship whether Exhibitors or not. The number of Associates was originally not to exceed twenty. This was altered in 1866, and the number made indefinite with a minimum of twenty, and in 1876 the minimum was raised to thirty. As a matter of fact the minimum has never been exceeded. The Associates have no voice in the management of the affairs of the Academy, and until 1869 they took no part either in the elections into their own body or of Academicians. But at that date they received the full franchise; that is to say, they vote at the election of both Associates and Academicians—the former a very proper concession, the latter a very unwise one, as experience has often proved. The mode of voting is the same in both cases. Each member receives a printed list, in the one case of Candidates, in the other of Associates, and places a mark against the name of the person he votes for. The President reads out these marked lists, and all who have received four or more votes are voted for again in the same manner, the final ballot lying between the two who received the most votes on this second occasion. In the early days voting by proxy was allowed, and there was only one preliminary marking, the second marking being introduced for the first time at the election of the present Secretary in 1873.

By the third clause of the Instrument it was ordained that no elected Academician should receive his Diploma until "he hath deposited in the Royal Academy to remain there, a Picture, Bas-relief, or other specimen of his abilities, and approved of by the then sitting Council of the Academy," and subsequently six months was the period of grace allowed for fulfiling this obligation. When fulfiled, the Diploma is submitted to the Sovereign for signature, and on its being obtained, the Academician-elect is summoned to a General Assembly, signs the obligation, receives his Diploma from the President, and takes his seat. By his failure to comply with this rule George Stubbs, the well-known animal painter, though elected an Academician, never received his Diploma nor signed the Roll. The collection of works of art thus acquired is of course of very unequal merit, and it is evident that both Members and Council occasionally held their responsibilities in the matter of little account. On one occasion, however, the latter erred in the opposite direction, for they declined to accept the work submitted for their approval by Millais, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," on the ground that it was not a characteristic work, thereby losing a good picture. In the end they were more fortunate than they deserved, for he gave them instead the brilliant little sketch, which is the bright particular gem of one of the Diploma Galleries, "A Souvenir of Velasquez."

The foundation members did not have to deposit "specimens of their ability,"

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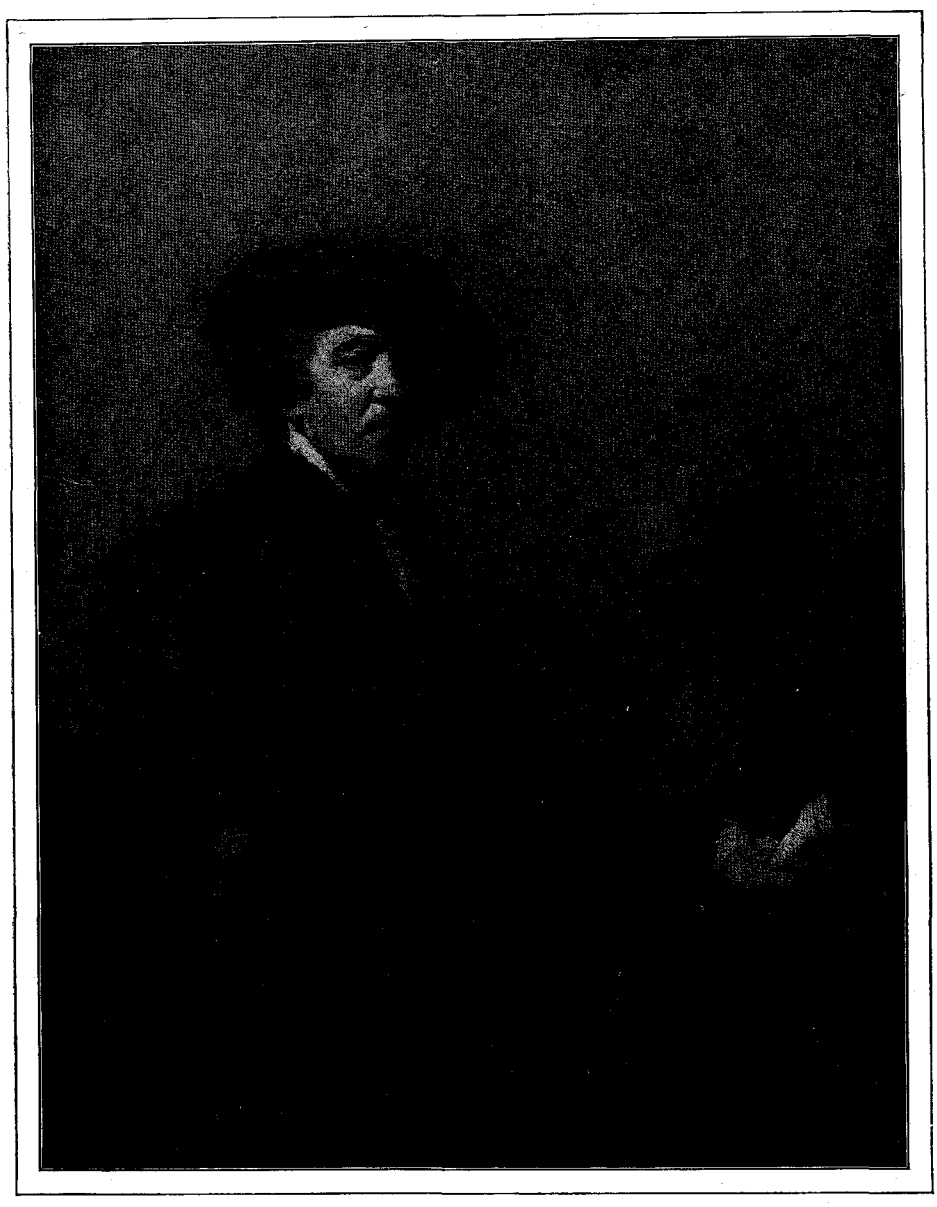

Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A. Painted by himself.

though in some instances they presented works which are not among the least attractive ones in the collection. But they started another and unofficial form of contribution, which has been continued down to the present day—viz., the giving of a piece of plate by each member. The original minute, which has a somewhat unofficial flavor, runs thus: "It is expected that each Academician when he arrives at the honour of being on the Council do deposit five shillings and threepence and afterwards make a handsome present to the Academy of a piece of Plate for the use of the Council, and his name shall be engraved thereon and transmitted to ————————." The blank probably conceals a joke; indeed, the Secretary of the period, Newton, seems to have been in a pleasant humor when he wrote this minute and compiled the first

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list of presents. It begins with, "Given by the President, a superb Standish" (an inkstand); "by the Treasurer an elegant Nest of Cruets"; "by the Keeper a shining spoon"; "by the Secretary a useful spoon." Then follow four other gifts of Spoons, one "exquisite," another "incomparable," a third "good," and a fourth "fine." Spoons, in fact, are very much to the fore, under the various epithets, "brilliant," "excellent," "admirable," "real great," "pretty," "wonderful." Wilton, Thos. Sandby, B. West, and Cipriani, each give a "pompous silver candlestick." "A matchless silver salt," "a pair of magnificent sauce boats," and "a precious bottle stand" also figure in the list. What the contribution of 5/3 was for does not appear; it may have been intended to repay the cost of engraving the name of the donor; at any rate it was soon dropped.

Not so the custom of giving a piece of plate, which became in fact almost obligatory; for in the minutes of the Council of December 5, 1812, there is the following entry: "Mr. Yenn moved that the Plate belonging to the Academy be inspected and the names of those Academicians who have not contributed thereto returned to the Council, which was seconded by Mr. Farington and passed unanimously." There is no official record of this resolution having been carried out, but the following one, passed on the 22d of the same month, shows that it was given practical effect to: "Resolved, that the new and old Council be requested to meet together at the Royal Academy on New Year's Eve, according to ancient usage: that a dinner be provided for them in the Library (6 o'clock) at the expense of the Institution, to which the Keeper as Resident Officer shall be invited: that the Plate of the Academy be used on this occasion, and that the guests do each contribute five shillings, one-half of which collection to the Housekeeper, and the other to be divided among the porters attending."

This custom of the old and new Council dining together on New Year's Eve has been kept up ever since. It now takes place in what is called the General Assembly Room, the big dining-room of old Burlington House. The contents of the Plate Chest, which now requires a strong room to itself, have of course largely increased, and comprise in addition to various useful and ornamental pieces, all that is necessary for the entertainment of a large dinner party. The greatest number that under present conditions can ever appear at the New Year's Eve Dinner is twenty, viz.: five outgoing Councillors, five remaining ones and five incoming ones, and, in addition, the five Officers—President, Keeper, Treasurer, Librarian, and Secretary. The writer, who has been present on thirty-one occasions, only remembers the full number being reached once. It was in 1895, and a rather melancholy recollection attaches to it. After dinner and the giving of the only two toasts allowed—"The Queen," as it then was, and "Honour and Glory to the next Exhibition"—the President, Leighton, rose and said he had a communication to make, which he thought would be well received, viz., that her Majesty had been pleased to confer a peerage upon him as President of the Royal Academy. The secret had been well kept, no one had an inkling of it, and the applause which greeted the announcement was as spontaneous as it was loud and genuine. Alas, for the hopes and expectations that were founded upon this promotion of a working professional artist to a seat in the legislature! in less than a month the man in whose person the Sovereign had delighted to honor art and artists, was laid in his grave.

A story which the late Mr. George Richmond, R.A., the portrait painter, used to tell may be quoted here apropos of the bestowal of titles on Presidents of the Royal Academy in particular, and artists in general. He was walking with Mr. Gladstone one day, and passing down one of those streets in which doctors chiefly dwell, his eye caught the name on a brass plate, "Sir William Gull, Bart." He pointed it out to Mr. Gladstone, and said: "Is it not rather strange, sir, that men of all kinds of professions have been made baronets, but an artist never?" "Oh," replied Mr. Gladstone, "you are certainly mistaken; Sir Joshua Reynolds was a baronet." Mr. Richmond had some difficulty in convincing him that the mistake was on his side; but the remark appears to have borne fruit, as not very long afterwards, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., who for private reasons refused the honor, then Millais in 1885, and Leighton in 1886, were made baronets at the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Leighton's peerage was on the recommendation of Lord Salisbury.

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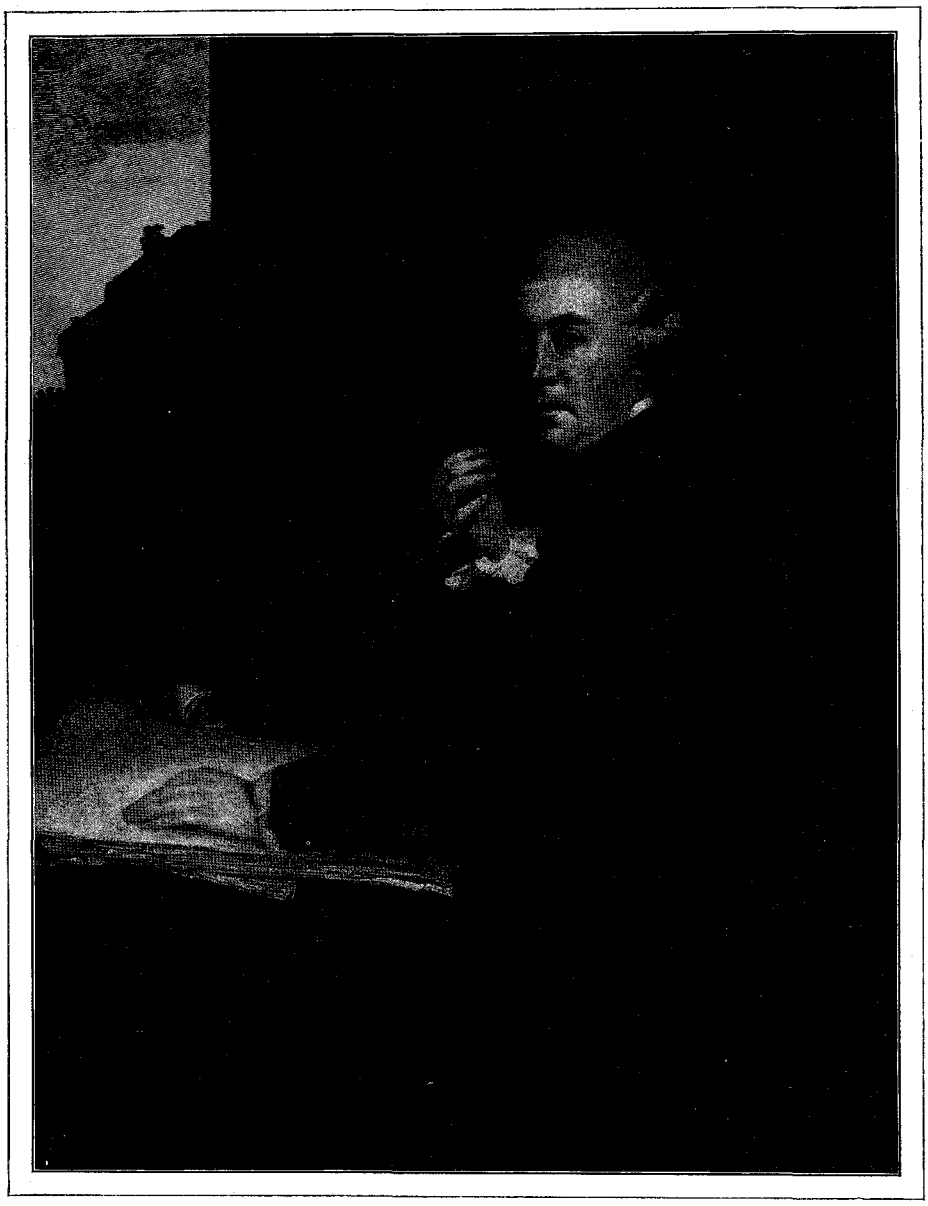

Sir William Chambers, R. A.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P. R. A.

Reynolds was knighted, as we learn from his note-book of that year, at a levee held on April 22, 1769, at St. James's. Benjamin West on his election as President was offered a knighthood, but declined it, not, as is popularly supposed, because he was a Quaker, but because he wanted a baronetcy and a pension. These were refused, and the other was not again offered. George the Fourth knighted Lawrence immediately after his election to the Presidency, and at the same time presented the Academy with a very massive gold medal and chain to be worn by its Presidents. The medal bears the inscription: "From His Majesty George the Fourth to the

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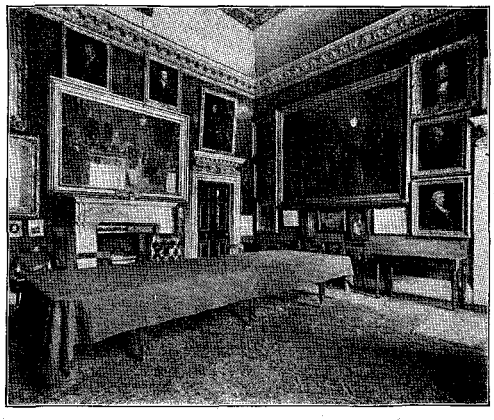
President of the Royal Academy." All subsequent Presidents have been knighted directly after their election. This election has to be approved by the Sovereign, and on that approval being signified, the President-elect accompanied by the Secretary, is granted audience, when the appointment receives the royal sign manual, the medal and chain which have previously been delivered up are placed round the neck of the President, and he receives the accolade. A somewhat diverting incident occurred on the occasion of Leighton's appointment. He and the Secretary were summoned to Windsor, and duly went there, with the paper of appointment for signature, and the medal and chain. When waiting in the Long Corridor for the summons to the Queen's presence, with the officials in attendance on her Majesty, the Lord in Waiting, the Earl of Dunmore, who had been previously sent for, appeared, looking very amused, and said: "Here's a pretty go! the Queen wants to know what she's got to do;" and the worst of it proved to be that nobody else there knew, for none of them had ever assisted at a similar function before. However, the difficulty had to be faced, and an order of procedure then and there invented, which, after approval by her Majesty, was carried out. The Secretary was first introduced to the presence, delivered up the medal and chain, and submitted the appointment of the new President for signature; he then followed, was invested with the Medal and Chain, and knighted.



The Council Room of the Royal Academy, Burlington House

Among the duties which the office of President of the Royal Academy entails upon its holder is that of presiding each year at the Annual Dinner before the opening of the Exhibition, and that of delivering every other year a "discourse" to the students. The successful fulfilment of both these duties argues a certain capacity for public speaking, and the power of being able to interest, and in the latter of the two instances, to instruct, your hearers. The Academy has always been fortunate enough to have Presidents possessed of these qualifications in a greater or less degree—*uno avulso non deficit alter*. To state instances of the less degree would be invidious, but it may safely be said that the high-water mark of the greater degree was reached by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Lord Leighton. Reynolds's discourses both in matter and style are masterpieces, and he must—in spite of Northcote's jibe to the contrary—have had both a good delivery and a pleasant voice, to judge by the well-known story of how Edmund Burke at the end of the last discourse, on December 10, 1790, stepped forward from among a number of illustrious persons who had assembled with the students to hear him, and taking his hand quoted Milton's lines:

"The Angel ended; and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

There are not, so far as I am aware, any specimens extant of Reynolds's after-dinner oratory. Probably that plague of modern entertainments did not exist then to the extent it does now; at any rate, reporters were not to the fore.

It was in this branch of public speaking that Leighton more particularly excelled. Lord Salisbury once at the Academy dinner said that the guests came there not only to take a lesson in the arts of painting and sculpture, but, turning to the President, "in oratory also." This was perhaps going a little far, for perfect as they were in form and matter, to many Leighton's speeches seemed to be overpolished and too ornate; they lacked spontaneity, and the grain of humor so necessary in an after-dinner speech; his delivery, too, was not very

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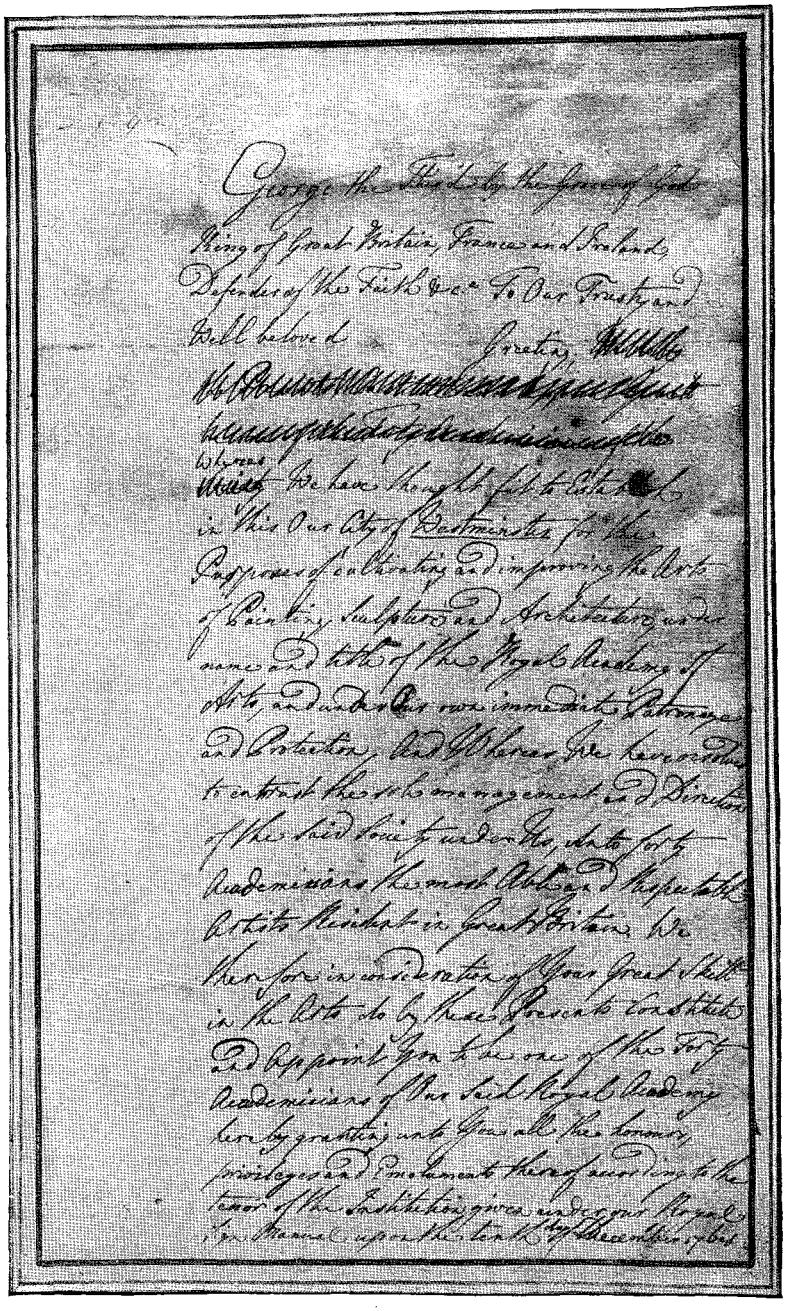

First draft of preamble in the diploma of an Academician in the handwriting of George III.

sympathetic, and his voice, when raised, rather harsh and *criard*. But this is, perhaps, hypercriticism. No one could have looked the part, or spoken the part, better. The man and his speech were in complete harmony. His discourses to the students had the same merits, and, in a measure, if one may use so harsh a word, the same defects. Full of learning, and of knowledge as sound as it was varied, always inculcating the highest aims and the loftiest ideals, while laying full stress on the more com-

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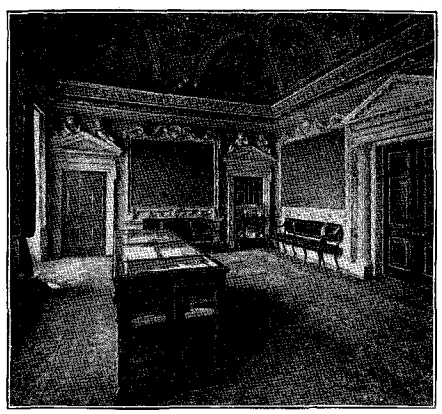
monplace virtues of thoroughness and hard work, they were beautiful models of completeness, satisfying the head and the intellect, but rarely—and here was the defect—touching the heart. As an instance of how particular Lord Leighton was in the phrasing of his sentences, he came to me once the day before he had to deliver one of his discourses and asked me if I could give him a synonym for a word he had used, which though it exactly expressed his meaning, did not suit the rhythm of the sentence in which it occurred; he had tried several, but none satisfied him. I produced Roget's "Thesaurus of Words and Phrases"—a book, by the way, he did not know of, and which he immediately afterwards bought—and we at length found a word which, with a little modification of the sentence, gave a satisfactory result.



Saloon, Royal Academy of Arts

On the evening of the opening day of the first Exhibition, April 26, 1769, a dinner was given at the St. Alban's Tavern to commemorate the event; Reynolds presided and several lovers and patrons of art were present. Some odes and songs were composed for the occasion, among them "The Triumph of the Arts," by Dr. Franklin, and another, of which the refrain was:

> That Art unrivalled long may reign
> Where George protects the polished train.

But the first official dinner, which soon became—and has continued to be—one of the chief functions of the year, was held at the new rooms at Somerset House on St. George's Day, April 23, 1771, the day preceding the opening of the Exhibition. The invitations were limited to twenty-five, and the cost of the dinner to 5s. per head. The menu and the bill for the dinner of 1774—at which the same conditions were in force—are in existence. From the former we learn that there were two courses, the first consisting of "fish, fowles, Roast beef, pidgeon pye, raised pye, ham, sallad, and greens"; the second of "lamb, goose, ducks, asparagus, and pudding." The wine, which was charged extra, was limited to Port and Madeira, and there were also extra charges for "desert of fruit," "strange beer," "olives after supper," etc., and for waiters.

The number of invitations gradually increased, and they seem to have been distributed rather too freely, and without sufficient regard to the status of the guests; for in 1809 we find complaints made that whereas "the original intention of the entertainment was to bring together at the opening of the Exhibition the highest orders of society and the most distinguished characters of the age, by degrees the purity of selection had given way to the influence of private friendships, and the importunity of acquaintances, the rooms been most inconveniently crowded, and the dignity of the Feast impaired." It was consequently resolved that the number of invitations should be limited to one hundred and twenty, exclusive of the members of the Academy; that they should only be issued to "Persons in elevated situations, of high rank, distinguished talents, or known patrons of the arts"; and that each person proposed should be balloted for by the members of the Council present, two black balls to exclude. These regulations remain in force at the present day, except that the number of guests now reaches two hundred, which is as many, with the addition of sixty or seventy members, as the large Gallery No. 3, in which the dinner takes place, will hold.

Many a reputation as an after-dinner speaker has been of late years won—and lost—at an Academy Dinner. Of the speeches made there no regular record exists before 1852, the first year in which the press, in the guise of the *Times*, was admitted. The first speech which attracted general attention was that of the Prince

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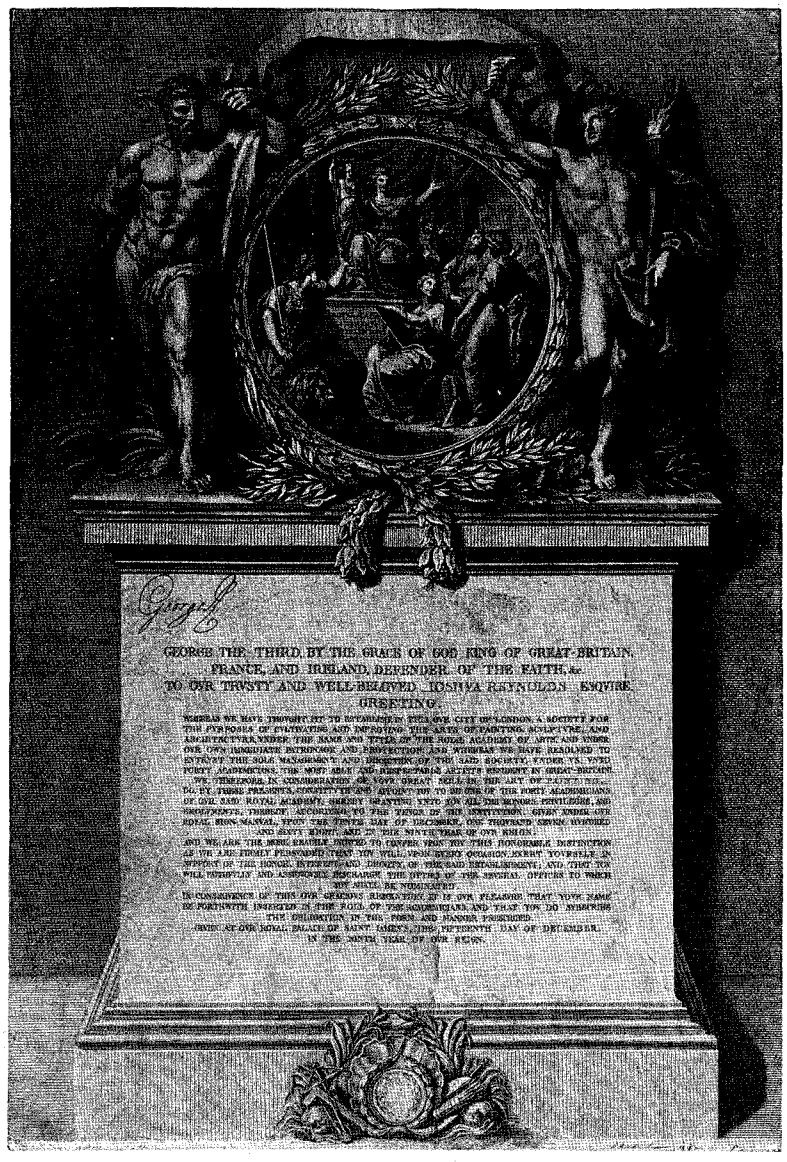

GEORGE THE THIRD BY THE GRACE OF GOD KING OF GREAT BRITAIN,
FRANCE, AND IRELAND, DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, &c.
TO OUR TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED JOSHUA REYNOLDS ESQUIRE
GREETING

Diploma of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Consort in 1851, in which, after some very pregnant remarks upon art and the duties of the Academy with regard to it, he concluded: "The same feeling which actuated George the Third in founding this Institution still actuates the Crown in continuing to it its patronage and support, recognizing in you a constitutional link, as it were, between the Crown itself and the artistic body; and when I look at the assemblage of guests at this table, I may infer that the Crown does not stand alone in this respect, but that those feelings are shared also by the great and noble in the land. May the Academy long flourish, and continue its career of usefulness." A speech which I have always heard referred to as of exceptional merit was that by Charles Dickens in responding for Literature in 1870. In my own experience, putting aside what may be called professional speakers like Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord

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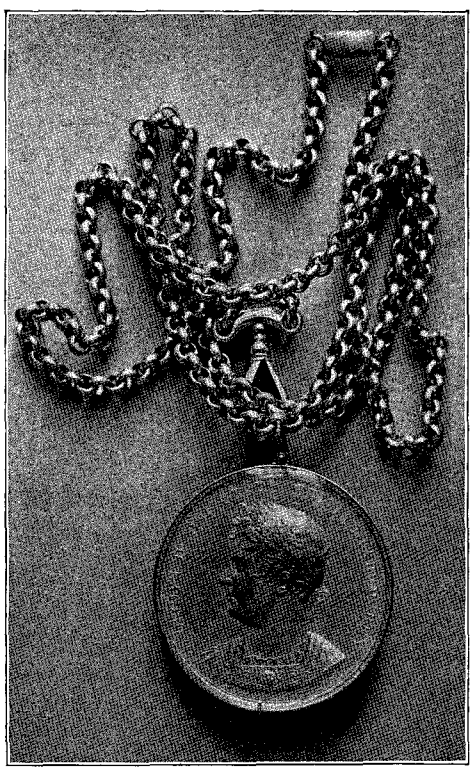
Granville, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery, the best speech I ever heard at the dinner was that of the late Bishop of London, then Bishop of Peterborough—Dr. Mandell Creighton—in returning thanks for the guests in 1894. It was admirable alike in style, diction, and matter, full of real humor—as distinguished from mere jokes—and lost nothing from the delivery of the speaker, his clear voice and distinct enunciation. Moreover, it was as good to read the next day as it had been to listen to the evening before. Mr. Gladstone as an after-dinner speaker on these occasions was not altogether a success, Lord Beaconsfield decidedly outshone him, and the former was probably conscious of the fact. At least the following story would seem to show it. A practice had for some time prevailed of inviting the members of the Cabinet in office, and those of the preceding Cabinet, and placing the former on the right of the President and the latter on the left. In 1877 the Conservatives were in office, and the toast of "Her Majesty's Government" was to be responded to by the Prime Minister, Mr. Disraeli—as he then was—who had accepted the invitation. Mr. Gladstone had also accepted, and had undertaken to reply to the toast of "Literature." Meantime the Premier was laid up with an attack of gout, and it became daily more doubtful whether he would be able to come. Two days before the dinner Mr. Montagu Corry (afterward Lord Rowton), his private secretary, came to see me and said that his chief still hoped to be present and speak, but it was rather uncertain. In the course of conversation I alluded laughingly to the gossip that Mr. Disraeli would not come because Mr. Gladstone was going to speak. The next day Mr. Corry came with the news that there was no hope of the Prime Minister's being able to appear; and he went on to say that he had repeated to him the gossip I had mentioned, that he was much amused at it, and had added: "But you may tell Mr. Eaton that though it isn't true in this instance, it was true a few years ago when the positions were reversed; Mr. Gladstone, who was going to reply for the Government, heard that I was to respond for Literature, and he sent word to the President, Sir Francis Grant, that if I spoke he would not."



Presidential medal given by George IV.

In the early days of the dinner, songs were sung both during and after the repast, some of them being composed for the occasion—as, e.g., one called "The Quarrel of the Arts," a part song, two MS. copies of the words and music of which are preserved, One of the copies is endorsed "To be sung at the Royal Academy the 29th April 1780." It began:

One evening last week as I rambled this way,
I was witness, good Sir, to a terrible fray—
A terrible, terrible, terrible fray:
The Brush, the Chisel, and the Rule
Were fighting in Minerva's School,
As sisters seldom can agree,
For dear superiority.

Like Billingsgate brawlers full fast their tongues ran,
And thus in loud accents the scolding began:

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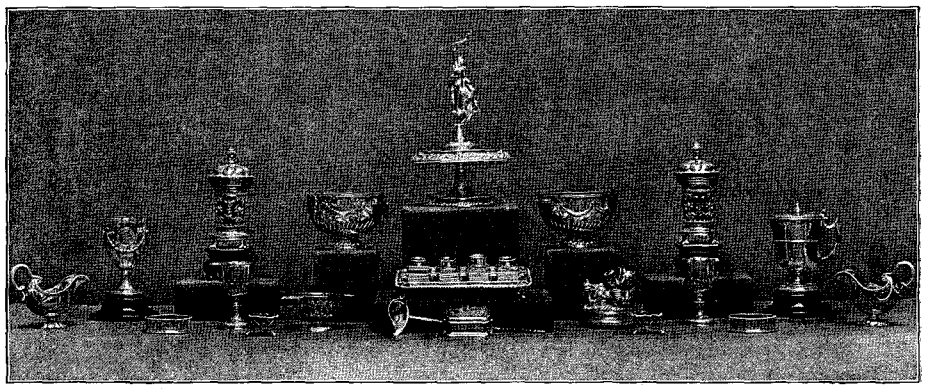

Some of the pieces of plate presented by Academicians on their election.

"Who raised this fair structure?" Quoth Sculpture, "'Twas I."
Quoth grave Architecture, "Sweet sister, you lie!"
Quoth Painting, "You both are mistaken; 'twas I."
"'Twas I," "You lie," "You both are mistaken, 'twas I."

"In good truth," cried Minerva, "I must interfere;
We'll have nought but good humour and harmony here.
Kiss, be friends, I beseech you, and try all your skill
To please our great master"—"We will, so we will!" etc., etc.

Gradually as the dinner grew longer and longer, and the number of toasts increased, the singing between each of them was eliminated, and finally abolished altogether, its place being taken by the Royal Artillery Band, which plays a few bars of the National Anthem after the toast of "The King," and then discourses sweet music when the dinner is over and the guests are dispersed about the galleries looking at the pictures. For this and many other suggestions the Academy is indebted to his present Majesty, King Edward, who when Prince of Wales honored the dinner with his presence nearly every year. One much-appreciated boon conferred through his gracious initiative was that of permission to smoke as soon as the Sovereign's health had been drunk, instead of having to wait till dinner was over. Many shook their heads at the innovation, and prophesied all sorts of evil consequences, but so far nothing disastrous has happened, and the Academy has not yet succumbed to the vulgarity of the "picturesque" reporter and the flash-light photograph.

The annual dinner is paid for out of the funds of the Academy. But another dinner was instituted in 1770, called the "Birthday Dinner," which took place on the Royal Founder's birthday, and was given by the members to the principal exhibitors, and paid for out of their own pockets. It was done away with in 1851 and the present *soirée*, given by the Academy, and to which all the exhibitors of the year are invited, substituted. On this occasion all the private rooms of the Academy, as well as the Exhibition Galleries, are thrown open to the guests. These private rooms include the five reception rooms of old Burlington House. They consist of the Library (formerly the ball-room), the Council Room, the general reception room, the Secretary's Room, and the General Assembly Room, where the forty meet. All these rooms, so far as their general appearance is concerned, are unaltered. In connection with the Council Room an interesting story may be told. At the first meeting of the Council in it, in January, 1874, the President, Sir Francis Grant, addressing the members before proceeding to business, told them that when he first decided to take up portrait painting as a profession, the first commission he received was from the Countess of Burlington, who sent for him to paint a portrait of her daughter. On arriving at Burlington House he was shown into the room where they were now sitting. "Lady Burlington and her daughter," he continued, "came in, and close to that window," pointing to it, "I painted the first portrait for which I received any money, little thinking that I should one day sit in the same room as President of the Royal Academy."

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The flowers were the bright, shining milestone.—Page 433.

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXIV

IT was a great relief to Constance when at last she was once more self-supporting. Her eyes appeared to be as strong as ever, and she found her new work congenial and absorbing. She was not merely Mrs. Wilson's stenographer, but her factotum, expected to exercise a general superintendence over her employer's philanthropic and social concerns, to attend to details, and, through tactful personal interviews, to act as a domestic buffer. The change from the practical severity of a law office, with its dusty shelves of volumes uniformly bound in sheep, its plain furniture and heterogeneous clientage, to her present surroundings was both stimulating and startling. Stimulating because it catered to her yearning for contact with æsthetic influences to have the run of this superb house and to be brought into daily familiar association with all sorts of lavish expenditure in aid of beautiful effects and beneficent purposes. Startling because the true quality of the luxury aimed at was unknown to her until she became a constant eye-witness. In both Mrs. Wilson's and her brother Carleton Howard's establishments a major-domo presided over the purely domestic relations, engaging the numerous servants, and endeavoring to maintain such a competent staff below stairs as to ensure delicious, superabundant food and neat, noiseless service which should resemble as far as possible the automatic impersonality of male and female graven images. All the appointments of the house were captivating; the pantry closets bristled with beautiful cut glass and delicate, superbly decorated china; flowers in great profusion and variety were brought three times a week from Carleton Howard's private nurseries to be tastefully arranged by a maid whose special duty it was to attend to this and to see that those not needed for the decoration of the house should be sent to the destinations indicated by Mrs. Wilson through her secretary—hospitals, friends in affliction or with birthdays, and the like. The spacious bathrooms were lined with artistic tiles; electric lights had been adjusted in the chambers so as to provide perfect facilities for reading in bed; once a week an attendant called to wind all the clocks in the house. Mrs. Wilson's personal appetite was not keen, yet exacting. Her breakfast was served in her own room, and, unless she had company, her other meals were apt to be slight in substance, but were invariably of a delicate, distinguished character as regards appearance if not ingredients. Her steward had instructions that the dinner table should be garnished with flowers and the most luscious specimens of the fruits of the season, though she were alone. When she had guests these effects were amplified, and her mind was constantly on the alert to provide novelty for her entertainments. During the first season of Constance's employment, music between the courses—a harpist, a quartette of violinists, an orchestra—happened to be the favorite special feature of her dinner parties.

That first winter Mrs. Wilson had the influenza and went to Florida for a month for recuperation, carrying her secretary with her. The journey was made in Mr. Howard's private car, and the suite which they occupied at the elaborate modern hotel where they stopped was the most select to be obtained. The spectacle at this winter resort for restless multi-millionnaires was another bewildering experience for Constance. The display of toilets and diamonds at night in the vast ornate dining-room was dazzling and almost grotesque in its competitive features. Mrs. Wilson preserved her distinction by a rich simplicity of costume. She had left her most striking gowns at home, and she let Constance perceive that her sensibilities

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took umbrage at this public cockatoo emulation of wealth. She was even conspicuously simple in regard to her food, as though she wished to shun unmistakably being confounded with the conglomeration of socially aspiring patrons, whose antics jarred upon her conceptions of beauty. But Constance could not avoid the reflection that profuse, if not prodigal, expenditure was typical of her companion no less than of them, and that the distinction was simply one of taste. What impressed her was that so many people in the land had merely to sign a check to command what they desired, and that the mania for novel and special comforts, and unique or gorgeous possessions was in the air. On their way home Mrs. Wilson spent a few days in New York shopping, having directed Constance to communicate in advance with several dealers whose business it was to dispose of artistic masterpieces. She bought two pictures at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars apiece, an antique collar of pearls, and several minor treasures. At the same time she took advantage of the occasion to grant an interview to two persons, a man and a woman, who had solicited her aid in behalf of separate educational charities. To each of these enterprises, after proper consideration, she sent her subscription for five thousand dollars.

Undoubtedly the chief purpose of Mrs. Wilson's stay in New York was to see her daughter. After a three months' residence in South Dakota, Lucille had obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty, and had promptly married her admirer, Bradbury Nicholson, son of the president of the Chemical Trust. Mrs. Wilson had declined to attend the wedding, which took place in Sioux Falls three days after the final decree had been entered—a very quiet affair. Lucille had notified her mother that it was to occur, but was not surprised that she did not take the journey. She and her husband had spent four months in Europe to let people get accustomed to the idea that she was no longer Mrs. Clarence Waldo, and recently they had taken up their residence in New York. Her new husband had three millions of his own, and, as Lucille complacently expressed the situation to her mother, society had received them exactly as if nothing had happened.

"I told you how it would be, Mamma," she said. "Everybody understands that Clarence and I were mismated. I am radiantly happy, and, as for your granddaughter, she could not be fonder of Bradbury if he were her own father. He has bought a thousand dollar pony for her. All the Nicholson connection and my old friends have been giving us dinners, which shows that we can't be disapproved of very strongly."

Lucille certainly looked in the best spirits when she came to see her mother. She was exquisitely dressed, and her equipage, which stood at the door during her visit, was in the height of fastidious fashion. So far as externals were concerned, it was manifest that she was making good her promise to be more conservative and decorous. Mrs. Wilson saw fit to mark her abhorrence of her daughter's course by going to a hotel instead of to Lucille's large house on Fifth Avenue. She was not willing to stay under her new son-in-law's roof, but how could she avoid making his acquaintance and dining with him? A definite breach with her only child was out of the question, as she had previously realized; besides her granddaughter demanded now more than ever her oversight and affection. Consequently on the second day she dined at the new establishment, and consented later to attend a dinner party which was given in her honor, though Lucille kept that compliment from her mother's knowledge until the evening arrived. She had taken pains to secure the most socially distinguished and interesting people of her acquaintance, and the affair was alluded to in the newspapers as one of the most brilliant festivities of the winter. A leopard cannot altogether change its spots, and Lucille's ruling passion was still horses, but she desired to show her mother that she had genuinely improved; so it happened that after the guests had returned to the drawing-room an organ-grinder accompanied by a pleasing black-eyed young woman, both in fresh, picturesque Italian attire, were ushered in. They proved to be no less than two high-priced artists from the grand opera, who, after a few preliminary capers to keep up the illusion, sang thrilling duets and solos. When they had finished came an additional surprise in that the organ was shown to be partially hollow and to contain a collection of enamelled bonbonières, which were passed on trays by the servants among the delight-

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ed guests. After the company had gone mother and daughter had an intimate talk, in the course of which Lucille, though making no apologies, volunteered the statement that she in common with half a dozen other women of her acquaintance had decided to go into retirement in one of the church sisterhoods during the period of Lent. She explained that the sisters of her new husband, who had high church sympathies, were preparing to do the same and that the project appealed to her. Mrs. Wilson was electrified. It was on her lips to ask Lucille how she could reconcile this new departure with her hasty second marriage, but she shrank from seeming to discourage what might be an awakening of faith or even of æsthetic vitality in her daughter's heart. Still, though she rejoiced in Lucille's apparent happiness and prosperity, she felt stunned at the failure of Providence to vindicate its own just workings. Much as she desired in the abstract that her daughter should be blessed, how was it that so flagrant a violation of the eternal proprieties could result not merely in worldly advancement, but an attractive home? For there was no denying that Bradbury Nicholson was a far more engaging man than his predecessor, and that he and Lucille were at present highly sympathetic in their relations. Would the harmony last? It ought not to, according to spiritual reasoning. And yet on the surface the dire experiment had proved a success, and there were indications that permanent domestic joys and stability were likely to be the outcome of what she considered disgrace.

Mrs. Wilson did not condescend to refer to her daughter's immediate past, but when she found that Lucille was brimming over with fresh tidings concerning the other offenders, Clarence Waldo and Paul's wife, she suffered her to unbosom herself. This news was consoling to her from the standpoint of ethical justice. As she already was aware, Mrs. Paul Howard, obdurate in her impatience of delay, had obtained a divorce on the ground of cruelty in Nebraska after six months, the statutory period necessary to acquire residence, and had then married Clarence Waldo. Now rumor reported that the newly wedded couple, who had been spending the present winter in Southern California for the benefit of the second Mrs. Waldo's bronchial tubes, had not hit it off well together, to quote Lucille, and were likely to try again. For according to the stories of people just from Los Angeles, she was permitting a congressman from California, the owner of large silver mines, to dance constant attendance on her, and her husband, quite out of conceit of her to all appearances, was solacing himself with a pretty widow from Connecticut.

"Of course," added Lucille, contemplatively, "if they really intend to obtain a divorce in order to marry again, it will be convenient for them that they happen to be in California, as that is another of the States where one can acquire a legal residence in six months."

Mrs. Wilson's disgust was tempered by a fierce sense of triumph. She was glad to know the facts, but she did not wish to talk about them, especially as she was far from clear in her mind that there was any logical distinction to be drawn between the conduct of these voluptuaries and that of her own child. She tossed her head as much as to say that she desired to drop the unsavory topic. But Lucille was so far blind to any similarity between the cases, or else so far content with the contrast in results between the two remarriages, that she continued in the same vein, which was pensive rather than critical.

"I'm thankful that Paul insisted on keeping Helen as a condition of not opposing his wife's Nebraska libel, for it would have been rather trying for the poor child to get used to three fathers in less than three years."

Mrs. Wilson felt like choking. The unpleasant picture intensified her repulsion; yet she knew that speech would be no relief for she would not find Lucille properly sympathetic. Just at that moment her granddaughter came prancing into the room, and ran to her. Mrs. Wilson clasped her to her breast as a mute outlet for her emotions, for she could not help remembering that this child also had two fathers, and what was the difference but one of degree? Yet here was its mother smiling in her face, seemingly without qualms and perfectly happy. How was this peace of mind to be reconciled with the eternal fitness of things?

Meanwhile Lucille was saying, "Tell me about Paul, Mamma. How does he take it? What is he doing?"

Mrs. Wilson sighed. "He was terribly cut up, of course," she answered, gravely.

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"He feels keenly the family disgrace." She paused intentionally to let the words sink in. "Fortunately for him, he has been invited to run for Congress—that is, if he can get the nomination. It seems there are several candidates, but your uncle tells me Paul has the party organization behind him. The caucuses for delegates do not meet until the early autumn, and in the meantime he hopes to make sufficient friends in the district, which includes some of the small outlying country towns as well as certain wards in Benham."

"It would be nice to have Paul at Washington, for he might be able to get the duties taken off so that our trunks wouldn't be examined when we come from Europe. I suppose it will cost him a lot of money to be elected."

"I have not heard so," said her mother, stiffly. Though Mrs. Wilson's statement was true, certain allusions in her presence by Paul and his father had aroused the suspicion in her mind that elaborate plans to secure the necessary number of delegates were already being laid. The use of money to carry elections was a public evil which she heartily deplored, and which she was loth to believe would be tolerated in her own family.

"He can afford it anyway," continued Lucille, disregarding the disclaimer.

Mrs. Wilson changed the subject. "He was also much absorbed when I left in his new automobile."

Lucille clapped her hands. "A red devil?"

"That name describes its appearance admirably. It is the first one of the kind in Benham, and naturally has excited much attention."

"Bradbury has promised me one for a birthday present."

"I have not ridden with Paul yet," said Mrs. Wilson a little wearily, for the enthusiasm elicited appeared to her disproportionate to the theme. "He has invited me once or twice, but somehow the spirit has failed me."

Lucille gasped. "It's the greatest fun on earth, Mamma. They annihilate time and distance, and you feel with the rush and the wind in your face as though you were queen of the earth. If mine runs well, we intend to tour through the continent this summer. Fancy speeding from one capital of Europe to another in a few hours!" She paused, then after a moment's reverie continued, as though stating a really interesting sociological conclusion, "I think it possible, Mamma, that if automobiles had been invented earlier, Clarence and I might not have bored each other. Which wouldn't have suited me at all," she added, "for Bradbury is a thousand times nicer."

Mrs. Wilson was painfully conscious that Bradbury was infinitely nicer, which increased the difficulties in the way of replying to this incongruous observation. She decided to ignore it as essentially flippant, and she rose to go. It was the nearest approach to a review of the past which either had made during her stay in New York.

She hoped that Constance would not appreciate how completely Lucille had rehabilitated herself in a worldly sense, and she tried to counteract the effect of the evidence by letting fall a remark now and again to show that the memory of her daughter's conduct was still a thorn in her side. As a mother she could not but be thankful that her daughter was far happier as Mrs. Bradbury Nicholson than she had been as Mrs. Clarence Waldo. At the same time her being so was a blow to the theory that the exchange of one husband for another ought to end and ordinarily does end in misery; or, in other words, that divorced people who marry again should be and are apt to be unhappy. To be sure, it was early to judge, and the happiness might not last; and at best it should be regarded as a sporadic case of contradiction, a merciful exception to the general rule; but she was glad when the day arrived for removing Constance from the sphere of this influence, fearing perhaps some pointed question from her secretary which would invite her to explain how it was that a person who had deserved so little to be happy as Lucille should have found divorce and remarriage a blessing, if the whole proceeding in deserving cases was fundamentally opposed to the social well-being of civilization. As an antidote, Mrs. Wilson took pains to enlighten her as to the rumored depravity of Clarence Waldo and the late Mrs. Howard.

But Constance asked aloud no such question. Yet necessarily she perceived that Lucille was in the best of spirits, and

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apparently had suffered no loss of position by her conduct. Constance did not need, however, any reminder from Mrs. Wilson that the late Mrs. Waldo was not a person of the finest sensibilities; moreover she considered the point as definitely settled for herself. Nevertheless as a spectator, if no more, she noted the circumstance that Lucille was already a different woman in consequence of her second marriage, and she detected her reason challenging her conscience with the inquiry which Mrs. Wilson had dreaded, how it appeared that the world would have been better off if Lucille had simply left the husband who had been faithless to her, and remained single instead of marrying. Constance was merely collecting evidence, as it were. All was over between her and Gordon, but as an intelligent, sentient human being she had no intention of playing the ostrich, but insisted on maintaining an open mind.

It was now nearly a year since she had conversed with Gordon. Her sentence had been perpetual banishment from his presence since the fateful Sunday when they had parted. He had written to her that he could not bear to resume the old relation, for now that they knew they had been lovers in disguise, it could not be the old relation. He had declared that the best thing for them both was never to meet, and she had been forced to accept his decision, for he had not been to see her since. But he had mitigated the rigor of her punishment, for she chose to regard it as such, by occasional letters, written at irregular intervals, letters which let her know beyond the shadow of a doubt that the love he cherished for her was strong and deep as ever. He sent her beautiful flowers on Christmas and her birthday, and in writing to her he told her briefly whatever of special interest he had been doing. Precious as these communications were to Constance, she was of several minds as to whether to answer them. Her impulse always was to reply at once, if only that she might draw forth another letter; but sometimes her scruples forced her not to let him see how much she cared and to feign indifference by silence. She knew, as Loretta said, that she had only to whistle and he would come to her, and she felt that it would be cruel to give him the smallest encouragement to believe that she could ever alter her decision. This being so, she argued that he ought to marry; he must forget her and choose someone else. She tried to believe that she would rejoice to hear that he was engaged to another woman, but when her thoughts got running in this channel she was apt to break down and realize that she had been trying to deceive herself. In such moments of revulsion she now and then would throw her scruples to the winds and write him about herself and her doings. On two occasions she had suddenly decided that it was necessary for her to see him again; see him without his seeing her. Consequently she had frequented a spot down-town where she knew he would pass, and each time had been rewarded by a close and unobserved glimpse of his dear features. These glimpses, the letters, and the flowers were the bright shining milestones along the itinerary of her much occupied life. Busy and interested as she was in her employment, it sometimes seemed to her that she walked in a trance in the intervals between some word or sign from him.

Delighted as she had been to travel, to see such a diverse panorama of national life as her trip to Florida and New York afforded, she was glad to find herself again at home. She had not heard from Gordon during her absence, and she was eager to see the Benham newspapers again in order to ascertain what he had been doing in his new capacity as a legislator. He had written to her the preceding autumn that he had decided to allow the use of his name as a candidate for the State Assembly, and subsequently he had been elected. Before her departure, in the early days of the session, she had kept her eyes and ears on the alert for public mention of him, but had been informed that this was the period for committee conferences and that the opportunity for debate would come after the bills had been framed and were before the house. Constance knew that Gordon had the strong support of the Citizens' Club in his canvass, that Hall Collins, Ernest Bent and others affiliated with that organization had conducted rallies in his behalf, and that he was expected to favor progressive legislation. There were certain philanthropic measures in which Mrs. Wilson was interested also before the Assembly, and Constance had twice al-

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ready prepared letters from her employer to Gordon in reference to these, which was another slight opportunity for keeping in touch with him.

Shortly after Mrs. Wilson's return from her vacation it happened that Paul invited her again to ride in his automobile. Recalling Lucille's enthusiasm, and having been partial all her life to new æsthetic sensations, she concluded to try what the exhilaration which those who doted on these machines revelled in was like. The afternoon chosen was one of those days in the early spring when sky and wind combine to simulate the balminess of summer. It was a satisfaction for Paul to have his aunt beside him, both because he admired her and because, seeing that he regarded her as what he called a true sport at bottom, he felt confident that she had only to experience the sensation of speed to become an enthusiast like himself. Therefore, he let his red devil show what it could do in the hope of carrying her by storm. Equipped with suitable wraps and a pair of goggles, Mrs. Wilson found the process of whirling through the country at a breakneck pace, by the mere compression of a lever, a weird and rather magnetic ordeal. These were the adjectives which she employed to express her gratification to her nephew. She was glad to have tried it, but in her secret soul she had grave doubts if it were the sort of thing she liked. Nevertheless she did her best to appear delighted, for she had in mind to drop a few words of warning in Paul's ear to the effect that it was incumbent on men of his class in the community to preserve their self-respect in the matter of electioneering as an example to the country at large. In the intervals when Paul moderated the speed she endeavored to convey to him clearly but not too concretely the substance of her solicitude. She let him realize that she had him and his campaign in mind, but that she did not intend to meddle beyond the limit of emphasizing a principle unless he were to ask her advice. Paul listened to what she had to say with evident interest, and without interruption. He even let his machine crawl along so as to get the complete benefit of her exposition. When she had set forth her views she turned toward him and said in conclusion, by way of showing that she made no charges but simply desired to put him on his guard:

"Very likely you have thought this all out for yourself and intend to see that every dollar you may use is expended legitimately."

Paul let the automobile come to a halt, and removing his goggles proceeded to wipe off the dust and moisture.

"Aunt Miriam, every word which you've said is gospel truth; but—and it is a large but—if I were to follow your advice to the letter there would not be the slightest possibility of my securing the nomination. I've thought it all out, as you say, and I'd give gladly to charity twice the sum I shall be compelled to spend, if I could only confine my outlay to legitimate expenses, stationery, printing and the hiring of a few halls. I've no objection to explaining to you why I can't, provided I wish to keep in the running. There are three men including myself in this district," he continued, starting the lever, "who are bidding for the nomination. Each of us has a machine, a machine the function of which is to create enthusiasm. Ninety per cent. of the candidates for public office do not inspire enthusiasm; they have to manufacture it. And there are all sorts of ways of doing so; by paying club assessments and equipping torch-light paraders with uniforms; by invading the homes of horny-handed proletarians and sending tennis or ping-pong sets to their progeny; or by the solider, subtler method of large direct cash payments, which can never be detected, to a certain number of local vampires as expenses for influence, and whose *quid pro quo* is the delivery of the goods at the polls. I have engaged a smooth and highly recommended patriot at a high salary to conduct my canvass. He has told me there will be large expenses. When he asks for money I draw a check and ask no questions—a rank coward's way I admit. I know nothing as to what he does with the money, and so I salve my conscience after a fashion." Paul shrugged his shoulders and applied a little more power to the automobile, while he chanted:

"Some naturalists observe the flea
Has smaller fleas on him to prey,
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.

"Which means, my dear aunt," he continued, "that when a rich man runs for office a certain proportion of the free-born

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consider that they are entitled to direct or indirect pickings in return for a vote."

Mrs. Wilson sighed. "But is not the price too high for a free-born citizen to pay? Why exchange private life and the herbs of personal respect for publicity and a stalled ox which is tainted?"

"I've thought occasionally of getting out, but father would be disappointed. I wish to go to Congress myself and the party wishes me to go. And what would be the result if I retired? One of the other two would win, and I don't throw any large bouquet at myself in stating that I shall make a much more useful and disinterested Congressman than either of them."

Mrs. Wilson shook her head, but at the same time she appreciated the difficulties of the situation. For she herself desired to see her nephew go to Washington. It was one thing to tell him to take a brave stand and refuse to swerve from the path of highest political probity, another to advise him in the midst of the canvass to dismiss his manager and thus invite certain defeat. It sometimes seemed to her that the ways of the world of men were past understanding. She wondered whether, if human affairs were in the hands of women, the rivalry of politics and the competition of commercialism would tolerate the same army of highwaymen who held up would-be decent citizens as successfully and appallingly as Dick Turpin and Claude Duval. She liked to believe that complete purity would reign, and yet the memory of what some women to her knowledge were capable of in the bitterness of club politics served as a caveat to that deduction. Discouraging as Paul's observations were, as bearing on the ethical progress of human nature, and deeply as she deplored the fact that he appeared to be winking at bribery, she recognized that she had shot her bolt, for she was not sufficiently conversant with the different grades of electioneering impropriety to be willing to take on herself the responsibility of imploring him to retire, even if he would consent to do so. But the confession had robbed the day of much of its beauty for her. She glanced at the little clock in the dashboard, and remembering that she desired to leave a message for her secretary, to whom she had given an afternoon off, she asked Paul if he would return home by way of Lincoln Chambers.

It happened that in turning something went wrong, so that the automobile came to a stop. Paul was obliged to potter over the mechanism a quarter of an hour before he was able to get the better of the infirmity. Somewhat nettled, and eager to make up for lost time and to demonstrate to his companion that in spite of this mishap a red devil was the peer of all vehicles, he forced the pace toward Benham. By the time he was within the city limits his blood was coursing in his veins as the result of the impetus, and he felt on his mettle to amaze the onlookers as he sped swiftly and dexterously through the streets. Gliding from avenue to avenue without misadventure, he applied a little extra power as they flew down that street around one corner of which stood Lincoln Chambers, in order to make an impressive finish. In turning he described an accurate but short circle, so that the automobile careened slightly, causing Mrs. Wilson to utter an involuntary murmur. Paul, amused at her nervousness, suffered his attention to be diverted for an instant; the next he realized that a young child, darting from the sidewalk, was in the direct path of the rapidly moving machine. He strained every nerve to prevent a collision, shutting off the power and endeavoring to deflect the vehicle's course so that it might strike the curbstone to their own peril rather than the child's; but the catastrophe was complete almost before he realized that it was inevitable. There was a sickening bump, accompanied by the screams of women; the red devil had overwhelmed and crushed the little victim, and stood panting and shaking like a rudely curbed dragon.

Paul jumped from his seat and lifted the child from the gutter into which it had been hurled and where it lay ominously still with its head against the curbstone. He found himself face to face with two women, in one of whom he recognized his aunt's secretary. The other, with an assertive agony which made plain her right to interfere, sought to take the child from him—a flaxen-haired girl of about four—exclaiming:

"Oh, what have you done? You've killed her. You've killed her."

Meanwhile Mrs. Wilson, utterly shocked, sought to keep her head as the only possible amelioration of the horror. She whispered

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in Paul's ear: "There's a drug store opposite. We'll take her there first and send for a doctor." At the same time she put her arm around the mother's shoulder, and said, "Let him carry her, Loretta, dear. It is best so."

Loretta Davis desisted, though she stared wildly in her patron's face.

"The blood—the blood," she cried, pointing to the tell-tale streaks on the child's head. "I'm sure she's dead."

Acting on his aunt's suggestion, Paul bounded across the way with the limp form clasped in his arms. While those immediately concerned endeavored with the aid of the apothecary to ascertain that the injuries were not grave, a curious crowd began to gather in the store. By the time that the trial of the ordinary restoratives had made clear that the child was already beyond the aid of medicine, though Mrs. Wilson and Constance wrung their hands and counted the seconds in hope that the physician telephoned for would arrive, a reporter, a policeman, and a doctor, appeared on the scene. The physician, who happened to be passing, was Dr. Dale, the oculist with the closely cut beard and incisive manner who had attended Constance. A moment's inspection sufficed him for a verdict.

"There is nothing to be done," he said.

At the fell words a wave of anguish passed through the group. Paul allowed Mrs. Wilson to take the baby from him; and, overwhelmed beyond the point of control, he bowed his head in his hands, and burst into tears. His aunt reverently clasped the stiffening form to her bosom regardless of the oozing blood which mottled her cloak.

"We must get Loretta home as quickly as possible," she whispered to Constance, and she started to lead the way so as to save the situation from further publicity.

But now that the doctor's usefulness was at an end, the two other representatives of social authority advanced their claims for recognition. The police officer, having relegated the gaping spectators to a respectful distance, began to inquire into the circumstances of the accident, in which he was ably surpassed by the agent of the press, who, note-book in hand, had already been collecting material from the bystanders and composing a sketch of the surroundings before interviewing the principals. Paul gave his name and address, and made no attempt to disguise his responsibility for the tragedy. Mrs. Wilson, finding her way barred by the two functionaries, grudgingly gave similar information in the hope of being allowed to escape. As she bore the victim in her arms, this would have been the result had not Loretta, who was following close behind under the supervision of Constance, and who up to this point had seemed dazed by the proceedings, suddenly realized what was taking place. She clutched Constance's arm.

"Will it be in the newspapers?" she inquired with feverish interest.

The reporter overheard her inquiry. "You are the mother of the little girl, madam?" he asked, addressing her, pencil in hand.

"Yes. She is my only child."

"Your name is?"

"Loretta Davis."

"And the child's?"

"Tottie. She would have been five in a few weeks."

The reporter perceived that he had found a responsive subject. "I lost a little girl of just that age two years ago," he volunteered sympathetically. "Is there a photograph of Tottie which you could let me have for the press? The public would like to see what she looked like."

Loretta's eyes sparkled. She thrust her hand in her pocket and drew forth a photographer's envelope. "Isn't it lucky," she cried, "I got these proofs only yesterday, and they're the living image of my baby."

As she hastily removed the package from her pocket, together with her handkerchief, Loretta let a small bottle slip to the floor. Constance, who was spellbound with dismay at the turn of affairs, stooped mechanically to pick it up. She recognized the pellets lauded by Loretta. In doing so her head nearly bumped against that of Dr. Dale, who was intent on a similar purpose. He got possession of the bottle, and instinctively he glanced at the label before transferring it to Constance. She observed that he shrugged his shoulders. As she put out her hand to take it from him, she said in a low, resolute tone:

"Will you tell me what those are?" Then as the physician regarded her search-

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ingly, she added, "I have a special reason for asking. I wish to befriend her."

"Cocaine tablets," answered Dr. Dale. "The woman has the appearance of a drug habitué."

XXV

IN parting with the Rev. Mr. Prentiss without personal rancor and yet with an open avowal of his conviction that Constance would marry him in the end, Gordon Perry both made an admission and issued a challenge. His admission on the surface was simply that he recognized the rector's sincerity. In his own consciousness it went further; he recognized the validity of the conflict between them to an extent which he had up to this time failed to perceive, or at least to acknowledge.

The effect of this was to intensify the ardor of his convictions, but at the same time to cause him as a lawyer to respect his opponent's position, though he believed it to be utterly false. The interview had been absorbing to him sociologically, for it had crystallized in his own mind as concrete realities certain drifts or tendencies of which he had been aware, but which he had hitherto never formulated in words. Now that the occasion was come for doing so, the indictment—for it was that—had risen spontaneously to his lips. It was clear to him, as he had informed Mr. Prentiss, that there was a direct strife in American social evolution between those who sought eternal truth through the free processes of the human spirit and those who accepted it distilled through an hierarchy.

Just as in his sociological perplexities Gordon, yearning to be a sane spirit, had abstained from radicalism and had sought relief in concrete practical activities, he had watched the theological firmament and had felt his way. If he realized that the Christian organizations which saw in the human soul a dignity which refused mediation were merely holding their own as formal bodies, he comforted himself with the knowledge that the thousands of men and women who rarely entered the churches—among them many of the most thoughtful and busiest workers in the land—were to a unit sympathizers with the creed of soul-freedom and soul-development. Not merely this; he knew that among orthodox worshippers the secret belief of the majority of the educated already rejected as superfluous and antiquated most of the old dogmas. But with his reverence for religion as an institution, Gordon had no ambition to outstrip his generation; simply to be in the van of it. There was no attraction for him in iconoclasm; he craved illumination, yet not at the expense of rationalism. Now suddenly the practical issue of the Church's interference with the State, of the Church's imposition on mankind of a cruel, inflexible ideal, labelled as superior purity, had become both an immediate and a personal concern. His soul felt seared as by an iron; all his instincts of sympathy with common humanity, the helpless victims of an aristocratic aim to preserve the family at the expense of the blameless individual, were aroused and intensified. Viewed as a general issue, Gordon felt no question as to the outcome. Was it not already decided? The Church had never ceased to deplore as usurpation society's constantly louder claim the world over of the right to regulate marriage, but without avail. It was only abuse by the State which had produced a reaction and given sacerdotalism another chance. But the particular, the personal issue, was a very different matter. For him it meant everything, and his whole being revolted at the possibility of losing the great joy of life through such a misapprehension of spiritual duty on the part of her who, so far as he was concerned, was the one woman in existence. Yet during the next weeks following the interview with the clergyman he experienced a sense of flatness which was almost despondency, for he realized that he had exhausted his resources. Mr. Prentiss had refused to aid him; on the contrary, had virtually defied him by expressing a triumphant conviction that Constance's decision was final. Could it be that she, whose lucidity of mind he had been wont to admire, would refuse to understand that the barrier which seemed to separate them was but an illusion? Surely it was not for the good of the world that true love—its most vital force—should be starved because the marriage tie was

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played fast and loose with by others. And yet he appreciated apprehensively the subtlety of this plea for the world's good; how modern it was, and how attractive to woman when made the motive for the exercise of renunciation. Truly, the priest had argued shrewdly, yet Gordon refused to admit that Constance could be deceived for long. That seemed too incompatible with her previous outlook and their delightful comradeship which had been love in disguise.

He concluded forthwith that his best hope lay in terminating that comradeship. To resume it would make them brother and sister, a relation tantalizing to him, and which might be better than nothing to her, and thus strengthen her resolve. Accordingly, with Spartan courage, he never visited her. But he chose by his letters and his gifts to let her know unequivocally that he was waiting for her to relent—would wait until the end of time. He wrote to her that her dear image was the constant inspiration of his thoughts, and that he sighed for the sound of her voice.

While thus he chafed within, and yet endeavored to pursue his work as earnestly as though he had been able to forget, he received and accepted an invitation from the Citizens' Club to become a candidate for the State Assembly. He saw in this both relief and an incentive; public service would tend to divert and refresh his thoughts, and opportunity would be afforded him to promote legislation. It would suit him to become a member of the free parliament of men where, whatever its abuses and shortcomings, the needs of ordinary humanity were threshed out and where true, practical reforms were piece by piece won from the vested traditions of the past.

At the same time he declared to the members of the committee which waited on him that in accepting their nomination he was not to be understood as offering himself to the voters as a denunciatory radical or as advocating all the so-called grievances aired at the Citizens' Club. His words were, "I agree to support every measure which I believe would be an immediate benefit to the community from the standpoint of justice and public usefulness. If you are content with that guarded generalization, I shall be proud to serve you; but if you insist on my playing the demagogue or wearing the livery of the enemies of constituted society, I must decline the nomination."

"That's all right," asserted Hall Collins, who was the spokesman. "What we want this trip are two or three new pieces of timber in the ship of state, repairs we'll call them if you like it so, and we've chosen you as carpenter for the job. Side with us when you can, and when you can't we'll know you're honest."

This voiced the sentiment of the Citizens' Club, and it was no disparagement to the sincerity of its action that those who directed the club's affairs cherished hopes that the nominee, through his standing, would gain support from other quarters than the radical element and thus be more likely to win. Their hopes were justified. Gordon had a comfortable majority in his district, though it was understood that he had affiliations with so-called socialists and labor reformers.

During the first year of his service as a legislator he made no effort to fix public attention on himself by forensic readiness. He was studying the methods of procedure and familiarizing himself with the personnel of the Assembly. But though his name did not appear conspicuously in the press notices—which was a disappointment to a certain lady constantly on the watch for it—this did not mean that he failed to attract the attention of his associates. On the contrary, his thoroughness, patience, and fairness were soon recognized, and when he rose to speak—which he did more frequently in the later weeks of the session in relation to bills of importance where the vote was likely to be close—the members paid attention as though they were glad to know his reasons. It was perceived that he inclined to the party of progress rather than to the conservatives, but that he did not hesitate to turn a cold shoulder towards or to rebuke mere blatherskite or visionary measures.

A modern legislature has to deal with questions which vitally affect the development of the body politic; the relations of powerful corporations to the public and it to them; the demands of toiling breadwinners for shorter hours of labor and hygienic safeguards, and the newly fermented strife between the right to hold

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and the obligation to share the fruits of the earth and the profits of superior ability and industry. These were problems which particularly interested Gordon, and, as one by one they arose for action, he sought to solve each on its merits without prejudice and with an eye to justice. It was understood that he would be a candidate for the next Assembly, and in making their forecast the sophisticated referred to him as a coming leader, one of the men who would control the balance of power by force of his intelligence and independence. The Citizens' Club was content with the part which he had played. Several measures in which it was interested had become law through his advocacy; others, though defeated, had gained ground; two notable bills conferring valuable franchises for next to nothing upon plausible capitalists had been exposed and given their quietus in spite of a persistent lobby; and the candidate had promised during the next session to press the bill for a progressive legacy tax, an amendment to the existing legacy tax law, which would increase the sum levied in progressive ratio with the size of every estate transferred by death. This was a reform which Hall Collins and his intimates had at heart, and they had won Gordon to their side as an enthusiastic supporter of its essential reasonableness. The bill had been killed in committee for the past two years; yet the present year the adverse report had been challenged in the house and had been sustained by a comparatively small majority after strenuous and excited appeals to what was termed the sober, conservative sense of the American people. Gordon's speech in behalf of the measure was listened to with a silence which suggested a desire for enlightenment. After the debate was over there had been prophecies that another year it would stand a good chance of passing.

It was toward the close of Gordon's first session in the Assembly that the harrowing death of Loretta's child occurred, and, owing to the prominence of the parties concerned in the homicide, which was the first automobile accident in Benham, became town talk. The newspaper artists illustrated the tragedy with drawings of the red devil in the act of striking the victim, portraits of everybody concerned, from Tottie to the apothecary into whose shop she had been carried, and camera cuts of the obsequies. There were appropriate editorials on the iniquity of allowing furious engines to be propelled at a rapid rate through the streets; and sensational conflicting rumors were rife in the news columns as to the amount by which the repentant multi-millionaire had sought to idemnify the mother for his carelessness. Conjecture fixed it at various sums from one thousand to fifty thousand dollars, and one imaginative scribe conjured up the information that Tottie was to be replaced as far as possible by the most beautiful baby which the Howard family could procure by search or advertisement.

In his genuine distress for the irreparable evil he had wrought Paul Howard had gone straightway to Loretta to pour out his contrition and to express a willingness to make such amends as were possible for the catastrophe. He saw her twice; the first time on the day following the accident, when she appeared excited but dazed; the second on the morning after the funeral. Then her condition of mind bordered closely on exaltation as the result of being the temporary focus of public attention. She was surrounded by newspapers, and she insisted on calling Paul's notice to all the reportorial features. With special pride she made him note a cut which showed that the coffin had been piled high with the most exquisite flowers—a joint contribution from Mrs. Wilson and himself. Loretta's own apartment was also a bower of roses from the same sympathizing source, and the young woman was in her best dress—festal mourning—as though she were expecting visitors. Paul found some difficulty in broaching the question of indemnity. He was in the mood to draw his check for any sum in reason which the bereaved mother should declare to be satisfactory compensation for her loss, even though it were excessive, so that he might adjust the matter then and there. He had every intention of being generous; moreover he knew that all this publicity concerning the accident was injuring his canvass for the Congressional nomination, and he hoped to create a reaction in his favor by behaving handsomely. But Loretta, though she obviously understood what he was driving at, evaded the topic, and when, in order to clinch matters, he told her in plain terms

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that he wished to make her a present and asked her to name the sum, she looked knowing and suspicious, as much as to say that she knew her rights and had no intention of committing herself.

Paul, who mistook her contrariness for diffidence, was on the point of naming an amount which would have made her open her eyes when she suddenly said with a leer intended to convey the impression of shrewdness:

"I'm going to talk with my lawyer first. People say it was all your fault, and that I ought to get a fortune. I've witnesses for my side."

Paul was taken aback. "It *was* all my fault. I've told you already that I was entirely to blame. And I'm anxious for you to tell me how much I ought to pay as damages. So there won't be any need of a lawyer on either side."

Loretta argued to herself that she was not to be caught by any such smooth words. She tossed her head.

"I don't know about that. I'm going to get one of the smartest attorneys in Benham to attend to my case." She waited a moment, then added triumphantly, believing that her announcement would carry dismay to her crafty visitor, "It's Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law."

"Gordon Perry?"

Loretta construed his inflection of astonishment as consternation.

"Yes," she said, "I'm going to consult him this afternoon."

It was on Paul's lips to inform her that Gordon was his lawyer too, but her uncompromising attitude had produced its natural effect, and he felt at liberty to practise a little craft in his turn. If he were to disclose the truth, she would be likely to consult someone else; whereas Gordon and he could come to terms speedily. So he merely responded that he knew Mr. Perry to be an excellent attorney, and that he would be content to abide by his decision.

The final settlement required some diplomacy on Gordon's part on account of the difference in point of view between the contracting parties. Loretta had definitely fixed on ten thousand dollars as the Mecca of her hopes than which, as she declared to Gordon at their first interview, she would not accept a cent less; whereas Paul was disposed to make her comfortable for life by a donation of twenty-five thousand. He naturally had discussed the subject with his aunt, and this was the sum which had been agreed on between them as fitting. Mrs. Wilson was overwhelmed by the disaster; it haunted her thoughts; and, though she remembered Loretta's original indifference regarding the child, it seemed to her that the only possible expiation would be a princely benefaction, such as would thrill the bereaved recipient. But when she in her turn mentioned the matter to Constance, the latter, who had been mulling over the insinuation uttered by Dr. Dale, informed her what he had said. The effect of this intelligence was to strengthen the purpose which Mrs. Wilson and Paul had already formed to have the gift tied up so that Loretta could use only the income, and thus be protected indefinitely against designing companions and herself. But when Gordon, who had abstained from revealing the extent of Paul's intended liberality, suggested this arrangement, he encountered sour opposition from his client. It was manifest that Loretta had set her heart on being complete mistress of the ten thousand dollars, and that any curtailment of her power to exhibit it and spend it as she saw fit would be a bitter disappointment. Either she did not understand, or declined to understand, what was meant by a trust, and plainly she regarded the proposition as a subterfuge on the part of the donor to keep his clutch on the money. Gordon endeavored to reason with her and to show her the disinterested wisdom of the plan, but she shook her head no less resolutely after he had finished. When her repugnance was stated to Paul, he bade Gordon pay her the ten thousand dollars in cash and say nothing about the remainder. He added good-naturedly:

"I suppose it's natural enough that she should like to finger the money. Let her blow it in as she chooses, and when it's gone I'll settle an annuity on her."

Loretta came to Constance on the following day with glittering eyes and exhibited her treasure-trove—a bank book and a roll of bills.

"It's all there," she said. "My lawyer went with me and he saw me hand it all over except this hundred dollars to the man in the cage. My lawyer made me count it

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first. He's smart—Gordon Perry, Esq., Counsellor at Law. I'm rich now."

"But you will go on nursing just the same, won't you, Loretta? It's your profession, you know."

Loretta looked non-committal. "Perhaps. But I'm going to take a rest first and—and buy a few things." She spread out proudly the new crisp bank bills like a pack of cards. "I've never been able to buy anything before."

Solicitous as she felt regarding the future, Constance had not the heart to repress sympathy with this radiant mood. Blood money as it was, it would, nevertheless, mean many pleasures and comforts to the pensioner. It was no time for advice or for extracting promises of good behavior. So in a few words she showed the approach to envy which was expected of her.

By way of recompense, or because she had been waiting for congratulations to be paid first, Loretta presently paused, looked knowing, and giving Constance a nudge whispered oracularly, as one whose views were now entitled to respectful consideration, "I sounded him about you, Constance, and it's all right. I could see it is, though I guess he didn't like much my speaking. And what do you suppose I told him? That he mustn't get discouraged, for one had only to look at you to know that you were perfectly miserable without him."

"How dare you tell him such a thing? What right had you to meddle?" cried Constance, beside herself with anger and humiliation. She clenched her hands; she wished that she might throw herself upon this arch, complacent busybody and box her ears. "This is too much! Besides, it is not true—it is not true."

"True? Of course it's true. And why should you mind its being true if you love him? I was trying to help you, Constance, so there's no use in getting mad."

Obviously Loretta on her side was supprised at the reception accorded her good offices, and at a loss to explain such an abnormal outburst on the part of her habitually gentle comrade. Perception of this swiftly checked the current of Constance's wrath, but, as her equanimity returned, the eyes of her mind became pitilessly fixed on herself. Perfectly miserable! Was not that indeed the real truth? And true not only of her but of him? Of him, who had told her that she was sacrificing the joy of both their lives to a fetich. Loretta's rude, probing had made one thing clear—that it was futile to try longer to persuade herself that she was happy.

Yet her reply was, "I take you at your word, Loretta, that you meant no harm. Please remember, however, hereafter that my relations with Mr. Perry are a subject not to be spoken of to either of us, if you do not wish to be unkind."

Loretta stared, and laughed as though she suspected that this appeal was designed to put her off the scent. But she was too much absorbed in her own altered status to care to bandy words on the matter. Two days later she disappeared from Lincoln Chambers. But the fact of her absence awakened no concern in the mind of Constance for several weeks, inasmuch as she had gathered from Mrs. Harrity that Loretta had gone to another patient. But presently it transpired that she had taken all her belongings with her, and had made the charwoman promise to make no mention of that mysterious fact for the time being. Mrs. Harrity could throw no further light on the lodger's exodus, but admitted that under the spell of one of the crisp new bills she had asked no questions and subsequently held her tongue.

Constance immediately imparted her fears to Mrs. Wilson, who instituted promptly a search through the police authorities. Investigation disclosed that a woman answering to the description of Loretta had been seen at some of the restaurants and entertainment resorts of flashy character in the company of a man with whom there was reason to believe she had left town. It was found also on inquiry at the bank where her funds had been placed that the entire deposit had been withdrawn some three weeks subsequent to the date when the account was opened.

Confronted with this disagreeable intelligence Mrs. Wilson felt aghast. It occasioned her grievous personal distress that her ward should have fallen so signally from grace at the very moment when the spirit of righteousness should have triumphed, and she was displeased

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to think that her philanthropic acumen had been at fault. But the elasticity of her spirit presently prevailed, and it was with an exculpating sense of recovery and of illumination which was almost breathless that she said to Constance:

"I fear that we must face the fact that she is a degenerate; one of those unhappy beings whom the helping hands of society are powerless to uplift because of their inherent preference for evil."

Upon her lips the word "degenerate" had the sound of the ring of fate and of modern scientific sophistication withal.

(To be concluded.)

THE GLACIER

By Florence Wilkinson

I AM the mother of rivers,
And out of my bosom of snow
Restless, tormented, and leaping
My passionate children go.

They spring from the poignant Silence
Of a white and passionless life,
Yet far below from the valleys
Comes a rumor of their strife.

They gnash their teeth in the darkness
Of the dolomitic gorge;
They plunge from the porphyry precipice
Like a thunder-driven forge.

I sit unattainably splendid,
Folded from peak to peak.
Oh, thou last-born of my bosom,
What goest thou forth to seek?

I am white as the whiteness of dawning,
I lift a perpetual brow,
A frozen and pitiless beauty,
Yet once I was driven as thou.

I mounted to crests of anguish,
I sank to the cruel crevasse;
Yet even from this is calmness,
And lo! it has come to pass.

I was sculptured mid-sea of my passion
Millions of ages ago.
My lips are locked; I am speechless;
But I know, my child, I know.

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THE METHODS OF EUGÉNIE

By Jessie Knight Hartt

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HER true and lawful name was Eugénie La Tour Wright, but the girls dubbed her "Jack" as soon as she came to college, and "Jack" she remained until the end of her course. Her sturdy little New England personality showed no slightest inheritance from the French ancestress after whom she had been christened. A firm little figure had Jack, and the tread of her number two-and-a-half shoes was as decided as if she had worn sixes at least. Her cheeks were round and rosy, she gazed at you with serious gray-blue eyes, and her brown hair —the great trial of her tidy existence— curled in baby ringlets about her high forehead. For the rest, she was quick-tempered, uncomfortably honest, and it was a pleasing fiction in her set that she had never spoken two unnecessary words to a man in her life. Her frivolous room-mate, Camille Henderson, used to chant a verse which ran thus:

"There is a young person named Wright;
When she's mad she will scratch and will bite.
It is said she once ran
At the sight of a MAN (!)
And has never got over her fright."

Jack always defended herself hotly against such base insinuations. "I'm not afraid of men; I'm *not!*" she would asseverate, affectionately pummelling the disrespectful Camille with her small fists; "but what's the use of them? Girls are nicer."

Camille, for her part, felt no aversion to the other sex, and many there were who knew it. Young Yale instructors came from afar to worship at the shrine of her slender young beauty, the eyes of fatuous Harvard youths told her the power of her own sparkling glances, and gay "Tech" students sent violets to deck her trimly pretty gowns when the Powers That Were allowed her an occasional matinée frolic. It was generally expected that Camille, being notoriously soft-hearted, would succumb early to the wiles of some special adorer, and would be the Class Bride—if she stayed in college long enough to take her degree. By the time of her Senior Mid-years, the other girls had accepted that degree as a fact practically accomplished, and several friends among the class magnates openly planned laying out what they called "the Class Bride Appropriation" with special reference to Camille's tastes.

Meanwhile, Jack felt greatly troubled in her honest little mind over Camille's prospect of passing the examinations. She pleaded with her not to receive any more callers, not to go to Harvard Vespers, or "Tech" Indoor Meets, until the Mid-years were safely over. Camille saw her own danger; she had to admit that she had been reckless all through the fall term and that much cramming would be necessary to make up for time lost in letter-writing, calls, and foot-ball games.

"Honestly, Jack, I won't accept a single invitation," she promised, to her room-mate's infinite relief. "And I won't ask a single soul to call, either; I've written to put off everyone who has asked if he might come. But when a man appears without warning, as Frank Hazard did last evening —truly it would seem mean, Jack, not to see him. Just think! he'd come all the way out from Cambridge. He didn't understand something in my last letter. What could I do?"

"Well," quoth Jack, standing very firmly on her feet as she toasted a bit of chocolate over the study lamp, "I guess I'd know how to deal with a man who took advantage like that. I'd fix him!" and she popped the chocolate into her mouth so promptly that it burned her tongue. "Ouch!" she added, quite irrelevantly, and darted to the thick-bodied water pitcher for a cooling draught.

Camille giggled, as people often did at Jack's most serious mishaps. They were apt to be caused by some childish precipitancy quite at variance with her reputation as the best mathematician in college and the coolest experimenter in the chemistry department.

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As the girls snapped off the electric lights in the study that evening, preparatory to a session of "cramming" in the bedroom (whose transomless condition rendered it safe from prying Faculty), Camille returned for a second to the subject of callers. "I think I'll let you tackle the next unforeseen incident who turns up of an evening," she suggested lightly. "It would be larks to see what you'd do with him."

"You wait!" advised Jack. And then she settled herself cross-legged on her little white bed, pencil in mouth, to perform miracles with logarithms, looking the while like a small girl prepared for the conquest of Wentworth's Primary Arithmetic. When Jack's hair was braided in a little curly-ended pigtail down her back, her most serious expression failed to convince you that she was really more than six. In two minutes she had forgotten all about "those Harvard geese," as she disparagingly termed Camille's strenuous followers.

That was Friday. The next Monday evening she was suddenly reminded of her boasts, and of her room-mate's jesting appeal to her powers of dissuasion. Camille was at the Library, "reading up" several English masterpieces which she was supposed to have perused some weeks before, and Jack sat in the glow of the lamp, glancing over a French exercise until it should be time to "run over" to the Chapel for a concert. She had been to a class dancing party that afternoon, and was arrayed in an unusually becoming gown left over from the summer before—a flowered organdie with crisp lace-edged ruffles and floating ribbons of rose pink. Camille had designed the dress with special reference to Jack's childlike prettiness, and sometimes, under protest, Jack could be induced to wear it. Quite characteristically, no thought of her dainty attire entered her mind when she answered the maid's tap at the door, received the card of "Mr. Forrest for Miss Henderson," and said with swift decision, "I will see Mr. Forrest."

Then she departed, forgetting to put out the lamp; and as she went by way of the stairs, she arrived at the reception-room door ahead of the maid, who had patronized the elevator. While she plodded down the long flights, she tried to recall what Camille had told her of this Mr. Forrest. She seemed to remember that he was a recent Harvard graduate, and that he had some minor editorial position on a Boston magazine—or was it a newspaper? Half way down the last corridor it struck her that he was not one of those who came oftenest, and perhaps he hardly deserved the curt dismissal she was about to give him on Camille's behalf.

For an instant her sturdy little heart failed her. She really was afraid of young men, and perhaps the demands of friendship would have been met if she had simply sent word by the maid that Miss Henderson was not at home. Then she bethought herself that *no* man had a right to demand a whole evening of a busy girl's time, without first finding out if she could receive him. It was a room-mate's duty to show the presumptuous youth his place, and to make him apologize for his thoughtlessness. So little Jack mentally girded herself for the fray, and passed on.

A second she stood poised on the threshold of the wide reception-room door. Mr. Evan Forrest turned from inspecting a huge framed photograph of "The Ruins of the Roman Forum," to see her little beruffled figure, her rose-pink ribbons, and her baby curls, against the uncompromising, grim background of the brick-arched entrance hall, with its shiny wooden floor and its glare of unshaded electric bulbs. Perhaps something butterfly-like about her rosy gown brought a warm touch of summer into the wintry bareness around him. Perhaps the childlike curves of her cheeks and the bigness of her blue eyes appealed to him. At any rate, when Jack came forward and said, "Mr. Forrest?" in a voice which real shyness had softened, Mr. Forrest smiled as if he liked what he saw.

For himself, he was a clean-cut, well-bred-looking young man, with little to distinguish him from the hundreds of other well-bred, clean-cut youths whom his Alma Mater turns out every June. His eyes and hair were dark; he had a good forehead, firm lips, and a sizable chin. If she had had time to think about it, Jack might have liked his looks very decidedly, in spite of his being a man. But she plunged into her mission at once, seeing out of the corner of her eye that the maid had started to enter the room, but had withdrawn to her little table by the door.

"I am Miss Henderson's room-mate,"

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In two minutes she had forgotten all about "those Harvard geese."—Page 444.

she began abruptly; "Cam—Miss Henderson can't see you this evening. She's busy at the Library. She——"

"Well," said Mr. Forrest, with a quizzical ruefulness that would have amused Jack if she had been at leisure from herself to notice it, "that's my misfortune—and my fault too, I fear. A fellow oughtn't to come out here, you know, without asking permission beforehand."

Jack's rosy lips parted slightly. It astonished her to hear the very words of her intended rebuke proceeding jauntily from the lips of the culprit. The culprit himself, however, being masculine and young, chose to admire the parted lips as a tribute to his own impressiveness. "What a sweet, gentle little thing it is!" he thought, and deep in his heart he felt that he could like this girl very much if he got a chance.

Aloud, he went on: "Of course I'm disappointed not to see Miss Henderson—doubly so, as I had presumptuously counted on her kindness to help me find Professor Wilkins. She promised to introduce me to Miss Wilkins some day, and a matter came up in the office this afternoon—I am on the staff of the *Boston Weekly Dial*, you know—which makes it necessary for me to have a talk with Miss Wilkins at once. Henry Fawkes has just died," he added, naming a literary man of some prominence in England.

"Oh!" breathed Jack. As a Freshman, she had been imbued with ardent admiration for Henry Fawkes, who—so the English Department had informed her—was one of the pure white lights of this generation. Jack never had been able to understand much of what he wrote, but she accepted

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the dicta of the English Department on all such matters; her specialty was mathematics, which one could admire and understand at the same time. She was very sorry that Henry Fawkes had died. Professor Wilkins would be so distressed. So she said "Oh!" again, and bit her under lip. Evan Forrest decided that she was absolutely adorable.

"Miss Henderson once told me," he said, "that Professor Wilkins has had a good deal of correspondence, at one time and another, with Mr. Fawkes. So my Chief thought — I'm only assistant subeditor, you know—he thought he'd send me out to ask the Professor if she'd be so kind as to write a short appreciation of Mr. Fawkes's personality for next Saturday's edition. I confess I don't like to beard the lioness all by myself!" he sighed, picking up his highly correct hat from a straight-backed chair, and preparing to draw on his immaculate gloves; "but I suppose—*would* you direct me to Miss Wilkins's house?" he broke off, with a glance of appeal that Jack's really soft heart was ill-framed to resist.

"Come to the door and I'll show you," she said impulsively. "You see," she continued, as they crossed the bare hall and stood under the brick arch of the window by the door, "Professor Wilkins lives in the village, so you'll have quite a walk from here. You take that first path to the right —there, at the end of this driveway, do you see?—by the electric light. Then turn to the left, and that path will bring you out at the college gate. Then turn to—— But, oh dear!" she burst out, looking up at him in sudden dismay, "you won't find Miss Wilkins at home this evening. She told me she was going to the concert."

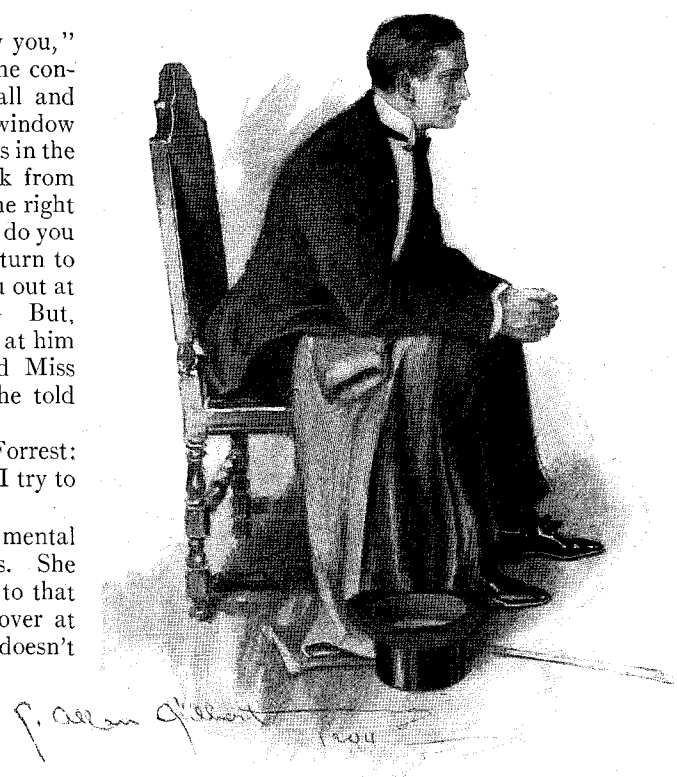
"What is that?" queried Mr. Forrest; "and where is it? Will she bite if I try to pull her out?"

Jack was too deeply absorbed in mental calculations to heed his pleasantries. She glanced at the clock. "I'm going to that concert myself," she said. "It's over at College Hall. It's a short one, so it doesn't begin till eight, and we'll be early enough to catch Miss Wilkins before she gets into the Chapel. If you could wait while I get my coat and rubbers?" Her shyness had vanished at the need for prompt action. She had almost forgotten that she was dealing with a Man.

The Man felt abundantly grateful, however. "You're a——" he began. Then he reflected that this wee person, however sweet, was really not an old friend. "It's awfully good of you," he amended; "I confess I was heartily scared at the prospect of hunting up a strange lady all by myself. Will your charity extend so far as introducing me after we find her?" he ventured.

"Oh, yes!" Jack smiled a pretty, flickering smile at him; "I think I can be as good as that," she said. "But Miss Wilkins doesn't bite, you know. She's the sweetest thing in the world."

Mr. Forrest's dark eyes showed plainly that he knew better. Jack certainly looked unaccountably pretty to-night—so thought two girls who passed through the hall just then, bundled up in evening wraps, on their way to the concert. Their astonishment matched that of the maid, who sat, outwardly discreet, crocheting under the swinging electric light. Nobody had ever seen



Their victim, after a twenty

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Jack with a young man before. Next day the report began to spread that a long-lost brother had just turned up after a runaway voyage around the world.

Meanwhile Jack herself was happily unconscious of espionage. Bidding Mr. Forrest "wait a moment, please," she trudged off down the dark corridor and climbed three long flights of stairs to her study. There she whisked from the wardrobe a long dark coat and a fuzzy white Tam O'Shanter; but as she herself put it, "those old rubbers turned up missing." She searched every conceivable corner of both rooms, warned by a noisily-ticking nickel clock on the bookcase that time was passing. "Twenty minutes of eight!" announced the fussy clock-hands. "Fifteen minutes of eight!" "Ten minutes of eight!"—still no rubbers. Jack's Tam was awry, her hair mussed into distracting flyaway ringlets, and her long coat showed quite plainly where she had knelt to stick her inquisitive nose under wardrobes and washstand. Still no rubbers. She darted to the other rooms on the corridor, hoping to find some which, by dint of stuffing newspapers into toes, might be made to serve.

minutes' parley in the Browning Room, consented —Page 450

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In a pink bathrobe and slippers, placidly drinking chocolate —Page 450

But the rooms were all dark, empty, rubberless. Apparently, everybody who was not at the concert was "cramming for Midyears" at the Library. Suddenly a brilliant thought seized Jack. She dashed back to her own study, tore down the lid of Camille's writing-desk—the only article of furniture she had not already explored—and there, neatly tucked away in the central pigeon-hole, were her two little missing overshoes. As Jack angrily jerked them out, a slip of paper fell off. On the paper was a sentence from a French exercise over which the room-mates had been giggling that afternoon—"Your shoes have fallen on my table."

"That Camille!" stormed Jack, inwardly, "I'll teach her to learn her French on me!" Mr. Forrest would have been surprised to see what a hot rage could speedily possess the "sweet little thing" whose pretty appealing ways he so admired.

As it was, he marvelled at the length of time he had to sit, apparently deserted, by the reception-room door, with no better amusement than to twirl his hat and watch groups of laughing girls float down the corridor and out at the big door, on their way to the concert, which he began to fear he should never reach. Had the "sweet little thing" deserted him? Impatient glances at the big impassive clock told him that it was growing late. What on earth detained her? Maybe she had to change her dress? But no, she appeared to be dressed for the evening. What was it she had on, by the way? A sort of shimmery, fluttery, pinky thing—she looked about twelve years old in it. Who was she? he wondered, suddenly bethinking himself that he did not even know her name. She was Camille Henderson's room-mate, of course—but what a different sort of girl! Camille seemed a woman of the world—experienced, tactful, well-poised, despite her youthfulness. This little creature—her name must be Rose, he decided. He began to hum, under his breath,

"Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Haide."

The maid at the door looked up sus-

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piciously, and he blushed. Then he looked at the clock again. Didn't she say the thing began at eight? Then, where the dickens—— Ah, there she was, tumbling eagerly down the corridor, her cheeks flushed with nervousness, her curls flying picturesquely, her white Tam at an angle which her saner moments would never have sanctioned. He rose deferentially, forgetting his impatience. Certainly she looked bewitching, whatever she had been doing to herself all this while.

She was breathless when she came up to him. "Do let's hurry!" she panted, almost dragging him through the door after her, to the further amazement of the discreet maid. "We're late now. I'm *awfully* sorry. I couldn't find my old—my rubbers. Camille had hidden them in her desk."

No coquetry lurked in that succinct explanation, yet it caused Evan Forrest to glance swiftly down at the wee feet pattering along the board walk beside him, under the cold gleam of electric light from a nearby post. In these days of athletic girlhood, men profess not to admire small feet, but is the masculine heart ever truly averse to entertaining a feeling of superiority, physical or mental? Evan Forrest was not a large man, and tall, golf-playing girls had often made him feel short. He liked those little feet. Also he approved of the rakish Tam O'Shanter and the baby curls. Jack in her every-day trigness, her cold shyness, would hardly have attracted a second glance from him. Jack excited, ruffled, childishly appealing—this was the Jack whom girls knew, and whom, probably, no man except her father ever had seen before.

"Would you mind——" he began irrelevantly. "Do you know—I haven't known Miss Henderson very long—Dicky Yorke brought me out here once, and that's all; so I really haven't had much conversation with her, and she—she never told me her room-mate's name!"

Jack was in too great a hurry to wonder at his confusion. "Oh, I'm Eugénie Wright," she said simply, peering ahead into the shadow beyond Music Hall. "Look out for that infant snow-drift!" she added. "They've evidently been driving a pung across here to get at the Lake, and they've buried the walk in snow while they were about it."

"Let me help you over, Miss Wright," ventured Evan; but she jumped it lightly, showing some athletic skill despite the adverse evidence of her small feet.

When they reached College Hall, the palm-embowered "Centre" and the corridors looked coldly deserted, and strains of melody floated toward them from regions above. "Oh, bother!" exclaimed Jack, "the concert's begun. Let's go up to the door of the Faculty gallery, and perhaps we can pull out Miss Wilkins, after all."

But the white-gowned usher at the gallery door barred them out. "I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but the President half expects some special guests later, and I'm not to let anyone in for fear the seats might be taken. And I can't disturb Miss Wilkins either—not till this number is over; you know that new rule. If you'll wait till the end of the concert, though, I'll see that she doesn't get away."

Evan thought they would do well to accept this generous offer. He was in no haste, and an extra hour spent beside the fuzzy white Tam, listening to music, seemed no infliction.

The gallery was sparsely filled as yet. "Look!" whispered Jack, glimpsing past the usher's shoulder, "there's Professor Wilkins in the front row—see, that nice plump one, with the smooth hair. She's adorable—motherly, and roguish, and a million other things in one. When she makes a joke she laughs and crinkles up her eyes, like this!" and Jack imitated—very poorly, for her own eyes were too big to "crinkle up"; but Evan enjoyed the performance. "Now I suppose we'd better go into this other gallery," she continued, leading the way. "We'll just slip into some back seats, and then we'll be ready to catch Miss Wilkins when she comes out."

As they settled themselves on some obscure chairs in the background of the Specials' gallery, they could not see the singers on the platform, but they could hear a clear, sweet tenor and a liquid, melting soprano, weaving in and out a delicious melody, married to words of haunting sweetness—

"And o'er the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Thro' all the world she followed him."

A crackling burst of applause woke Evan to reality. Jack was bending forward to

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look into the Chapel, below them. "The tenor's awfully long and thin," she announced confidentially, "and the soprano is fat. But I think they sing well, don't you?"

"Dear Röslein!" thought Evan, fatuously, "what an unsophisticated little dear she is!" which shows the mental state to which a judicious combination of floating pink ribbons, baby curls, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes may reduce a man in a short time. He helped Jack to pull off her coat, patting it surreptitiously as he draped it over the back of her chair. And when the concert was over, he tucked her into it again, hurriedly; for, as she informed him, they must now make another mad dash for the Professor. This time they succeeded, and their victim, after a twenty minutes' parley in the Browning Room, consented to write just such an article as the *Dial* wanted. She was somewhat surprised at Jack's unconsciously ardent intercession in behalf of the *Dial*.

"I never suspected you were so devoted to the cause of literature," she remarked, tweaking the girl's ear by way of good-night, as the two young people left her, benevolently smiling, in the doorway.

Something in her amused glance startled Jack, with a hint of veiled significance. She suddenly bethought herself that she had spent a whole evening with this engaging youth, who ought by all tokens to be a perfect stranger, but whom she had somehow come to regard as an old friend. What would Camille say when she was told? Jack felt she had acted conscientiously at every step, and yet—what *would* Camille say? The "sweet little thing" began to fear that she had been tricked into being a very silly little thing. It was all the fault of "that horrid man." So she relapsed into a series of cross silences, which Evan was at first too self-absorbed to perceive. When he thanked her for helping him out with Miss Wilkins, she responded in monosyllables. When he made a remark about the concert, she contradicted him sharply. And when he touched on the subject of Miss Wilkins's forthcoming article, she launched into an argument anent one of Henry Fawkes's less-known books.

"The hero of 'Norna' was *not* a dipsomaniac, Mr. Forrest," she declared. "How can you say such a thing? He went crazy in the end, but drink had nothing at all to do with it. I ought to know, for I read the book only last summer."

He thought he ought to remember, too, for he prided himself on his excellent retentive faculties; so the discussion, by the time they reached Faxon Hall, had grown to the proportions almost of a wrangle. He forgot his conception of her as a little wild rose, and found himself arguing at her as if she were a man. Only, as he knew he was right, it was absurd of her to persist—*that* was like a woman! They went on, adducing incident after incident to prove their separate points, till suddenly they brought up, still quarrelling, at the brick-arched doorway whence they had sallied so amicably only an hour before.

"Now you'd better leave me," announced Jack peremptorily, "and run for your train or you won't catch it. There isn't another for over an hour."

As he bade her good-night, courteously, but with a gleam of irritation in his dark eyes, her heart smote her for her rudeness. She had half a mind to call him back. But no—he ought to catch that train anyway, she told herself, watching his nervous stride and his flapping black overcoat till he vanished around the curve by the rhododendrons. Her courage failed again as she thought of Camille, who had probably got back from the Library by this time, and whom in fact she found waiting upstairs, in a pink bath-robe and slippers, placidly drinking chocolate.

Camille was indeed inclined to be annoyed when Jack began her tale. But as the culprit left discussion of her conscientious motives and passed to the incidents of the lost rubbers, the obdurate usher, and the amazement of Miss Wilkins, her room-mate's face puckered into deeper and deeper amusement. Jack told about the quarrel, of course, as freely and frankly as she had told the rest. And at that, Camille burst into a gale of merriment. "Oh, dear!" she gasped, "I can just *see* you fighting him tooth and nail—you little spitfire! And that highly correct Evan Forrest, too! You, who hate men! And he, such a supremely impeccable youth—oh, oh!" and she giggled afresh.

Jack, quite unaccountably, objected to hearing Mr. Forrest spoken of as "an impeccable youth." There was a note of

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disparagement about the description. She felt that Camille was too patronizing. But she merely said, "Anyhow, I was right about that man in 'Norna.' "

"Oh, no, you weren't," said Camille, wiping mirth-drenched eyes; "you were entirely wrong, and Evan Forrest was right—he always is. Dicky Yorke says that's his worst fault. You ought to look it up and apologize to him the next time he comes out. Yes, you ought—" as Jack obstinately shook her head—"you wouldn't treat another *girl* so meanly, you know you wouldn't. And you haven't any right to be rude to a man just because he *is* a man."

Jack declared she had not been rude—not in the least; on the contrary, it was Mr. Forrest who was to blame for the whole incident—greatly to blame. But she surreptitiously re-read "Norna," and during the next week she meditated deeply. Camille looked on with unconcealed amusement. "Jack is so transparent," she confided to another girl in the set; "I can see her brains working, as if her little head were made of glass. Jack will apologize," she concluded sagely. "Next time Mr. Forrest appears in Wellesley—you'll see!"

But, having once made up her mind that an apology was demanded of her, Jack could not restrain her remorse until a convenient season. It followed as a consequence of her earnest meditations, that on the next Monday afternoon Mr. Evan Forrest was startled by the visit of a lady, at his desk in the *Dial* office. He had been restless and fidgety that afternoon, had looked out of the window a great deal, and several times had caught himself humming "Röslein auf der Haide," to the amused delight of the man at the next desk. This man happened to have been a year ahead of Mr. Forrest at Harvard, and to hold a slightly superior position on the *Dial* staff, so he arrogated to himself liberties that sometimes struck his victim as unsuitable. Once, just as the humming ceased, he glanced quizzically from his pile of manuscript.

"Her name is Rose, then?" he murmured.

"Oh, no," said Evan absently, "it's—— confound you, Mason, what do you mean?"

"I wouldn't say such things in the presence of ladies," suggested Mason under his breath. Evan looked in the direction of his gaze, to see Miss Eugénie La Tour Wright standing in the office doorway. Her wind-tossed locks waved distractingly under a broad black hat, her cheeks glowed from a hasty climb of the steep office stairs, her eyes shone bigger than ever as she glanced inquiringly about the great bare, dusty room, with its utilitarian book-shelves, its heaped-up waste-baskets, and the clouds of tobacco smoke rising like incense from behind desks littered with manuscript. Evan hastily laid down his pipe on the typewritten "fiction story" over whose commas he had been laboring. He tried to twitch his necktie into position as he hurried forward.

"Oh," said Jack, recognizing him, "the boy told me I'd find you here." Then, without further preliminary—"I came to tell you, Mr. Forrest, that I was wrong about that man in 'Norna.' He *was* a dipsomaniac; you were right. And I'm sorry I was rude to you. Camille says I was, very rude. I beg your pardon."

Evan felt frightfully embarrassed, but apparently she did not. She had decided that the right thing to do was to ask pardon; so she did it. In Jack's little mind the matter was perfectly simple. If she had ever questioned her own motives in wishing to set herself right with this young man, that question was in the dim background just now, and she felt concerned merely with the subject immediately in hand. To Evan, however, with "Röslein auf der Haide" running in his head, this sudden rosy apparition was disconcerting, and when it apologized he scarcely knew what to say. In his experience, girls had not apologized. They had bullied prettily, fibbed tactfully, shown great skill in worming themselves out of untenable positions, but—why, this was like a man! Granted that any man would consider last week's incident big enough for a second thought, just so frankly would he own himself in the wrong. Clearly this small rose-maiden possessed moral courage ("spunk" he called it, in his own mind) and a rather nice sense of honor. What a bewildering little thing it was! No wonder the combination of sweet timidity and serene fearlessness seemed to be threatening his presence of mind. He felt a sudden pang lest he should fall in love. However, he managed to stammer out a few remarks more or less

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appropriate to the difficult situation of a person who is being apologized to.

All the while he knew that the abhorred Mason was grinning seraphically over his pile of manuscript, and he was beautifully conscious that on his own return to the post of duty he would be assailed by the quips and cranks which his youthful dignity dreaded. Moreover, he had no wish to discuss "Röslein" with any man, however inconceivably respectful. So when Jack, having briskly dispatched her penitent mission, turned to go, he experienced a sudden inspiration.

"Won't you let me show you how a weekly paper goes together?" he asked. "You know, I was trying to explain some of our schemes to you the other evening, and this would be a splendid chance——"

"Oh—oh no, thank you," said Jack. "I can't stay. I wish I could," she added honestly; "but I've simply *got* to take the four-twenty for Wellesley, and I have just time to catch it now. I've been in town shopping all day."

Then Evan felt another inspiration—urged thereto partly by genuine desire, partly by certain benedictory gestures on the part of Mason, whom fortunately, Jack could not see: "If you'll let me walk along with you," he began—"it's really time for me to be leaving the office anyway; I have an important errand at Newton, and perhaps I could take the same train, if you don't mind."

"No indeed," said Jack; but she was secretly dismayed. She was not used to walking with young men. Suppose they should meet some of the girls at the station or on the train! However, she had no time to realize her position before Evan had flung on his coat and hat and was holding the swing-door open for her. Arrived in the cold air and loud bustle of the street, it was Evan's turn to feel at ease. On the way to the station he was so amusingly talkative and so convenient as a buffer between her small person and the huge, lumbering drays which beset their progress over cross-walks, that Jack forgot she had ever quarrelled with him, and decided that Camille was right after all—men *were* some use.

But alas! he was really "Camille's man"—she must not forget that. She was distressed because, after settling her into a seat in the train, he immediately began to make plans for seeing her at Wellesley the next week. "And won't you take me to call on Miss Wilkins?" he asked, slyly conscious that the scheme would involve another evening walk under snow-flecked trees and twinkling lights, with those infinitesimal rubbers trudging along beside him again.

Jack, however, tried to damp his fond hopes by saying bluntly what any other girl, however honest, would merely have thought. "But—but you're Camille's man!" she objected.

Evan looked astonished. Then he threw back his head and laughed, in a way that was very upsetting to Jack. She was not aware that she had said anything funny. "Will you please tell me," he asked, gazing at her quizzically, "just what constitutes me 'Camille's man'? Is it that I called on Miss Henderson once, with Dicky Yorke, or merely that she was so kind as to ask me to come again? Pray divulge!"

"Well, anyway," faltered Jack, taking uncomfortable refuge in obvious facts, "anyway—you are!" This was a highly exasperating youth, she reflected. Why couldn't he see the ethics of the case? Clearly, because he wouldn't.

"Please take me to call on Miss Wilkins," he begged, ignoring her objection. "Really I do want to thank her for that splendid article she wrote for us. It was a beauty," he added. And then, seeing that Jack's attention could be diverted from the subject of discussion by judicious praise of her adored Professor, he launched into a lengthy appreciation of Miss Wilkins's wit, her happy philosophy, and her grace of style. Jack began to feel reassured about his morals.

But when the train pulled into the Newton station, he shocked her again. "Till next Monday," he said, bidding her goodby. "It's awfully good of you to say you'll chaperon me with Miss Wilkins!" Jack was not aware that she had consented. But as he swung off the platform, with a wave of his hat and an ardent look from his keen dark eyes, she felt a guilty sense of having been disloyal to Camille again.

All the next week she was in twenty minds about receiving him when he should come. "Impudent thing!" she thought.

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Evan was holding the swing-door open for her —Page 452.

And once, in the middle of a German examination, she suddenly smiled, then frowned, and angrily bit off the point of her stubby lead pencil. Camille lectured her roundly on the duty and privilege of "being nice to men." She herself was appeased by a polite little note from Mr. Forrest, requesting the pleasure of a glimpse of her too, on the following Monday. Inasmuch as she was to entertain a young instructor from Yale on that same evening, it would be pleasant and disciplinary for both men, if she should graciously allow Mr. Forrest, say, ten minutes of her time. In the end, of course, Jack let herself be persuaded to "behave prettily," and she really enjoyed the experience despite Professor Wilkins's evident amusement at the sudden conversion of her little friend to the double cause of Literature and Society.

By spring it became clear that Mr. Evan Forrest intended the work of conversion to be thorough. Certain potent stirrings within him confirmed the humorously sympathetic dictum of his confrère Mason: "Forrest, you're dead in love with that little Rose-girl. Go in and win, old man!"

Meanwhile the girls in Jack's set were greatly exercised when she was seen to come out in several fetching new gowns, and to be enjoying herself in company with a handsome youth who rowed, walked, and went to concerts with her, quite as happily, to all appearance, as if she were not so well known as "the girl who hates men." Astonishment grew when it appeared that this was no long-lost brother, but a former friend of Camille Henderson's. Someone excitedly surmised that he had been a lover of Camille's, and that Jack had "got him

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Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

On a secluded bench he told her the Great Secret.—Page 455.

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away." Still, the two girls seemed to be as great friends as ever, so that position grew untenable. Then came the flurry of Commencement, and even Sophomores forgot to gossip.

The evening before Commencement Day Evan posted out to Wellesley with news of such immense importance that he had to draw Jack away from her family and friends, far from the tinkle of the Glee Club Concert, to tell it to her. Down by Tupelo, on a secluded bench where the ripple of the water, the rustle of friendly young leaves, and the faint breeze-borne sounds of singing and laughter all blended into one subdued musical murmur, he told her the Great Secret. His salary had been raised, he himself had been promoted to a position of more importance on the *Dial* staff. He thought they would better be married at once. Well, yes, he might consent to wait until September, but no longer. And as Jack had by this time grown quite amenable to the demands of what she had at first dubbed "impudence," she snuggled close to him, in her white Commencement gown, and faltered, with love-born meekness. "Yes, Evan."

So Jack Wright—of all people!—became Class Bride. Nobody knew how Camille felt about it, though several girls endeavored valiantly to find out. She made a distractingly pretty bridesmaid, and wrought havoc among the hearts of the ushers. She is Camille Henderson still, however. She says young Eugéne Wright Forrest—aged three and a half—is the nicest chap she knows, and she intends to wait for him to grow up.

INSCRIPTIONS

By Sophie Jewett

ILLUSTRATION BY B. R. CAMPBELL

I—IN A BOOK OF OLD SONGS

DEAR, were you in a garden old,
  Loved of brave troubadours
Who praised your hair's bewildering gold,
  That glimmers and allures;
The greatest, wondering on your face
  Between the ilex trees,
Might touch his lute and thrill the place
  With sweeter songs than these.

II—IN THE BOOK THAT YOU HAVE READ

I NEED no pencilled margin line;
  By subtler emphasis,
Page after page, I can divine
  Your thought of that and this.

I know that here your grave lips smiled
  The smile that Beauty brings;
And here you listened where some wild
  Age-smitten forest sings.

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Here your brow wore the world-old pain
  No poet may forget;
And here you stayed to read again;
  Here, read through lashes wet.

So, leaf by leaf, until, I deem,
  Your darkened eyes forsook
One shining page, because your dream
  Was lovelier than the book.

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GODS OF BRASS

By Beatrice Hanscom

Illustrations by J. H. Gardner Soper

I

THE REVENGE OF HOP LUNG

"THERE is always a Cause: often that Cause is unconscious: occasionally, it is innocent;" but the more remote it is, the more velocity it gathers by the way.

. . . . . .

"It's stunningly staged," said Mollie Weston, enthusiastically. "Who did it, Frohman or Belasco?"

"I wish," said Miss Hannah, plaintively, "that you would strive to restrict yourself to facts."

Abner Weston laughed good-naturedly.

They were in Chinatown, and Mollie's eyes rejoiced in its picturesqueness.

Here was a Chinaman whom it was impossible to believe was anything but an extremely well-made automaton; there was one who might have been Harte's famous "Chinee," and the Cherub and One-Two might be behind any doorway.

Miss Hannah did not share her niece's enthusiasm. She thought the place was a heathen abomination.

Theoretically, Mr. Abner Weston had invited and was now escorting his daughter and sister around the world; in point of fact, Mollie Weston had planned, and was now personally conducting, an indulgent father and a reluctant aunt upon a trip encircling the globe.

Like Columbus in the primary history, "believing the earth to be round," she had started on her way to the famed splendors of Cathay and of Ind; having in further prospect an alluring vision which the great Genoese lacked, a vision of reaching on her homeward way the modern Elysium, where in a street inappropriately called Peace, new creations should be accomplished for her personal adornment and her entire satisfaction.

Abner Weston viewed the world with a quizzical good humor. If Mollie wanted to go, of course she could. Business was prosperous. His partner could get on without him as well as not.

His daughter's ready enthusiasms amused him, and he had the lavish generosity of the self-made man whose own youth had held limited pleasures.

Miss Hannah Weston often said that she didn't see where her brother got his disposition. Not that she looked on it as a great bargain. *Au contraire.*

Miss Hannah believed in always moving on the lines of greatest resistance. She believed that your first natural impulses were bad, and that if a thing was disagreeable,

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then it was plainly your duty. It was not for nothing that the two words began with the same letter.

She was a good woman, but she had a way with her. It was not a tactful way. It assumed that the chances of your being saved, even under the most favorable circumstances, were exceedingly remote.

She liked to speak of man in general, and you in particular, as a worm of the dust; then if you appropriately and proverbially turned, she had an idea you were impious.

Miss Hannah was confronted by a problem when the trip was broached. She was her brother's housekeeper. If she had acknowledged to herself that she wanted to go, she would have felt it her duty to stay at home—perhaps to go and stay with her sister in Clarion.

Her Clarion visits were usually short.

Although the two sisters agreed perfectly on the unreasonableness of everyone else, they did not hit it off very well in the same house.

Hannah said Hattie was obstinate; Hattie said Hannah was set; they were both right.

Miss Hannah argued truthfully that her sister didn't need her, that her only brother was going on a long and perilous journey. Doubtless it was her duty to share such perils as he might encounter. And the minister had said that he should expect her to speak before the missionary society when she came back.

Miss Hannah had enough natural depravity to hope secretly that the evils of heathendom had not as yet been depicted in their full depravity, and that her own account would cause the missionary society to feel a creepy sensation down their several backs. That future speech was the goal toward which she was willing to tread martyr-like through the benighted lands.

She pronounced Chinatown emphatically Benighted Land Number One.

The old façades which Mollie found so picturesque, she opined, in many cases correctly, were flaunting Dens of Vice.

You felt the capitalization of all the capital sins in Miss Hannah's tone.

The show restaurant with its teakwood tables, its odd musical instruments hanging on the walls, its elaborately carved screens, its fragile china tea-bowls, and its famous tea, did not soften her mood.

She drank her tea gingerly, while her mind framed a sentence of her future speech: "The moral leprosy of the Chinese is perhaps as contaminating as the physical."

The Joss-House disclosed to her An Idol. Her mental state made Moses's feelings on beholding the Golden Calf seem entirely inadequate.

The pungent odor of sandalwood, in which Mollie revelled, offended Miss Hannah's nostrils; and she narrowly escaped apoplexy at that young person's proposition to offer up a few tapers to propitiate the Pacific into a three-weeks calm.

The Chinese pharmacist's window, with its pleasing prescriptions compounded of star-fish, toads, and similar delicacies, caused Benighted to become as over-capitalized as some of the recent trusts.

As for the theatre, it was an unintelligible blare and confusion to them all; there was something sinister in the closely packed audience. The concentrated stare aslant had the effect of the Evil Eye.

They were glad to be out in the air again. They got here, though, for the first time, that impression which the intuitional traveller learns to treasure, of being themselves the foreign thing.

The opium den, through which the guide conducted them as a matter of course, combined the repulsive features of a mild Inferno, the waters of Lethe, and the bunks of a lumber camp.

It was after all this that they came, as I come to the point of my story, to the wonderful shop of Hop Lung; a shop which displayed its curios with an irresistible lure; a shop where curious bronze and multicolored cloisonné consorted on the friendliest terms, with certain marvellous embroidered hangings as a fitting background.

Who so gracious and smiling as Hop Lung! Who so ready to display his "plitty" wares!

Abner Weston was tired. Mollie was a trifle depressed by the reverse of the medal. Miss Hannah was exhaustedly aghast, and the guide was engaged by the hour.

They went in. They were Hop Lung's prey.

He piled treasures upon treasures in Mollie's lap. His business instinct pointed her out as the vulnerable member of the triumvirate. His English, excellent enough

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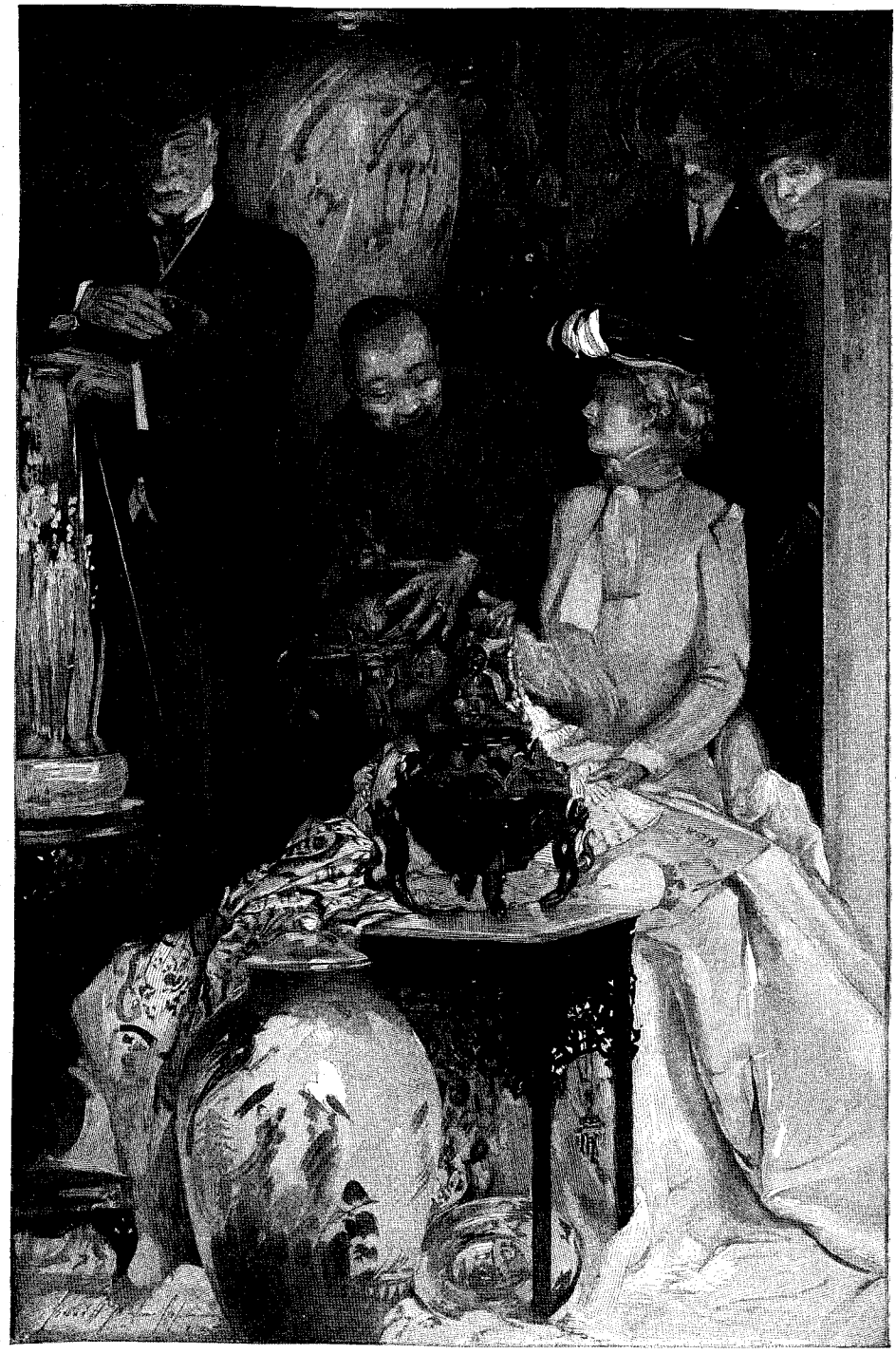

Drawn by J. H. Gardner Soper.

"Chinese gods, you li-kee?" said Hop Lung persuasively.—Page 460.

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with the police, relapsed into the pigeonest variety practicable.

In his way, Hop Lung possessed the artistic temperament. He knew the foreignness of everything was its charm. He laughed when Mollie laughed, and she laughed again at the sight.

He seemed like an innocent and precocious child as he showed her curious fans, wonderful carved sandalwood, and crêpe shawls that could be drawn through a ring. It was hard to realize that guile could lurk in that genial soul.

"You ta-kee this," had more the sound of a gift than a sordid business transaction.

And it appeared that Hop Lung had saved the best for the last. He brought out proudly two bronze jars surmounted by grotesquely squat little gods, seated with a placidity which seemed capable of enduring through the ages.

"Chinese gods, you li-kee?" said Hop Lung persuasively.

"Oo-oh," said the travelling fly with a sigh of delight, as the spider Hop Lung displayed this new lure. "I think I shall *have* to have these, Pater," she said coaxingly.

"My dear girl, you can't begin lugging things as big as that around the world now," remonstrated her father.

He was getting rested and consequently sane.

"Do you think it is right to purchase from a heathen?" inquired Miss Hannah sepulchrally. She had recovered enough to allow her conscience to begin to tick again.

Hop Lung's face preserved its placid smile.

"They would be stunning for Dick's den," mused Miss Weston, stricken with convenient deafness. "We might send them to him for his birthday, and charge him not to open them till then." She elucidated this idea with the air of knowing that it was sure to please.

"Is that a sign of remorse, or have you changed your mind?" queried her father, with lazy raillery.

The color in Mollie's cheeks sent the peach-blow vase out of commission.

She looked at her father reproachfully.

"After his bringing you a box of your pet cigars at the train," she said reproachfully, "I should think you would *want* to make some return."

Abner Weston chuckled genially.

"When a young man who has haunted the house like a conscientious ghost, appears at the station with a huge bunch of violets for the daughter, and cigars for Papa," he said humorously, "Papa suspects naturally that his gratitude is not the prime object that young man is working for. Of course," he continued, "if you're going to give a young man the devil, or a couple of them, I think it is kinder to do it from this distance. If you want to divide the responsibility, you can put in my card."

Hop Lung's expression was as placid as ever, but in the heart of Hop Lung rage smouldered. Strangely enough, he regarded his customers as deserving the appellation of heathen, and cherished a devout loyalty toward his country's gods.

However, "*Les affaires sont les affaires*," as a French dramatist has recently demonstrated, and Hop Lung, assured of this sale, brought out two more vases.

You have seen the electric lights grow sickly greenish-white before the rosy radiance of the dawn; you may, if you are a woman, have felt the *gaucheries* of every seam of your country-made costume intensify suddenly in comparison with a creation conceived a stone's throw from the Colonne Vendome; you may have arisen to an entirely new conception of the simple word fish, when a famous chef has served you with his own hands his celebrated apotheosis of sole; and any one of these experiences will prefigure to you in some slight degree, the effect which this new apparition had upon the rest of the wares of Hop Lung.

The shape of the vases was of extreme simplicity, high and round, but the mind of a true artist had stamped itself indelibly upon them. They had a delicacy almost lace-like; the dainty arabesque design wove itself into intricate convolutions with an elaborate subtlety which carried the conviction that you saw before you a labor of love.

Mollie Weston heaved an enraptured sigh.

"If you will let me have these, Pater," she said solemnly, "I won't buy another thing except those vases for Dick. And I'll tell you why I want them," she went on hastily, seeing his more than dubious expression.

She crossed the little shop and sat down beside him.

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"You know when we stopped at Clarion on our way out, Aunt Hattie took us over to that dear little Episcopal Church where Mother went; where she sang in the choir until she married you and went away to live. There was a beautiful cross on the altar, but that was all. I want to send these vases there in memory of Mother." The sweet young soprano voice fell to a lower note involuntarily as she spoke the dear name. Her impulse was none the less strong because of its suddenness. She slipped her hand in her father's.

Abner Weston's eyes clouded with the shadow of an old grief.

The wife who had been hardly more than a child-wife when she had died, leaving him to care for the little daughter who was her replica in miniature, had been the one romance in the practical man's life.

The man of one romance, like the man of one book, has gained power in concentration. And curiously enough, the man of one steadfast, idealistic, tender romance, is more often not your poet, nor artist, nor dreamer, nor the graceful dilettante who prides himself on possessing the temperament, at least, of the artist; he is your plain man of affairs, keenly alive in his everyday life to the importance of single-name paper and the three days of grace.

So Fate gently tips the balance until the scale stands at Due Compensation.

Mollie could not have touched her father more profoundly, yet all he said was: "All right, my girl." And his question to Hop Lung, "What's the price of them?" was merely a desire for information, with no bearing on the question of decision.

Hop Lung made a rapid calculation of the possible profits on everything else which had hung in the balance, and tacked it on to the most he had originally thought of asking for the vases.

The sum he stated was a considerable one—one which made Mollie glance at her father questioningly, but Abner Weston merely nodded approval. The higher the price for what was to serve such a purpose, the more appropriate he felt it was.

Hop Lung realized with a pang that he might have asked more, and it intensified the feeling of dislike with which his customers had inspired him.

On the other hand, the price seemed to Miss Hannah so appallingly large that she was thunderstruck. And then the principle of the thing!

"Do you think it's right to set a thing of heathen workmanship on the altar of the Lord?" she gasped. "Do you think it's right to do it, Abner?"

Her brother's face wore its usual shrewd smile. "Well, I wouldn't risk setting up those squat little idols on the other pair," he said. "I should expect to see the church struck by lightning. But I think these are perfectly safe."

Miss Hannah turned to Hop Lung. If she could not prevent the sale, perhaps she might prepare the soul of the seller for better things.

"Have you ever been to a Christian church?" she said. "Wouldn't you like to go?—to be a Christian instead of clinging to wickedness and idolatry?"

Hop Lung looked cheerfully non-committal.

"My plodner velly good man," he said, imitating Ananias. "He get Clistian maybe."

"Well," said Miss Hannah, with a sigh of relief. "I'm sure I'm glad to hear it."

"Can we trust him to box them?" inquired Abner Weston of the guide. They held a murmured conversation.

Then Mr. Weston walked over to Hop Lung.

"You box these two jars together, and the two vases together in another box, and mark them plainly so we can tell which is which, and bring them over to the Palace Hotel to-night at six o'clock," he said, distinctly and carefully.

Hop Lung nodded cheerfully.

"You li-tee names where you send-ee," he said sweetly; "I put-tee name on box velly plitty."

Mr. Weston wrote on his card the name and address of one Richard Wells, and tucked it carefully in the bronze jars; then on his daughter's card he wrote his sister's name and Clarion address, and thrust it into one of the altar vases.

"At six sharp," he said, as they turned to leave the shop.

"I bling," returned Hop Lung smilingly.

He sat very still when they were gone. And he was very, very wroth. He hated them with a racial hatred intensified by an intense personal dislike. Their conversation, to state the case mildly, had been

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unfortunate. A Celestial desire to get even animated the breast of Hop Lung.

Yet, when he rose, it was to go smilingly to work to pack the jars in one neat wooden box, and the vases in another.

And studying each card carefully as he held it in his hand, he inscribed for the benefit of the express company the exact name and address as there written, marking each box with a few extra flourishes which gave it an artistic appearance. There was a serene deliberation of purpose in his every motion which made mistake impossible.

Just as serenely, he wended his way to the Palace Hotel, arriving there on the exact stroke of six; and he listened to their praises of his neat boxing, and of what he alluded to himself as his "plitty li-ting," with the air of one whose joy is in duty well done.

The first express bore the boxes swiftly on their apportioned way, and the next steamer took the Westons over the Pacific.

Their purchases at the shop of Hop Lung were to them a pleasant memory, even Miss Hannah being comforted by the idea of the Christian tendencies of Hop Lung's partner.

"He may convert him if he strives, as doubtless he will," she would murmur, with an entire disregard of the confusion of pronouns, and with a merciful ignorance that one of the persons alluded to was entirely mythical.

To Hop Lung as well, sitting in his shop awaiting other tourists, the thing was a pleasant memory. His smile grew blander yet whenever he thought of it.

For the box addressed to Mr. Richard Wells held the altar vases, and the jars with the squat gods were consigned clearly to Mrs. Edward King of Clarion.

And rejoicing in this, Hop Lung would murmur sweetly: "Velly much-ee lightning su'plize Clistians, may-be."

II

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

NOT only the fairy godmothers, but the gods as well, bestow their gifts benign or malevolent; and the gifts of the small gods are sometimes great.

Two gods of the far Orient and the archer-god of Greece once met in this Land of Ours.

. . . . . .

The Reverend Robert Winthrop sat in his rectory study pondering many things. They were not things spiritual exactly: they were questions of temporal power and a very human and personal interest.

The Reverend Robert was young; he was tall and broad-shouldered and pleasing to the eye; and he was rector of the parish of St. James the Less.

The Bishop often said that the parish of St. James the Less was the most difficult one to please in all his diocese; and the Bishop, who was wise in varied learning, knew emphatically whereof he spake.

He added that there was a tradition that every rector St. James had ever had, had been asked to resign, save one. He died of pneumonia the week following his installation. Dr. Rogers said it was the damp plaster in his study, but the congregation resented this officious interference of Providence with distinct bitterness. They felt too that this rector had not been quite the man they took him to be. He and Providence had played first, and the vestry found that, like Othello, their occupation was gone.

The Reverend Robert remembered how the Bishop had smiled his humorous, comprehending smile. Then he had put his hand on the Reverend Robert's shoulder.

"In short, my boy," he said, "the parish is not precisely a bed of flowery ease. It's a parish of crises, as country parishes are apt to be; but the city ones are often parishes of Crœsus, which is quite as dangerous. You'll strike all sorts of queer problems which you'll have to work out for yourself, but they'll do you good, though you may not recognize it until afterwards. Remember that it is easier to convert ninety-nine sinners than to convince one of the pig-headedly righteous that prejudices are not principles. Be firm in the great essentials, and yielding in all minor matters. Do not needlessly stir up opposition; and, by the way, the reason Patience is so often seen on a monument is because she dies easily. Good-by! and good luck to you. Write in care of my Dresden bankers if you really need advice."

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And with a hearty grasp of the hand, the Bishop had started on his six-months vacation trip abroad.

The Reverend Robert had had excellent congregations from the first, yet it had struck him that the percentage of men was unusually small. The choir threatened to require more seats in the chancel, and the number of young women who joined after the Reverend Robert's first appearance left the choir-boys in a hopeless minority.

I wonder if I have mentioned that the Reverend Robert was unmarried. Moreover, he was the only unmarried clergyman in Clarion. It was quite an argument for the increased efficiency of a celibate clergy.

In four months the Reverend Robert had begun to have the home feeling in Clarion, and he had enlarged his knowledge in several ways. He knew the faults and the prejudices of his congregation far better than they dreamed; and he knew as well their sterling qualities; whereat he strove diligently to make the latter cover the former.

If he sometimes wished fervently for the ninety-nine sinners, he strove tactfully to reconcile the warring elements in the church. The masculine contingent grew larger. Most surprising of all, he won over Dr. Rogers, as crusty an old curmudgeon as ever concealed a good heart.

Dr. Rogers had been the thorn in the side of the congregation because he would go to the communion-rail at the same time as the choir. He had declared that it was all stuff and nonsense to give precedence to a parcel of little snips; that it savored of Popery, and that he shouldn't pay a particle of attention to it.

But after the Reverend Robert had worked with him over the children of the poor, he said gruffly that it was time for old fogies like himself to fall in line.

He got into the habit of stopping in at the rectory on his way home from his evening calls, and smoking a friendly pipe before the study fire.

The Reverend Robert had the knack of making remarkably good coffee in what the Doctor called his "high-brass-and-glass arrangement." It was a splendid bracer after a bothersome case, and the tired Doctor, as he sipped it contentedly, felt something of the old fraternal feeling of his long-past college days.

Much good work could be set down to the Reverend Robert's credit, yet the most important thing he had done was not work at all. It was an involuntary and pleasurable occurrence, which the Reverend Robert held was the natural consequence of being both a sane and a seeing man.

Here, you divine, is where the archer-god comes in. Miss Edith Carter had left the gayeties of her city home to spend a few weeks in Clarion with her aunt, Miss Abigail, who was invalided by a sprained ankle.

Miss Abigail said severely that she had no doubt the little wretch of a Jones boy loosened the board in the walk intentionally, and that she should like to get hold of him. The Reverend Robert thought fondly that it was an interposition of Providence in his behalf, a decision which would have been of immense comfort to the small and guilty Jones, who was expecting momentarily to be arrested and hanged.

The Reverend Robert was wondering as he sat in his rectory study whether, even supposing something which was still catalogued only as a roseate hope, Miss Edith Carter would consider a country parish a hopeless incubus, and life in Clarion unbearable. He considered his slender salary and the slender income beside his salary, and the combined result still seemed unreasonably attenuated. Miss Carter was not the accepted type of minister's wife, but the Reverend Robert thought fervently that she was *his* accepted type of the most adorable girl in the world, which was of more importance to him personally.

The desire for riches came upon him, riches sufficient for all that she could desire; as for what she deserved, that was beyond the kingdoms of this earth.

He thought of his uncle, a power in Wall Street.

If he had entered the brokerage office instead of the ministry!—The Reverend Robert was tempted of the Devil.

With an abrupt gesture he pushed the temptation away from him as if it had been a tangible thing.

"I may not be a rich man, but at least I can be a man, thank God! and not a sneaking cad," he said with grim determination.

And then because he was young, and because he was in love, he fell to smiling unseeingly as he sat before the fire.

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Mrs. Higgins opened the door cautiously. Mrs. Higgins was his housekeeper, an elderly woman with Martha's housekeeping ability, and a face furrowed by many years of exercising the same.

"Mrs. Maney," she said. Her tone was disapproving. Mrs. Maney was a widow with a fourteen-year-old daughter. Mrs. Maney stated frequently that she had married as a mere child.

The Reverend Robert smiled at Mrs. Higgins; he recognized the chaperoning instinct. "You might show her in," he said amusedly.

Mrs. Maney entered with her customary flutter.

"Don't *breathe* what I'm going to tell you," she said, with a look at the Reverend Robert which was supposed to be artless; "but my dear, modest little girl gets pushed aside sometimes, so I want to tell you. I don't think you suspect how fond the child is of you."

Silence is sometimes safety. The Reverend Robert found this one of the times.

"The Girls' Guild have bought a present for you, and they're going to give it to you at the social to-night; it's to be a perfect surprise, so don't for the world let on that I've dropped a hint of it," she went on volubly. "But Minnie has worked harder for it than anyone else, and in plain, unvarnished justice she should have been the one to present it. I shan't say another word. Thank heaven, it isn't my way to push the child forward, and Minnie often says she thinks the most beautiful line in the Prayer Book is 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.' To hear her singing it over to herself would go to your heart."

The Reverend Robert took the mental liberty of doubting the effect, being fairly familiar with the juvenile Minnie's shrill soprano in the choir, but he smiled pleasantly.

"The young ladies are very kind," he said, "and you may be sure, Mrs. Maney, that I shall give no hint of what you have told me. I suppose you are going right over to the chapel now," he continued amiably. "I should offer to go with you, but Mrs. Higgins wants to consult me about some domestic matters before I go."

And so did Mrs. Maney, feeling vaguely that she had been complimented, wend her way over to the chapel with a complacent sense that she had contributed her share in putting down one of the high-and-mighty and correspondingly exalting one of the humble and meek.

The Reverend Robert heaved a sigh of relief. Then he strode out to the kitchen door. Mrs. Higgins was pouring out hot and deliciously aromatic coffee into a large white china cup whose delicate gold band proclaimed at least two generations of good family. A dainty tray with all the necessaries was on the table before her.

"I'll bring it right in the dining-room," she said. "You go and sit down."

"But, Mrs. Higgins," said the Reverend Robert, as he poured in the cream with a practised eye, "the social begins with a supper, you know."

Mrs. Higgins eyed him with an obvious comprehension. "'S though you'd get a chance to eat with all those women cackling!" she said scornfully.

The Reverend Robert's eyes twinkled mischievously. He finished his coffee with an evident appreciation. Then he stood up smilingly. "You spoil me, Mrs. Higgins," he said, smiling at her in his direct, friendly way. "I wonder how you reconcile it with your conscience. That was a particularly good cup of coffee. Good-night."

As she watched him go across the yard to the chapel door with his alert, athletic stride, the furrows in Mrs. Higgins's face smoothed out, until the friendliness of the fire-light suggested how pretty that face must have been in the glamour of its far-away youth.

It was little Miss Silverman who presented to the Reverend Robert, on behalf of the Girls' Guild, a new white stole. Silverman père had attached this string to his generous contribution.

The roomful of people gathered round in a semicircle. It was an occasion of interest.

A little way back of the others stood Miss Edith Carter and Mrs. Edward King.

Miss Carter lingered in the background very properly, as a mere visitor to the parish should; and Mrs. King, because, having a sensation of her own to spring, made her indifferent to the present one.

The Reverend Robert, with the new stole on his arm, made a short and graceful acknowledgment of the gift. Then he sug-

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It was little Miss Silverman who presented to the Reverend Robert a new white stole.—Page 464.

gested that the stole should be placed on a table for exhibition.

And *then* he crossed the room to speak to Miss Carter.

She greeted him with a calm that was refreshing after the flutter.

"I've been watching the door for you," he said boyishly, "since you wouldn't let me come for you and bring you down. What an absurd idea that was of yours!"

"Not in the least," said Miss Carter promptly. "You belong to the whole congregation on an occasion like this. . It's not the time to play the cavalier."

"Not even on the homeward way?" queried the Reverend Robert.

Miss Carter shook her head.

"The Kings are looking after me, thanks," she said mischievously, "and I have some consideration for the Girls' Guild. No," she went on hurriedly, as the Reverend Robert started to speak, "but I'm going for a walk to-morrow afternoon. You can come and walk with me if you like."

"At what hour?" he asked promptly.

"At four," said Miss Carter. "There are a dozen people waiting to speak to you. Be a good rector and make the rounds. Good-by." But she smiled adorably.

Mrs. King greeted her pastor approvingly.

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"I'm glad the girls have done just what they did," she said. "I told them from the first that I liked the idea."

She spoke as though that official sanction had lifted an immense weight of responsibility from the younger women.

"But," said Mrs. King impressively, "I have something for the church which I am sure will please you twice as well. A box came to-day from my niece from San Francisco, and a letter saying she was sending two beautiful bronze vases for our altar, in memory of her mother."

"Why, that *is* fine, Mrs. King," said the Reverend Robert, with a genuine enthusiasm. "The altar looks a trifle bare at present and the vases will be just what we need. Did she want them to be placed there on any particular day, or shall we put them there on Sunday?"

"On Sunday," said Mrs. King decidedly. "I'll bring them down to the church tomorrow afternoon."

"Shall we say at three precisely?" said the Reverend Robert diplomatically.

"A quarter before," said Mrs. King. She preferred to make suggestions herself.

"That is even better," said her pastor cordially. And thinking of the two pleasant things the morrow had in store for him, he spent the evening very happily with his parishioners.

It was only on very carefully scrutinizing his new stole the next morning that his spirits began to fall; but the decline following between 2.45 and 4.00 P. M. had the appearance of a rapid slump such as the stock market favors us with at intervals.

His cheerfulness was almost wiped out under a regular bear raid, and his stoicism, which he drew from the strong-box of his philosophy, did not appear to be sufficient collateral for the emergency.

He strode up the hill to Miss Abigail Carter's broad Colonial house with all his pleasure in the coming walk hopelessly dulled. At least, he thought so.

As he opened the gate, Miss Edith Carter closed the front door behind her, and came down the path toward him all ready for the walk.

"Oh no, you're not late at all," she said, as he suggested such a possibility, glancing at the same instant at his watch to see if that usually reliable chronometer had proved untrustworthy. "You're a bit early if anything, aren't you? But I happened to be all ready, and thought we would start at once. It's an out-of-doors day, don't you think so?"

"Yes," said the Reverend Robert; but he said it dully. His face was haggard.

Miss Carter looked at him with a sympathetic comprehension.

"I wonder if I know what your trouble is," she said frankly. "Is it the stole? I saw it in a strong light yesterday. But I should think you were taking that too hard."

"The stole is only the least of it, though it's quite bad enough," said the Reverend Robert.

"The dog is rather secular, but couldn't you think of the birds as doves?" asked Miss Carter merrily.

It had seemed to the Reverend Robert that if she joked about it, the last straw would have been piled on; yet now it was a comfort to think she could take it in this way.

"How a house which makes a specialty of clerical furnishings could send out a stole made of brocade in which a white setter is chasing birds industriously at intervals—*Doves!*" he said indignantly, "they're grouse, and it's nothing but a seam that prevents his getting them."

"If you were a sporting curate now," said Miss Carter demurely. But light as her tone was, there was no sting of mockery in it, only a comfortable, comprehending good-fellowship. "And there's only part of him showing in any one place, owing to his size. The worst of it is, that it's out of season. Oh, well," she said practically, "it's really a beautiful piece of brocade, only the man who made it up didn't have any sense of humor. But as far as that goes, neither has St. James the Less. It's been exhibited to every parishioner, and no one has seen anything wrong with it. And if you were to raise the question, the girls, who have really worked very hard to please you, would be dreadfully hurt. Don't you think you might forget about the setter? It can't show decidedly from the chancel anyway, because it's all white. A fox-terrier, now—" Her voice was bubbling over with merriment.

He gave a sigh of relief.

"Of course," he said, "that is the sane and sensible thing to do, and it's no end

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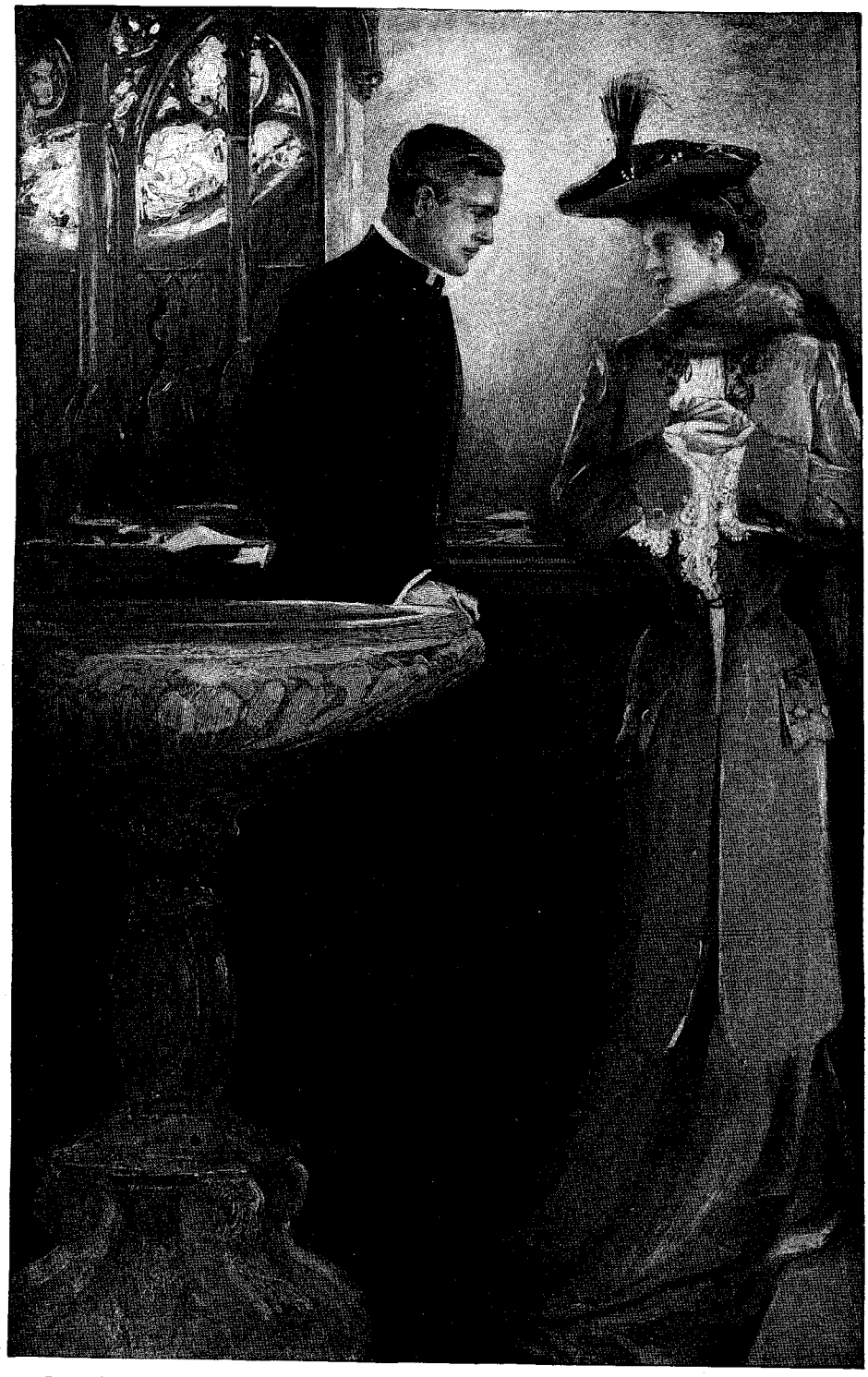

Drawn by J. H. Gardner Soper

"Something a great deal more important than anything else in the world."—Page 469.

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good of you to talk it over with me. I shall wear it, and try to forget how that ghastly dog is chasing those ghostly birds. I suppose I ought to be glad that they are perennially safe. If that were only all!" he said, and there was genuine trouble in his voice. "You haven't happened to see the new altar vases, have you?"

"No," said Miss Carter; "aren't they all right?"

"They're all wrong," he said. "You'd have to see them to know how wrong they are; and Mrs. King is adamant. The vases go on the altar Sunday or the Kings leave the church. They're the greatest prop and support financially. Of course, it would make a great difference to St. James the Less. Honestly, I don't know what to do about it. I've tried to convince Mrs. King that the vases are impossible, but she can't and won't see it. She says if her niece's memorial to her mother isn't good enough to put on the altar, she doesn't care to sit in the pews. And Mrs. King, you know, is as fixed as the Medes and Persians. If I could only talk it over with the Bishop! but I can't cable the thing to Dresden. He'd think I'd gone stark mad. How that niece of the Kings ever came to select them is more impossible to divine than how the setter got on my stole."

"How did you leave the matter with Mrs. King?" asked the girl quietly.

"I told her I should have to think the matter over, and decide what was best. She said they would come to church Sunday morning to see what that decision was, and she hoped it wouldn't be the last time they came. Then she set those vases on the altar, and I came away and left them there."

"Suppose we go down and take a look at them together," suggested Miss Carter. "You'll have to talk it out to think it out, and it's easier for you to talk things over with an outsider like me, than with a parishioner, isn't it?"

"It's easier to talk with you than anyone else in the whole world," returned the Reverend Robert fervently. "E— Miss Carter, you're an angel of light." Which was an absurd mistake for a man in holy orders to make.

"Nonsense," said Miss Carter, flushing daintily. "I'm a girl, and I'd much rather be, thanks!"

Then she kept the conversation strictly on neutral grounds until they reached the church door.

They walked up the centre aisle together. The Reverend Robert thought with a pang that if it were not for St. James the Less and that attenuated income, he could ask her to walk with him *down* the centre aisle of her home church, while the organ should roll forth a wedding march.

The afternoon sun streamed in through the rose-window in the gallery. It sent shafts of warm red light throughout the church, and gave a glow of color to the white cloth on the altar. A brass cross stood in the centre, and flanking it on either side were two bronze rose-jars topped with those grotesque, squat, seated gods which had once reposed in the shop of Hop Lung. They wore a placid expression, as though altar life was their native element.

"Oh!" said Edith Carter involuntarily. She turned to the young clergyman with a swift movement of sympathy.

"Yes," he said simply. "It's laughably small in some ways, but on this point hangs the destiny of St. James the Less—its power for good. The woman whose memorial this is, was a much-loved girl in the parish. Whom else shall I offend? Yet how can I ask people to worship in the Church Bizarre!" His tone grew bitter.

"They would tell you the church bazaar was an entirely different matter," said Miss Carter evenly; "but this *is* a problem. If they weren't so *hopelessly* heathen! But you couldn't possibly think they were Pre-Raphaelite or Byzantine, or anything except exactly what they are. And yet they look discouragingly meek sitting there looking up at the cross. I wonder what they are thinking of. Stirring up all this discord would rejoice their pagan hearts, I presume. Yet the expression on their placid little faces is rather inclined to be devout."

They stood silent a moment. Then the Reverend Robert turned swiftly with his face alight.

"You're the most wonderful girl in the world," he said. "You've given me the solution of the whole affair. Heavens, what a blessed relief!" He sighed contentedly.

"I?" said Miss Carter, in honest surprise. "What?"

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"I'll tell you Sunday morning," he said mysteriously and buoyantly.

She looked at him in a piqued curiosity that deepened into a dainty mock-disdain. A lazy coquetry crept into her eyes. It finished the Reverend Robert.

"There *is* something I want to tell you now, though," he said, "something a great deal more important than anything else in the world; something I haven't dared tell you before; but I must know if I have any chance."

"I couldn't have you tell me anything with that red light on your face," said Miss Carter laughingly, walking rapidly down the aisle, "because I might not agree with you and it's always dangerous to cross the rubicond, as Stella, my sister, once told a young Englishman, and he spent twenty minutes explaining to her that she'd used the wrong word." It was quite evident that Miss Carter was talking against time.

She had almost reached the front door when the Reverend Robert laid a hand on her arm.

"Edith," he said, and his voice shook a little, "you would be poor, and it's a country parish. You'd have to care, tremendously, to be happy. I've only one great thing to offer you—and that is love. Would it be enough, Edith?"

The girl stood silent while half-a-dozen seconds ticked themselves away into the past. Her face was sweet and serious when she looked at him.

"It's a country parish, and I'm afraid I'm worldly," she said simply, "and—and moderate circumstances, and I'm afraid I'm extravagant."

She moved gently away from him and opened the entrance door. The Reverend Robert stood still quite hopelessly.

"But," said Miss Edith Carter from the shelter of the open doorway, "if the parish were much smaller, and the moderate circumstances were twice as moderate, I think the one great thing, Bobbie"—the Reverend Robert came toward her rapturously—"the one great thing would be quite enough."

She ran swiftly down the steps; and, closing the door exultantly behind him, the Reverend Robert followed her.

"How quickly can we walk to your aunt's?" he demanded.

"How quickly?" said Miss Carter. "In about ten minutes, I suppose. Why? Are you in a hurry to keep an engagement?"

"Exactly that," said the Reverend Robert significantly, "and I don't mind telling you that it will be the longest ten minutes I have ever spent."

It did not sound like a pretty speech, yet the look she gave him was adorable. A wonderful rose-color crept into her cheeks.

"And when you look like that, it lengthens every step of the way," confided the Reverend Robert.

. . . . . .

The Church of St. James the Less was crowded Sunday morning. It seemed as though every parishioner had turned out. Some went to see the Reverend Robert wear his new stole, and some had heard that Mrs. King's niece had sent some vases for the altar. From the time the service began, the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon these latter objects in a puzzled astonishment.

If the setter on the Reverend Robert's stole had succeeded in catching his unseasonable prey, and had walked off the stole and down into the congregation, it could hardly have effected a diversion.

The Reverend Robert went through the service with a serenity which came from the heart itself. He had never looked so handsome as when he began his sermon.

He did not go into the pulpit, but stood, as he often did, at the head of the chancel steps, directly in front of the centre aisle.

He took his text from Zephaniah 2: 11.

"And men shall worship him, every one from his place, even all the isles of the heathen."

. . . . . .

He spoke briefly and forcibly of the spreading of the Gospel in heathen lands. St. James the Less thought complacently of its regular offering for foreign missions. He spoke of the young girl who had wished to send back something of rich workmanship to be placed on that altar in memory of her mother. He spoke of what a good church-woman that mother had been, of how she had sung in that choir as a girl. The eyes of many of the older members grew moist.

"And in this gift," he concluded, "I

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hope you will see what doubtless that young girl had in mind; that you will see in these vases a sign and a symbol that the heathen have learned that their gods were but gods of brass and stone, gods made and fashioned by the hands of man, and that these heathen nations have come to sit at the foot of the Cross, and to know that the Lord is a king above all gods."

It was unanimously agreed that it was the best sermon the Reverend Robert had ever preached; and if you had sought throughout the length and breadth of the entire United States, you could not have found a parish on that Sunday morning that was prouder of its altar-furnishings and prouder of its pastor than the parish of St. James the Less.

THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

XVII

TIP PULSIFER leaned on my gate. Crowning the post at his side was his travelling bandanna, into which he had securely clasped by one great knot all his portable possessions. It was very early in the morning, in that half-dark and half-dawn time, when the muffled crowing begins to sound from the village barns and the dogs crawl forth from their barrels and survey the deserted street and yawn. Tip was not usually abroad so early, but in his travelling bandanna and solemn face, as he leaned on his elbows and smoked and smoked, I saw his reason for getting out with the sun. He was taking flight. The annual Pulsifer tragedy had occurred; the head of the house had tied together his few goods, and, vowing never to trouble his wife again, had set his face toward the mountain. But on my part, I had every reason to believe that Tip would show surprise when I hobbled forth from the misty gloom.

Just a few minutes before I had awakened. I had lifted my head from my desk, half-dazed, and gazed around the schoolroom. I had rubbed my eyes to drive away the veils that hid my scholars from me. I had pounded the floor with a crutch and cried: "It's books." The silence answered me. I had not been napping in school, nor was I dreaming. The long, miserable night flashed back to me, and I stamped into the misty morning. Weary and dishevelled, I was crawling home, purposeless as ever, now vowing I would break with my brother, now quickening my steps that I might sooner wish him all the joy a brother should. A few dogs greeted me and then Tip, calmly smoking as though it were my usual time to be about of a morning.

"You are going over the mountain, Tip?" said I.

"Yes," he answered, throwing open the gate. "This is the last Six Stars will see of me. I'm done. The missus was a-yammerin' and a-yammerin' all day yesterday. If it wasn't this, it was that she was yammerin' about. Says I, 'I'm done. I'm sorry,' says I, 'but I'm done.' At the first peek of day I starts over the mountain. This is as fur as I've got. You've kep' me waitin'."

"Me—I've kept you waiting?" I cried. "Do you think I'm going over the mountain, too?"

"No," Tip said, with a grim chuckle. "You ain't married. You've nothin' to run from, 'less you've been yammerin' at yourself; then the mountain won't do you no good. I didn't figure on your company, but Tim kep' me."

"Is Tim out at this hour?" I asked.

"At this hour?" Tip retorted. "You'll have to get up earlier to catch him. He's gone—up and gone—he is."

I sat down very abruptly on the doorstep.

"Tim gone?" I said.

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"Gone—and he told me to wait and say good-by to you—to tell you he'd set late last night for you, till he fell asleep. He was sleepin' when I come, Mark. I peeped in the window and there he was, in that chair of yours, fast asleep. I rapped on the window and he woke up with a jump. He was off on the early train, he said, and had just time to cover the twelve mile with that three-legged livery horse that brought him out. He was awful put out at not findin' you. He thought you was in bed, but you wasn't, and I told him mebbe you'd gone up to the Warden's to lend a hand with Weston."

For the first time Tip eyed me inquisitively.

"I was up the road," I said, evasively. "But tell me about Tim—did he leave no word?"

"He left me," said Tip, grinning. "He hadn't time to leave nothin' else. We figgered he'd just cover that twelve mile and make the train. That's why I am here. As we was hitchin' he told me particular to wait till you come; to tell you good-by; to tell you he'd watched all night—waited and waited till he fell asleep."

"And overslept in the morning so he had no time to drop me even a line—I understand," said I. "And now, Tip, having performed your duty, you are going over the mountain?"

"To Happy Walley," Tip cried, lifting the stick he always carried in these flights and pointing away toward Thunder Knob. "I'm done with Black Log. I'm goin' where there is peace and quiet."

"You lead the life of a hermit?" I suggested.

"A what?" Tip exclaimed.

"You live in a cave in the woods and eat roots and nuts and meditate," I explained.

"You think I'm a squirrel," snapped the fugitive. "No, sir, I live with my cousin John Shadrack's widder."

"Ah!" I cried. "It's plain now, Tip, you deceiver. So there's the attraction."

"The attraction?" Tip's brow was furrowed.

"Mrs. John Shadrack," I said.

The fugitive broke into a loud guffaw. He leaned over the gate and let his pipe fall on the other side and beat the post violently with his hands.

"I allow you've never seen John Shadrack's widder," said he.

"I'd like to, Tip. Will you take me with you to Happy Valley?"

The smile left Tip's face, and he gazed at me open-mouthed with astonishment.

"You would go over the mountain?" he said, drawling every word.

Over the mountain there is peace! It is cold and gray there in the early morning, and the hills are bleak and black, but I remember days when from this same spot I've watched the deep, soft blue and green; I've sat here as the hills were glowing in the changing evening lights and our valley grew dark and cold. What a fair country that must be where the sun sets! And we stay here in our dim light, in our dull monotones, when, to the westward, there's a land all capped with clouds of red and gold. There is Tip's Valley of Peace. John Shadrack's widow may not be a celestial being, but that is my sunset country. In journeying to it, I shall leave myself behind; in the joy of the road, in the changing landscape and skyscape, in the swing of the buggy and the rattle of the wheels, I shall forget myself and Mary and Tim for a time, and when I come back it will be with wound unhealed, but the throbbing pain will have passed, and I can face them with eyes clear and speech unfaltering.

"I'll go with you to Happy Valley, Tip," I said, rising and turning to the door. "You hitch the gray colt in the buggy and——"

"We are goin' to ride," cried Tip. He had always made his flights afoot before that, and the prospect of an easy journey caused him to smile.

"Do you think I'll walk?" I growled. "Get the gray colt and I'll give you a lift over the mountain, but I'll bring you back on Monday, too." Tip shook his head sullenly at this threat. "While you hitch, I'll drop a line to Perry Thomas to take the school. Now hurry."

Tip shuffled away to the barn, and I went into the house, and, after making a hasty breakfast and getting together a few clothes, sat down at the table, where Tim had rested his drowsy head all night. I wrote two notes. One was to Perry and was very brief. The other was brief, but it was to Mary. When I took up the pen it was to tell her all I knew and felt. When

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at last I sealed the envelope it was on a single sheet of paper, bearing a few formal words, while the scuttle by the fireplace held all my fine sentiments in the torn slips of paper I had tossed there. I told Mary that I knew that she did not care for me and had found herself out. If it was her wish, we would begin again where we were that night when I saw her first, and I would guide myself into the future all alone, half happy anyway in the knowledge that it was best for her and best for Tim. Was I wrong, a single word would bring me back. I was to be away for three days, and when I returned I should look by the door-sill for her answer. If none was there, it was all I had a right to expect. If one was there—I quit writing then—it seemed so hopeless.

. . . . . .

Tip and I crossed Thunder Knob at noon. As we turned the crest of the hill and began the descent into the wooded gut, my companion looked back and waved his hand.

"Good-by to Black Log," he cried. "It's the last I'll ever see of you."

He turned to me and tried to smile, but a deep-set frown took possession of his face, and he hung his head in silence, watching the wheels as we jolted on and on.

We wound down the steep way into the gut, following a road that at times seemed to disappear altogether, and leave us to break our way through the underbrush. Then it reappeared in a broken corduroy that bridged a bog for a mile, and lifted itself plainly into view again with a stony back where we began to climb the second mountain. The sun was ahead of us when we reached the crest of that long hill. Behind us, Thunder Knob lifted its rocky head, hiding from us the valley of our troubles. Before us, miles away, all capped with clouds of gold and red was the sunset country, but still beyond the mountains. The gray colt halted to catch his breath, and with the whip I pointed to the west, glowing with the warm evening fires.

"Yonder's Happy Valley, Tip," I said, "miles away still. It will take us another day to reach it."

"It will take you forever to reach it," was the half-growled retort. "I ain't chasin' sunsets. Here's Happy Walley—my Happy Walley, right below us, and the smoke you see curlin' up th'oo the trees is from the John Shadrack clearin'."

A great wall, hardly a mile away, as the crow flies, the third mountain rose, bare and forbidding. Below us, a narrow strip of evergreen wound away to the south as far as our eyes could reach, and at wide intervals thin columns of smoke sifting through the trees marked the abodes of the dwellers of Tip's Elysium. Peace must be there, if peace dwells in a land where all that breaks the stillness seems the drifting of the smoke through the pine boughs. The mountain's shadow was over it and deepening fast, warning us to hurry before the road was lost in blackness. But away off there in the west, where a half score of peaks lifted their summits above the nearer ranges, all purple and gold and red, a heap of cloud coals glowed warm and beautiful over the sunset land. My heart yearned for that land, but I had to turn from the contemplation of its distant joys to the cold, gloomy reality below me.

The whip fell sharply across the gray colt's back, and he jumped ahead. Down the steep slope, over rocks and ruts we clattered, the buggy swinging to and fro, and Tip holding fast with both hands, muttering warnings. The gray colt broke into a run. All my strength failed to check him. Faster and faster we went, and now Tip was swearing. I prayed for a level stretch or a bit of a hill, for the wagon had run away too, and where the wagon and the horse join in a mad flight there must come a sudden ending to their career. The mountain road offered me no hope. Steeper and steeper it was as we dashed on. Tip became very quiet. Once I glanced from the fleeing horse to him, and I saw that his his face was white and set.

"Get out, Tip," I cried. 'Jump back, over the seat."

"Not me," said he, grimly. 'We come to Happy Walley together, me and you, and together we'll finish the trip."

He lent a hand on the reins, but it was useless, for the wagon and the horse were running away together, and there was nothing to do but to try to guide them.

"Pull closer to the bank at the bend ahead," Tip cried.

Almost before the warning passed his lips we had shot sharply around the projecting rock, where the road had been

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cut from the mountain-side. We were almost at our journey's end then, for at the foot of the embankment that sheered down at our left we heard the swish of a mountain stream. The horse went down. There was a cry from Tip—a sound of splintering wood—something seemed to strike me a brutal blow. Then I lay back, careless, fearless, and was rocked to sleep.

XVIII

SHE sat smoking.

Had I never heard of her before, had I opened my eyes as I did that day to see her sitting before me, I should have exclaimed, "It's John Shadrack's widder!"

So, with the crayon, gilt-framed, that hung on the wall behind her, I should have cried, "And that is John Shadrack!"

This crayon "enlargement" presented John with very black skin and spotless white hair. His head was tilted back in a manner that made the great bushy beard seem to stick right out from the frame, and gave the impression that the old man was choking down a fit of uproarious laughter. I knew, of course, that he had been posed that way to better show his collar and cravat. Though Tip had described him to me as a rather gloomy, taciturn person, the impression gained in the long contemplation of his portrait as I lay helpless on the bed never changed. To me he was the ideal citizen of Happy Valley, and the acquaintance I formed then and there with his wife served only to endear him to me.

She sat smoking. I contemplated her a very long while and she gazed calmly back. A score of times I tried to speak, but something failed me, and when I attempted to wave my hand in greeting to her I could not lift it from the bed.

At last strength came.

"This is John Shadrack's house," I said.

"Yes," said she, "and I'm his widder."

She came to my side and stood looking down at me very hard. I saw a woman in the indefinable seasons past fifty. In my vague mental condition, the impression of her came slowly. First it was as though I saw three cubes, one above the other, the largest in the middle. Then these took on clothing, blue calico with large polka dots, and the topmost one crowned itself with thin wisps of hair, parted in the middle and plastered down at the side. So, little by little, John Shadrack's widow grew on me, till I saw her a square little old woman, with a wrinkled, brown face, a perpetual smile and a pipe that snuffled in a homely, comfortable way.

I smiled. You couldn't help smiling when Mrs. John Shadrack looked down at you.

"It's been such a treat to have you," she cried. "I've been enjoyin' every minute of your visit."

This was puzzling. How long Mrs. John Shadrack had been entertaining me, or I had been entertaining her, I had not the remotest idea. A very long while ago I had seen a spire of smoke curling through the trees in Happy Valley, and I had been told that it was from her hearth. Then we had gone plunging madly down the hill to it, Tip, the gray colt and I. We had turned a sharp bend, we had heard the swish of a mountain stream. There my memory failed me. I had awakened to find myself helpless on a bed, strangely hard, but, oh, so restful! Then she had appeared, sitting there smoking.

"You are the first stranger as has been here since the tax collector last month," she said, beginning to clear away the mystery; "I love strangers."

"How long have I been here?" I asked.

"Since last Wednesday," she answered.

"And this is what?"

"The next Saturday. I've had you three days. You was a bit wrong here sometimes." She tapped her head solemnly. "But I powwowed."

"You powwowed me," I cried with all the spirit I could muster, for such treatment was not to my liking. I never had any faith in charms.

"Of course," she replied. "Does you think I'd let you die? Why, when me and Tip pulled you out of the creek you was a sight, you was, and you was wrong here." Again she tapped her head. "You needn't complain. Ain't you gittin' well agin? Didn't the powwow do it?"

Hardly, I thought. I must have recovered in spite of it. But the old woman spoke with pride of her skill, and if she had not saved me by her occult powers, she had

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at least helped to drag me from the creek. For that I was grateful, so I smiled to show my thanks.

"What did you powwow for?" I asked, after a long while.

She had seated herself on the edge of the bed and was contemplating me gravely.

"Everything," she answered. "I never had a case like yours. I never had a patient who was run away with, and kicked on the head, and drownded. So I says to Tip, I says, 'I'll do everything. I'll treat for asthmy, erysipelas and pneumony, rheumatism and snake-bite, for the yallers and——' "

"Hold on," I pleaded. "I haven't had all that."

"You mought have had any one of 'em," she said firmly. "You should 'a' seen yourself when we found you down there in the creek. Can't you feel that bandage?" She lifted my hand to my head gently. I seemed to have a great turban crowning me. "That's where you was kicked," she went on. "You otter 'a' seen that spot. I used my Modern Miracle Salve there. It's worked wonderful, it has. I was sorry you had no bones broken so I could 'a' tried it for them, too."

"I'm satisfied with what I have," said I quietly. "It was pretty lucky I got off as well as I did after a runaway, and the creek and the kick." Then, to myself, I added, "And the powwowing and the salve."

I tried to lift my head, but could not. At first I thought it was the turban, but a sharp pain told me that there was a spot there that might be well worth seeing. For a long time I lay with my eyes closed, trying not to care, and when I opened them again, John Shadrack's widow was still on the edge of the bed, smoking.

"Feel better now?" she asked calmly.

"Yes," I answered. "The ache has gone some."

"I was powwowin' agin!" she said. "Couldn't you hear me saying Dutch words? Them was the charm."

"I guess I was sleeping," I returned, a bit irritably.

How the store would have smiled could it have seen me there on the bed, in that bare little room in John Shadrack's widow's clutches! Many a night, around the stove, Isaac Bolum, and Henry Holmes, and I had had it tooth and nail over the power of the powwow. In the store there was not always an outspoken belief in the efficacy of the charm, but there was an undercurrent of sentiment in favor of the supernatural. Against this I had fought. Perhaps it was merely for the joy of the argument that so often I had turned a fire of ridicule on the dearest traditions of the valley. Time and again, when some credulous one had lifted his voice in honest support of a silly superstition, I had jeered him into a grumbled, shamefaced disavowal. Once I sat in the graveyard at midnight, in the full of the moon, just to convince Ira Spoonholler that his grandfather was keeping close to his proper plot. And here I was, prone and helpless, being powwowed not for one ailment, but for all the diseases known in Happy Valley. How I blessed Tip! He should have told me when we started of the powers of our hostess. I would rather have undergone a hundred runaways than one week with that old woman muttering her Dutch over my senseless form. But I liked the good soul. Her intentions were so excellent. She was so cheery. Even now she was offering me a piece of gingerbread.

I ate it ravenously.

Then I asked, "Where is Tip?"

"He's gone down the walley to my brother-in-law, Harmon Shadrack's. He's tryin' to borry a me-yule."

"A what?"

"A me-yule. The colt was dead beside you in the creek. Him and me fixed up the buggy agin, and he's gone to borry Harmon's me-yule so as you uns can git back to Black Log."

"Tip's left Black Log forever," I said firmly.

Then John Shadrack's widow laughed. She laughed so hard that she blew the ashes out of her pipe, and they showered down over my face, and made me wink and sputter.

"There—there," she said solicitously, dusting them away with her hand. "But it tickled me so to hear you say Tip wasn't goin' back. Why, he's been most crazy since you come. He's afraid his wife'll marry agin before he gits back. I've been tellin' him how nice it was to have you both, and that jest makes him roar. He's never been away so long before."

"He thinks maybe Nanny will give him up this time?"

"Exact."

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The old woman smoked in silence a long while. Then she said suddenly, "She must be a lovely woman."

"Who?" I asked.

"Tip's wife."

"Who told you?" I demanded.

"Tip."

This was strange in a fugitive husband, one who had fled across the mountains to escape a perpetual yammering.

"Tip!" I said.

"Yes, Tip," she answered. "Him and me was settin' there in the kitchen last night, and you was sleepin' away in here, and he told me all about Black Log. It must be a lovely place—Black Log—so different from Happy Walley. There's no folks here, that's the trouble. There's Harmonses a mile down the walley, and below him there's the Spinks a mile, and up the walley across the run there's my brother, Joe Smith, and his family—but we don't often have strangers here. The tax collector, he was up last month, and then you come. You have been a treat. I ain't enjoyed anything so much for a long time. There's nothing like company."

"Even when it can't talk?" I said.

"But I could powwow," she answered cheerily. "Between fixin' up the buggy, and cookin' and makin' you and Tip comfortable and powwowin' you, I ain't had a minute's time to think—it's lovely."

"What has Tip been doing all this while?"

"Talkin' about his wife. She *must be* nice. Did you ever hear her sing?"

"I should say I had," I answered.

The whining strains of "Jordan's Strand" came wandering out of the past, out of the kitchen, joining with the sizzle of the cooking and the clatter of the pans.

"I should say I had," I said again.

"She must be a splendid singer," John Shadrack's widow exclaimed with much enthusiasm. "Tip says she has one of the best tenor voices they is. He says sometimes he can hear her clean from his clearin' down to your barn."

"Farther," said I. "All the way to the school-house."

"Indeed! Now that's nice. I allow she must be very handsome."

"Handsome?" said I, a bit incredulous.

"Why, Tip says she's the best-lookin' woman in the walley, and that she's a terrible tasty dresser."

"Terrible," I muttered.

"Indeed! Now that's nice. And is she spare or fleshy?"

"Medium," I said. "Just right."

"That's nice. But what'll she run to? It makes a heap of difference to a woman what she runs to. Now I naterally take on."

"I should say Nanny Pulsifer would naturally lose weight," I answered.

"That's nice. It's so much better to run to that—it's easier gittin' around. Tip says she has a be-yutiful figger. There's nothin' like figger. If there's anythin' I hate to see it's a first-class gingham fittin' a woman like it was hung there to air. But about Tip's wife agin—she must have a lovely disposition?"

"Splendid," I said.

"That's what Tip says. He told me that oncet in a while when he was kind of low-down she'd git het-up and spited like, but ordinarily, he says, she's jest a-singin' and a-singin' and makin' him comf'table and helpin' the children. And them children! I'm jest longin' to see 'em. They must be lovely."

"From what Tip says," I interjected.

"From what Tip says," she went on. "He was tellin' me about Earl and Alice Eliza, and Pearl and Cevery and the rest of 'em. He says it's jest a pickter to see 'em all in bed together—a perfect pickter."

"A perfect picture," said I sleepily.

"Tip must have a lovely home. Why, he tells me they have a sewin'-machine."

"Lovely," said I. "And a spring-bed."

"And a double-heater stove," said she.

"And an accordion," said I.

"And a washin'-machine," said she.

"And two hogs."

"And he tells me he's goin' to git her a melodium."

"Indeed," said I. "Why, I thought he was never going back."

"To sech a lovely home?" The old woman held up her hands. "He's goin' jest as soon as he gets that me-yule and you're able." She laid her hand on my forehead. "There," she cried. "It's painin' you agin, poor thing—that terrible spot."

It was hurting, despite the Modern Miracle, and I closed my eyes to bear it better. Over me, away off, as if from the heavens, I heard a sonorous rumble of mystery words. I felt a hand softly stroking my brow. But I didn't care. It was only

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Dutch, a foolish charm, a heritage of barbarity and ignorance, but I was too weary to protest. It entertained John Shadrack's widow, and I was going to sleep.

Tip was waiting for me to awake.

"I've got the mule," he said, when I opened my eyes, "and I thought you was never goin' to quit sleepin'; I thought the widder was joshin' me when she said you was all right; I thought mebbe she had drumpt it, she sees so much in dreams."

"What day is this?" I asked.

"Sunday," Tip answered. "I 'low we'll start at daybreak to-morrow, and by sundown we'll be in Six Stars."

"In Six Stars!" said I. "I thought you'd left Six Stars forever."

"That ain't here nor there," he snapped. "I've got to git you back."

"Then you won't go to-morrow," said I. "Look here—I can just lift my hands to my head—that's all. It'll take a whole week's powwowing to get me to sit up even."

"What did I tell you, Tip?" cried John Shadrack's widow. She handed me a piece of gingerbread just to chew on till she got some breakfast for me, and while I munched it, Tip and I argued it out.

"Nanny'll think I've left her," Tip said.

"You did, Tip," said I. "You ran away forever."

"She'll be gittin' married agin," pleaded Tip.

"Serves you right," said I. Then, to myself, "Not unless the man's an utter stranger."

"She hasn't enough wood chopped to last a week," said Tip.

"She chopped the last wood-pile herself," said I.

"There's Cevery," pleaded Tip. "Cevery never done me no harm, and who'll dandle him?"

"The same good soul that dandled him the day you rode over the mountain," I answered.

"But it's a good half mile from our house to the spring," Tip said; "and who'll carry the water?"

"Earl and Pearl and Alice Eliza," I replied. "They've always done it; why worry now?"

"Well, I don't care nohow," Tip cried, stamping the floor. "I want to go back to Black Log."

"So do I, Tip," I said; "but—there's that bad spot on my head again."

"Now see what you've done with your argyin', Tip Pulsifer," cried the old woman, running to me. "Poor thing—ain't the Miracle workin'?"

"I guess it is, but that's an awful bad spot—that's right, Widow, powwow it."

. . . . . .

For ten long days more Mrs. Tip Pulsifer chopped her own wood, Cevery went undandled, and Earl and Pearl and Alice Eliza carried the water that half mile from the spring. For nine long days more John Shadrack's widow entertained the two strangers who had sought a refuge in Happy Valley, and found it. Rare pleasure did John Shadrack's widow have from our visit. There seemed no way she could repay us. It did her old heart good to have some one to whom she could recount the manifold virtues of her John—and a wonderful man John was, I judge. Had I not come, she might have lost the Heaven-given gift of powwowing, for there is no sickness in Happy Valley—the people die without it. It was a pleasure to have Mark settin' around the kitchin'; it was elevatin' to hear Tip tell of his home and his wife and children; and as for cooking, it was no pleasure to cook for just one.

"You must come agin," she cried, on the morning of that ninth day, as she stood in the door-way of her little log-house and waved her apron at us. "It's been a treat to have you."

So we went away, Tip and I, with Harmon Shadrack's mule and the battered buggy. Our backs were turned to the Sunset Land. Our faces were toward the East, and the red glow of the early morning. When we saw Thunder Knob again, Happy Valley was far below us, and only the thin spire of smoke drifting through the pines marked the Shadrack clearing. I kissed my hand in farewell salute to it. Perhaps John's widow saw me—she sees so much in her dreams.

"There ain't no place like Black Log," said Tip, as we turned the crest of Thunder Knob. "Mind how pretty it is—mind the shadders on the ridge yon—and them white barns. Mind the big creek—there, by the kivered bridge—ain't it gleamin' cheerful? There's no place like our walley."

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XIX

IT was dark when I reached home. Opening the door, I groped my way across the room till I found the lamp and lighted it. Then I sat down a minute to think. Two weeks is a very short time, but when you have been over the mountains and back, when you have hovered for days close to the banks of the Styx, when you have huddled for days close to the Shadrack stove, listening to the widow's stories of her John and Tip's praise of his wife, then a fortnight seems an age. But everything was as I had left it. Even the pen leaned against the inkwell and the scraps of paper littered the floor where I had tossed them that morning, when Tip and I started over the mountain. Those scraps were part of the letter I did not send to Mary. They flashed to me the thought of the one I had sent, and of the answer I never expected. It was foolish to look, but I had told her to slip her note under the door, if she did send it, and I was taking no chances. Seizing the lamp, I hobbled to the kitchen, and laughing to myself at the whole absurd proceeding, leaned over and swept the floor with the light.

Tip Pulsifer leaned on my gate.—Page 470.

Right on the sill it lay, a small white envelope!

I did not waste time hobbling back to my chair and the table. I sat right down on the floor, and with the lamp at my side, tore open the note and read it.

"Dear Mark. Please come to me."

That was all she said. It was enough. It was all I wanted in the world.

Once I had been disappointed, but now there was no mistaking it. Upside down, backwards and forwards I read it, right side up and criss-cross, rubbing my eyes a half a hundred times, but there was her appeal—no question of it. After all, all was well. And when Mary calls I must go, even if I have crossed two mountains and am supperless. All the bitterness had gone. All those days of brooding were forgotten, for I could go again up the road, my white road, to the hill, and the light there would burn for me.

Then Tim came!

I was still sitting on the floor when he came, reading the note over and over, with the lamp beside me.

With Captain and Colonel at his heels, he burst in upon me.

"Well, Mark, you scoundrel," he cried, laughing, as he caught me by the arm and lifted me up. "Where have you been?"

"Travelling," I answered grimly. "And you—what are you doing here?"

"I came to find you," he said. "Do you suppose you can disappear off the face of the earth for two weeks and that I will not be worried? Why, I came from New York to hunt you up—just got here this afternoon and was over at Bolum's when we saw the light. Now give an account of yourself."

"It isn't necessary," said I, smiling complacently. I put the lamp on the table and

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picked up my hat. "I'll be back in a while," I said. "I'm going up to see Mary."

"To see Mary?" Tim cried.

"Yes, to see Mary," I answered.

Then, with a little flourish of triumph I handed him her note.

Tim read it. His face became very grave, and he looked from it to me, and then turned and, with an elbow resting on the mantel, stood gazing down into the empty fireplace.

"Well?" I exclaimed, angered by his mood.

"This is two weeks old, Mark," he said, handing me the paper.

"What of it?" I cried querulously, putting on my hat and moving to the door.

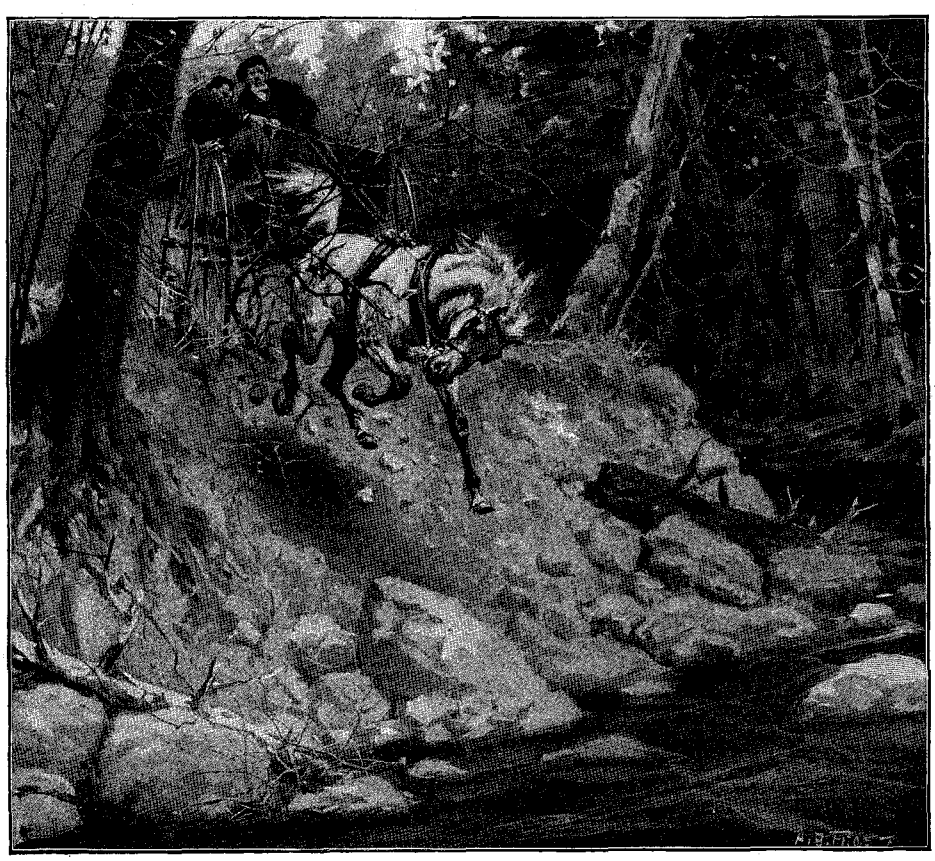
My hand was on the knob turning it, when Tim said, "Mary has left the valley."

It did not bother me much when he said that. I was getting so used to being knocked about that a blow or two more made little difference. The knob was not turned though. It shot back with a click, and I leaned against the door, staring at my brother.

"And when did she go?" I asked, "And where—back to Kansas?"

"To New York," Tim answered, "and with Weston—she has married Weston."

I was glad the door was there, for that trip over the mountain, with the creek, and the powwowing and all that, had left me still a little wobbly. Tim's announcement was not adding to my spirit. Long I gazed at his quiet face; and I knew well enough that he was speaking the truth. And, perhaps, after all, the truth was best. It was all over, anyway, and we were just where we started before she came to the valley. I was just where I was before I found that note lying on the door-sill. I had been foolish, sitting there on the floor



The horse went down.—Page 473.

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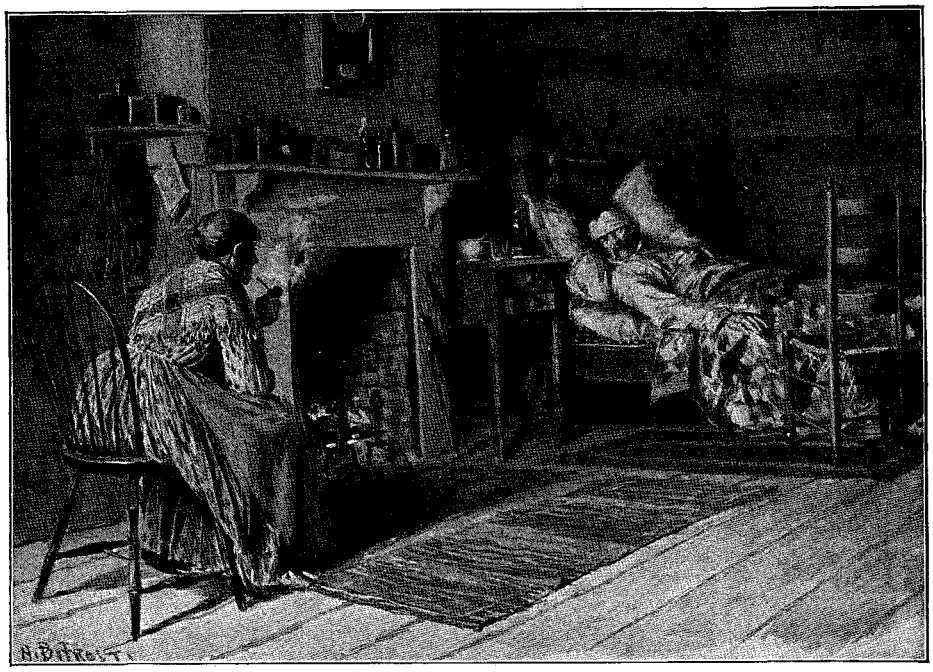

"And I'm his widder."—Page 473.

reading that message of hers that she had belied. But that was only for a minute, and I would never be foolish again. Trust me for that.

"She has married Weston," I said. "Well, the little flirt!"

Tim got down on the hearth and began piling paper and kindling and logs in the fireplace. He started the blaze, and when it was going cheerily he looked up to find me in my old chair by the table, with Captain beside me, his head resting on my knee as I stroked it.

"The little flirt!" I said again, bound that he should hear me.

He heard. He took his old chair, and resting his elbows on the table, resting his chin in his hands, a favorite attitude of his, he sat there eying me quietly.

"The little what, Mark?" he said at last.

"Flirt!" I snapped.

It was simply a braggart's way. I knew it. Tim knew it, too. He seemed to look right through me. I was angry with him; I was jealous of him, because she had cared for him. I knew she had. I knew why she had. Tim and I were far apart. But he had made the breach. All the wrong wrought was his, and yet he sat there calmly eying me, as though he were a righteous judge and I the culprit.

"Why did you say flirt?" he asked quietly.

"She promised to marry me," I said.

"Yes."

"She loved you, Tim."

"Yes—and how did you know it?"

"Perry Thomas saw you that night when you went to stay a minute."

The color left Tim's face and he leaned back in his chair, away from the light into the shadow, and whistled softly.

"You knew it, then," he said, after a long while. "I didn't intend you should, Mark. I didn't intend you ever should."

"Naturally," said I in an icy tone.

"Naturally," said he. His face came into the light again, and he leaned there on the table, watching me as earnestly as ever.

"Naturally," he said again. "I was going away, Mark, never to bother you or her. Did I know then that you loved her? Had you ever told me? Was I to blame for that moment when I knew I loved the girl and that she loved me?"

"No. I never told you—that's true," I said.

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"And yet I knew you cared for her, Mark. I could see that. I saw it all those nights when you would leave me to go plodding up the hill. That's why I went away."

"Why did you go away?" I cried. "You went to see the world and make money——"

"I went because I loved the girl and you did, too," said Tim. And looking into those quiet eyes, I knew that he spoke the truth and I had been blind all this time. "Weston knew it," he went on. "He saw it from the first. That's why he helped me."

"You are not at all an egotist," I sneered, trying to bear up against him.

"Entirely so," he said calmly. "I even thought that I might win, Mark. But then I had so much and you so little chance, I went away to forget. Weston knew that. He knew, too, that there was no Edith Parker."

"And what has Edith Parker to do with all this?" I asked more gently, for he was breaking down my barriers.

"She might have done much for you had I not come back when Weston was shot. Couldn't you see, Mark, how angry Mary was with me for forgetting her? But Weston knew it. And that night—that minute—I only wanted to explain to Mary, and she saw it all, Mark, and I saw it all—and we forgot. Then she told me of you."

"She told you rather late," said I.

"But she would have kept her promise. Couldn't you forgive her, Mark, for that one moment of forgetting? It was just one moment, and I left her then forever. We thought you'd never know."

"And thinking that, you came whistling down the road that night," I sneered. "You came whistling like a man mightily pleased with his conquest—or, perhaps you sang so gayly from sheer joy in your own goodness. It seems to me at times like that a man would——"

"A man would whistle a bit for courage," Tim interrupted. "Couldn't he do that, Mark? Couldn't he go away with his head up and face set, or must he totter along and wail simply because he is doing a fair thing that any man would do?"

"Why, in Heaven's name, couldn't you keep her for yourself?" I cried, pounding the floor with my crutch.

Then, in my anger I arose and went stamping up and down the room, while Tim sat there staring at me blankly. At last I halted by the fireplace and stood there looking down at him very hard. I looked right into his very heart and read it. He winced and turned his face from me. I was the righteous judge now and he the culprit.

"You left her, Tim," I said hotly. "You might have known the girl could never marry me after that minute. You might have known she was not the girl to deceive me—she would have told me; and then, Tim, do you think that I would have kept her to her promise? Why didn't you come to me and tell me?"

"For your sake, Mark, I didn't," Tim answered, looking up.

"And for my sake you left the girl there—you turned your back on her and went away. Then in her perplexity she looked to me again, and I had gone. I didn't know. I went away for her sake, and when she sent for me I had forsaken her, too. That's a shabby way to treat a woman. Do you wonder she turned to Weston?"

"No," Tim said, "for Weston is a man of men, he is—and he cared for her—that's why he stayed in the valley."

"I knew that," said I, "for I saw it that day when he went away from me to the charcoal clearing."

"Then think of the lonely girl up there on the hill, Mark," Tim said. He joined me at the fireplace, and we stood side by side, as often we had stood in the old days, warming our hands, and watching the crackling flames. "Do you blame her? I had gone, vowing never to come back again till she kept her promise to you; you had fled from her—she wrote, and no word came. And Weston is a wise man and a kind man, and when she turned to him she found comfort. Do you blame her?"

"No," I said, half hesitating.

"After all, it's better, too," Tim went on. "What could you have given her, Mark—or I, compared to what his wealth means to a woman like Mary?"

Wealth was not happiness. Money was not peace. Riches were a delusion. Now she had them. That was what Weston would give her, and I wished her joy. True, he loved the girl. True, he offered her just what I did, and with it he gave

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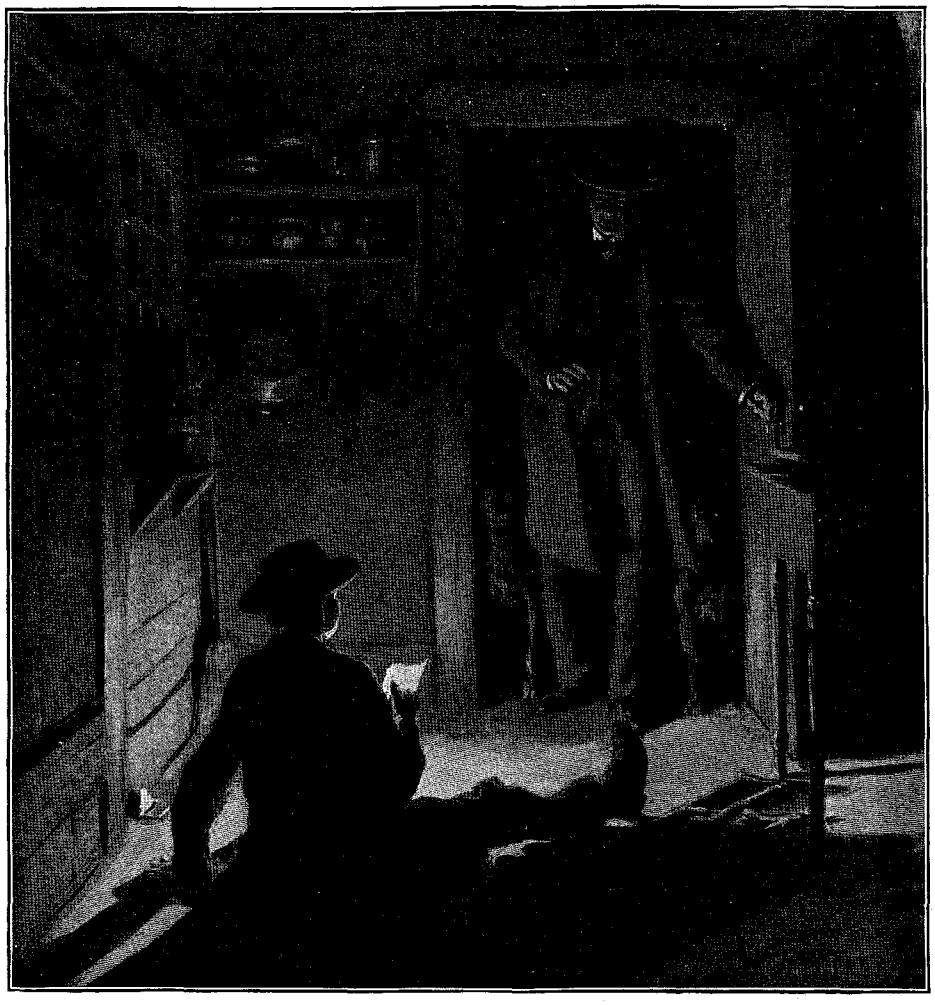

Then Tim came!—Page 477.

those fleeting joys that wealth brings. She should be happy—just as much so as if she had made herself a fellow-prisoner with me here in the little valley. For what had I to offer her? The love of a crippled veteran; the wealth of a petty farmer; the companionship of a crotchety pedagogue. What joy it would give her ambitious soul as the years went on to watch her husband develop; to see him growing in the learning of the store; to have him ranking first among the worthies of the bench; to greet him as he hobbled home at night after a busy day at nothing! It was better as it was—aye—a thousand times.

But there was Tim. What a man Tim was, and how blind I had been and selfish! He stood before me tall and strong, watching me with his quiet eyes, and as I looked at him I thought of Weston, the lanky cynic, with his thin, homely face and loose-jointed, shambling walk. Then I wondered at it all. Then I said to myself, "Is it best?"

"What makes you so quiet, Mark?" asked Tim.

"I was wishing, Tim," I answered, laying a hand on each of his broad shoulders, "I was wishing you had kept her when you had her?"

Tim laughed. It was his clear, honest laugh.

"It is best as it is," he said. "It's best for her and best for us, for she'll be happy.

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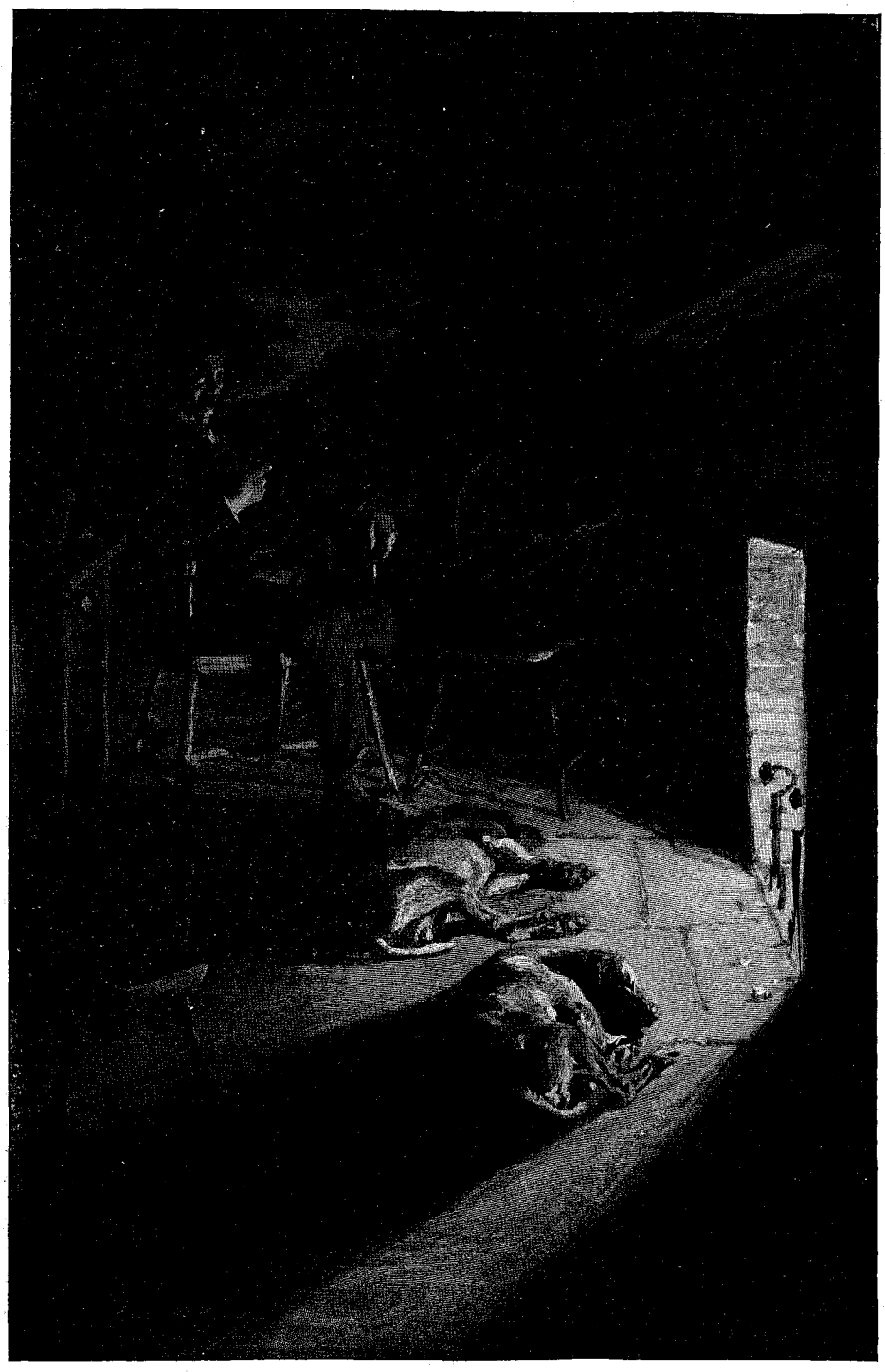

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

When we three sit by the fire.—Page 483.

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But supposing one of us had won—would it have been the same—the same as it was before she came—the same as it is now?"

"No," I answered.

"No," he cried. "Now for supper—then our pipes—all of us together—you in your chair and I in mine—and Captain and Colonel—just as it used to be."

XX

TIM has gone back to the city after his first long vacation and here I am alone again. He wants me to be with him and live down there in a brick and mortar gulch where the sun rises from a maze of tall chimneys and sets on oil refineries. I said no. Some day I may, but that day is a long way off. In the fall I am to go for a week and we are to have a fine time, Tim and I, but Captain and Colonel will have to be content to hear about it when I get back. Surely it will give us much to talk of in the winter nights, when we three sit by the fire again—Captain and Colonel and I.

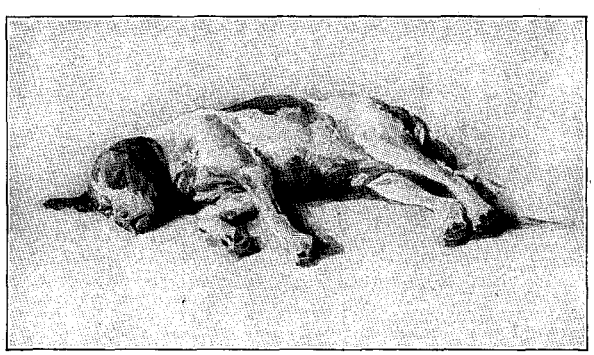
Tim says it is lonely for me here. Lonely? Pshaw! I know the ways of the valley, and there is not a lonely spot in it from the bald top of Thunder Knob to the tall pine on the Gander's head. I would have Tim stay here with me, but he says no. He wants to win a marble mausoleum. I shall be content to lie beneath a tree. But Tim is ambitious!

Just a few nights ago, we sat smoking in the evening, warming our hearts at the great hearthstone. Thunder Knob was all aglow, and the cloud coals were piled heaven-high above it, burning gold and red. Down in the meadows Captain and Colonel raced from shock to shock on the trail of a rabbit, and a flock of sheep, barnward bound, came bleating along the road.

Tim began to suppose. He was supposing me a great lawyer and himself a great merchant and all that. I lost all patience with him.

Suppose it all, Tim, I said. Suppose that you, the great tea king, and I, the statesman, sat here smoking. Would the cloud coals over there on Thunder Knob blaze up higher in our honor? And the quail, perched on the fence-stake, would she address herself to us or to Mr. Robert White down in the meadow? Would the night-hawk circling in the clouds strike one note to our glory? Could the bleating of the sheep swing in sweeter to the music of the valley as she is rocked to sleep?

THE END.



Old Captain.

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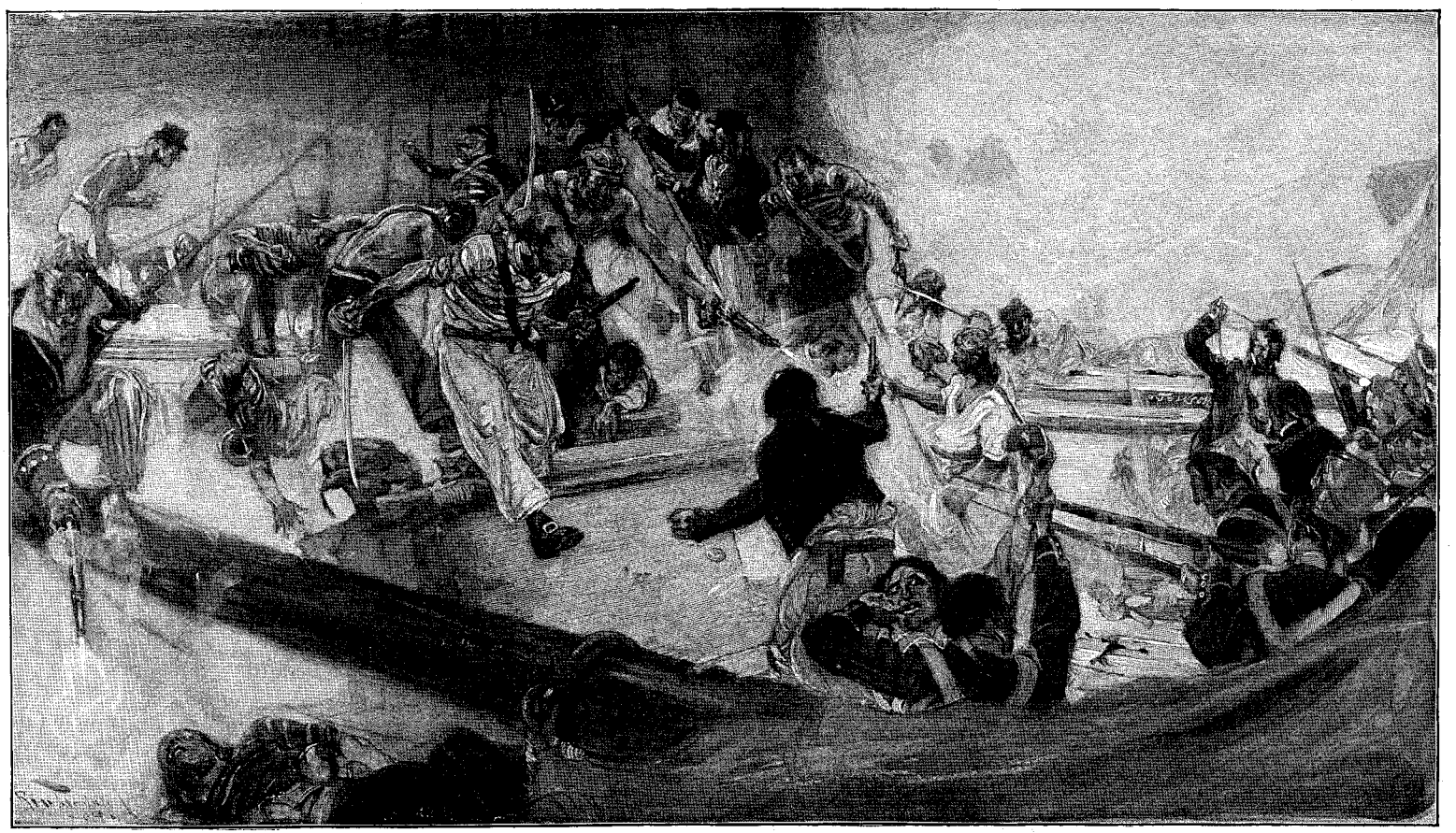

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The capture of the *Chesapeake* by the *Shannon*.—The struggle on the quarterdeck.

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

IX

BRITISH OFFENSIVE OPERATIONS ON THE COAST, 1813–14.

THE further treatment of the War of 1812, within the space allotted to these articles, divides naturally under three heads: the offensive operations of the British upon the coast during the years 1813 and 1814; the reply to these operations made by the United States through the only maritime reprisals open to her—that of harassing the enemy's commerce; and, finally, the warfare along the northern frontier and the seacoast during the last twelve months of the war—peace being signed at Ghent, December 24, 1814. It is to the first of these subjects that the present article is devoted.

The accumulation of force under the command of Sir John Warren enabled him, by April, 1813, to establish a satisfactory military blockade of the whole Atlantic coast, and to maintain in technical efficiency, against the trade of neutrals, the commercial blockade proclaimed from Narragansett Bay to the Florida line. Under the former it became practically impossible for the heavier American cruisers, the frigates, to leave port. This was a point upon which the instructions of the British Lords of the Admiralty laid particular stress. They were prepared, by the experience of twenty years of recent maritime war, to recognize the impossibility of wholly closing the seas to the light-armed marauders which preyed upon British commerce. It was to be expected that this should suffer, even heavily, from the operations of well-developed privateering enterprise, pursued by a people of particular maritime aptitudes, debarred from every other form of maritime activity; but the frigates carried with them the further menace, not indeed of serious injury to the colossal naval power of Great Britain, but of mortifications for defeats which, however reasonably to be accounted for by preponderance of force, were not patiently accepted by a people accustomed to regard themselves as invincible. Few things are more wearing than explaining adverse happenings; and the vexation of their Lordships under the necessity showed itself in their admonition to the commander-in-chief. Expressing themselves as disappointed with the results so far obtained, they wrote, January 9, 1813: "It is of the highest importance to the *character** and interests of the country, that the naval force of the enemy should be quickly and promptly disposed of. Their Lordships, therefore, have thought themselves justified at this moment in withdrawing ships from other important services, for the purpose of placing under your command a force with which you cannot fail to bring the naval war to a conclusion, either by the capture of the American national vessels, or by strictly blockading them in their own waters."

Warren made little serious effort to get at the American ships, even in harbors most inadequately protected; but the large force at his disposal enabled him practically to shut up all the frigates, except during the boisterous months and dark nights of winter. John Rodgers, the most adroit of the American captains in running blockades, got away from Boston on the 30th of April, 1813, with the *President* and *Congress*, and on his return succeeded in entering Narragansett Bay with the *President* September 27th. He could not sail again until December. The *Congress* reached Portsmouth, New Hampshire, December 14th, after which she did not get out during the war. The *Constitution* also remained shut up in Boston from April to December; while the *Constellation* at Norfolk, and the *Adams* in the Potomac, were barred from the sea by the enemy's occupancy of Chesapeake Bay.

Decatur, with the frigates *United States*

*My italics.

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and *Macedonian*, and sloop-of-war *Hornet*, after vainly waiting for an opportunity to run out by Sandy Hook, decided to try the route inside of Long Island. On May 24th he passed through Hell Gate, and on the 26th was off Fisher's Island, at the eastern entrance of the Sound. There he waited for definite information concerning the powerful division maintained in the neighborhood by the enemy, among which was known to be a ship-of-the-line. On June 1st the wind was fair, and the only British visible were to leeward, affording apparently a good chance to pass them. The squadron accordingly put out, but upon approaching Block Island, which was close to its course, two other hostile cruisers loomed up. The British groups manœuvred severally to get between the Americans and their ports of refuge—New London in the one quarter, Newport in the other. With this overwhelming force in plain sight, Decatur feared the results of attempting to slip out and beat back to New London. The enemy followed, and having now this division securely housed, instituted a close blockade. The American vessels depended for their safety, in Decatur's opinion, rather upon the difficulty of the channel than upon the defences of the place, which, like those of the coast in general, were in a most neglected condition. He wrote: "Fort Trumbull, the only work here mounted or garrisoned, was in the most unprepared state, and only one or two cannon were to be had in the neighborhood for any temporary work which should be erected. I immediately directed all my exertions to strengthening the defences. I think the place might be made impregnable; but the hostile force on our coast is so great that, were the enemy to exert a large portion of his means in an attack here, I do not feel certain he could be resisted successfully with the present defences." Six months later, in December, he reported that the squadron was moored across the channel, under Groton Heights, which had been fortified; while three gunshot distant, in the mouth of the harbor, was anchored a British division of a ship-of-the-line, a frigate, and two smaller vessels. Two more of the line, with several other cruisers, were under sail beyond. The squadron thus remained bottled up, even through the favorable winter season; but when spring enabled active operations to be resumed elsewhere, the evident hopelessness of the situation caused the crews to be transferred to other stations. The ships themselves were lightened over a three-fathom bar, and removed fourteen miles up the Thames, where they remained in mortifying security to the end of the war.

The combined effect of the military and commercial blockade was to destroy American commerce. As this result became increasingly apparent, the fact was used tauntingly by Captain Broke, of the British frigate *Shannon*, to obtain from Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* the single combat between the two ships, to which he wished to provoke him. He lamented to Lawrence that Commodore Rodgers with the *President* and *Congress* "had *eluded** us (the *Shannon* and *Tenedos*) by sailing the first chance, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He wished, perhaps, for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting," than the verbal messages from time to time sent. Broke then gave a statement of his force, and promise of an undisturbed encounter, in terms of unexceptionable politeness; concluding all with the words, "I doubt not that you will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combat*† that your little navy can now hope to console *your*† country for the loss of that trade it cannot protect." Lawrence needed no challenge; the *Shannon's* running close in to Boston light, showing her colors, and heaving to in defiance, proved provocation enough. Broke's letter never reached him. By whatever means forwarded, it crossed the *Chesapeake* leaving Boston harbor.

The *Chesapeake* had returned to Boston April 9th, from a four months' cruise. Being in excellent condition, she was ordered to fit out at once for sea. Lawrence was appointed to her on May 6th; the sailing orders issued to her former captain, Evans, being transferred to him on that date. He was to go to the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there to intercept military storeships, and transports with troops, destined to Quebec and Upper Canada for the campaign then just opening. "The enemy," wrote the Secretary, "will not in all probability anticipate our taking this ground with our public ships of war, and as his convoys

* My italics. † Broke's italics.

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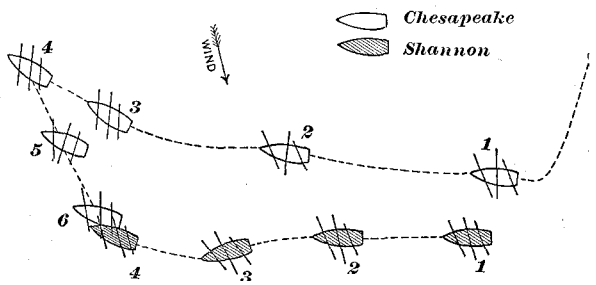
generally separate between Cape Race and Halifax, leaving the trade for the St. Lawrence to proceed without convoy, the chance of captures upon an extensive scale is very flattering." He added the just remark, "It is impossible to conceive a naval service of a higher order in a national point of view than the destruction of the enemy's vessels with supplies for his army in Canada and his fleets on this station."



The two frigates now about to meet were substantially equal in material force; but there was between them a difference in opportunity for preparation, which should have deterred Lawrence from seeking immediate action. That he did so throws upon him the responsibility for the national humiliation in defeat. He himself joined the ship only eleven days before hurrying into battle. The first lieutenant, upon whom, next to the captain, the efficiency of a vessel depends, was fatally ill in hospital. His successor was as new to the duty as the captain to the ship. The third and fourth lieutenants were midshipmen, just joined and holding acting appointments. The crew, though containing a good proportion of naval seamen, was in great measure newly shipped and imperfectly organized. The *Shannon*, on the contrary, had been seven years continuously under the same captain. Her management that day, and her gunnery, proved her to be in a state of discipline and effectiveness not to be surpassed. To omit the clearest and most express recognition of this would be an injustice to an officer of very unusual merit; but it is equally unjust to Lawrence not to state equally clearly that adverse circumstances had a large share in deciding a combat which he had no justification for seeking.

At noon, June 1, 1813, the *Chesapeake* made sail out of Boston Harbor, with a fair wind from the westward. The *Shannon* stood out to sea thirty miles, and there, under topsails only, waited her opponent's approach. At 5.30 the *Chesapeake*, being then near, reduced her canvas to the same amount, while the *Shannon*, which till then had been hove-to (stopped), filled her sails to gather headway for manœuvring; her main-topsail, however, was kept so braced as to be shaking in the wind, to reduce her speed more (position 1). In this condition she remained, steering southeast, near the wind, and abandoning to her antagonist the choice of which side — windward or leeward — he would engage. Lawrence, who was running down with a free wind for the starboard quarter of the British frigate, took the weather — starboard — side; and, discarding all tactical advantages given him by Broke's quiescence, chose a simple artillery duel, broadside to broadside.

Just before she closed, the *Chesapeake* rounded to, taking a parallel course, and backing the main-topsail (position 1) to reduce her speed to that of the enemy. Captain Lawrence in his eagerness had made the serious error of coming up under too great headway. At 5.50, as her bows doubled on the quarter of the *Shannon* (1), at the distance of fifty yards, the British ship opened fire, beginning with the after-gun, and continuing thence forward, as each of her battery in succession bore upon the advancing American frigate. The latter replied after the second British discharge, and the combat at once became furious. From the first gun to the second stage in the action six minutes elapsed. During the first of this period the *Chesapeake* kept moving parallel at fifty yards' distance, but gaining continually, threatening thus to pass wholly ahead, so that her guns would bear no longer. To prevent this, Lawrence luffed closer to the wind to shake her sails, but in vain; the movement increased her distance, but she still ranged ahead so that she finally reached much further than abreast of the enemy. To use the nautical expression, she was on the *Shannon's* weather bow (2). While this was happening her sailing-master was killed, and Lawrence wounded; these being

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the two officers chiefly concerned in handling the ship.

Upon this supervened a concurrence of accidents, affecting her manageability, which initiated the second scene in the drama, and called for instantaneous action by the officers injured. The fore-topsail tie being cut by the enemy's fire, the yard dropped on the cap, leaving the sail empty of wind; and at the same time were shot away the jib sheet and the brails of the spanker. The foresail not being set, the first two mishaps practically took all the forward canvas off the *Chesapeake*. Under the combined impulses she at 5.56 came up into the wind (3), lost her way, and, although her mainyard had been braced up, finally gathered sternboard; the upshot being that she lay paralyzed some seventy yards from the *Shannon*, (3, 4, 5), obliquely to the latter's course and slightly ahead of her. The British ship going, or steering, a little off (3), her guns bore fair upon the *Chesapeake;* while the latter, by her involuntary coming into the wind—to such an extent that Broke thought she was attempting to haul off, and himself hauled closer to the wind in consequence (4)—lost in great measure the power of reply, except by musketry. The British shot, entering the stern and quarter of her opponent, swept diagonally along the after parts of the spar and main decks, a half-raking fire.

Under these conditions Lawrence and the first lieutenant were mortally wounded, the former falling by a musket ball through his body; but he had already given orders to have the boarders called, seeing that the ship must drift foul of the enemy (5). The chaplain, who in the boarding behaved courageously, meeting Broke in person with a pistol shot, and receiving a cutlass wound in return, was standing close by the captain at this instant. He afterward testified that as Lawrence said, "Boarders away," the men at the carronades ran forward; which corresponds to Broke's report that, seeing the enemy flinching from their guns, he then gave the order for boarding. This may have been, indeed, merely the instinctive impulse which drives disorganized men to seek escape from a fire which they cannot return; but it may also have been that this quarter-deck division, which had so far stuck to their guns while being raked, now, at the captain's call, ran from them to get their side arms. At the Court of Inquiry it was in evidence that these men were unarmed, and one of them, a petty officer, stated that he had defended himself with the monkey tail of his gun. Whatever the cause, although there was fighting to prevent the *Shannon* from lashing the *Chesapeake* to herself, no combined resistance was met abaft the mainmast. There the marines made a stand, but were overpowered and driven forward. The negro bugler of the ship, who should have echoed Lawrence's summons, was too frightened to sound a note, and the voices of the aids, who shouted the message to the gundeck, were imperfectly heard; but, above all, leaders were wanting. There was not on the upper deck an officer above the grade of midshipman; captain, first lieutenant, master, marine officer, and even the boatswain, had been mortally wounded before the ships touched. The second lieutenant was in charge of the first gun division, at the far end of the deck below, as yet ignorant of how the fight was going, or that the fate of his superiors had put him in command. Of the remaining lieutenants, also stationed on the gun-deck, the fourth had been mortally wounded by the first broadside; while the third, who had heard the shout for boarders, committed the indiscretion, ruinous to his professional reputation, of assisting those who, at the moment the ships came together, were carrying below the wounded captain.

Before the new commanding officer could get to the spar-deck, the ships were in contact. According to the report of Captain Broke, the mizzen channels of the *Chesapeake* locked in the fore-rigging of the *Shannon*. When the *Chesapeake's* second lieutenant reached the forecastle, the British were in possession of the after part of the ship, with the principal hatchways by which the boarders of the after divisions could come up. He directed the foresail set, to shoot the ship clear, to prevent thus a reënforcement to the enemy already on board; and he rallied a few men, but was himself soon wounded and thrown below. In brief, the fall of their officers and the position of the ship, in irons and being raked, had thrown the crew into the confusion attendant upon all sudden disaster. From this state only the rallying cry of a well-known voice and example can rescue

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men. "The enemy," reported Broke, "made a desperate but disorderly resistance." The desperation of brave men is the temper which at times may retrieve such conditions, but it must be guided and fashioned by a master spirit into something better than disorder, if it is to be effective.

Fifteen minutes elapsed from the discharge of the first gun of the *Shannon* to the *Chesapeake's* colors being hauled down. This was done by the enemy, her own crew having been driven forward. In that brief interval 26 British were killed and 56 wounded; of the Americans, 48 were killed and 99 wounded. In proportion to the number on board each ship when the action began, the *Shannon* lost in men 24 per cent.; the *Chesapeake* 46 per cent., or practically double.

As the responsibility for this mortifying defeat must rest upon Captain Lawrence, who voluntarily took into action a ship's company whom he should have known to be inadequately organized, it is due to his memory to examine closely the attending circumstances. In the preceding narrative, and in the following analysis, I have adopted in essentials the account of the British naval writer James; chiefly because, of all historians having contemporary sources of information, he has been at most pains to insure exactness. As told by him, the engagement divides into three stages: First, the combat side to side; second, the period during which the *Chesapeake* lay in the wind being raked; third, the boarding and taking possession. To these James assigns, as times: for the first, six minutes; for the second, four; for the third, five; this last being again subdivisible into a space of two minutes, during which the *Chesapeake* was being lashed to her opponent, and the actual fighting on her decks, which Broke states did not exceed three.

The brief and disorderly, though desperate, resistance to boarding proves that the *Chesapeake* was already beaten by the cannonade, which lasted, as above, ten minutes. During only six of these, accepting James's times, was she on equal gunnery terms. During four-tenths—nearly one-half—of the gunnery contest she was at a great disadvantage. The necessity of manœuvring, which Lawrence tried to avoid, was forced upon him; and the ship's company, or her circumstances, proved unequal to meeting it. Nevertheless, though little more than half the time on equal terms of position with her opponent, half her own loss was inflicted upon him. Within ten minutes at the utmost, within six of equal terms, the *Chesapeake*, an 18-pounder frigate, killed and wounded of the *Shannon's* ship's company as many as the *Constitution* with her 24's did of the *Guerrière's* in over twenty; and the *Constitution* not only was a much heavier ship than her opponent, but had been six weeks almost continuously at sea. When her crew had been together four months longer, the loss inflicted by her upon the *Java*, in a contest spread over two hours, did not greatly exceed in proportion that suffered by the *Shannon*. How great was the subsequent disadvantage of the *Chesapeake* is best stated in the words of James, whom no one will accuse of making points in favor of Americans: "At 5.56, having had her jib-sheet and fore-topsail tie shot away, and her helm, probably from the death of the men stationed at it, being at the moment unattended to, the *Chesapeake* came so sharp to the wind as completely to deaden her way." How extreme this deviation from her course is shown by the impression made on Broke. "As the manœuvres of the *Chesapeake* indicated an intention to haul away, Captain Broke ordered the helm to be put a-lee, as the *Shannon* had fallen off a little." The *Chesapeake's* way being deadened, "the ship lay with her stern and quarter exposed to her opponent's broadside. The shot from the *Shannon's* aftermost guns now took a diagonal direction *along** the decks of the *Chesapeake*, beating in her stern ports, and sweeping the men from their quarters. The shot from the *Shannon's* foremost guns, at the same time, entering the *Chesapeake's* ports from the mainmast aft, did considerable execution." This describes a semi-raking fire, which lasted four minutes, from 5.56 to 6 P. M., when the ships came together.

The manner of collision and the injuries received bear out the above account. Under these circumstances it may be claimed that the artillery duel, to which Lawrence sought to confine the battle, was not so

*Not "across"; the distinction is important, being decisive of general raking direction.

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entirely a desperate chance as has been inferred. More cannot be claimed for him. He had no right, under the conditions, voluntarily to encounter the odds against him, established by Broke's seven years of faithful and skilful command. Except in material force, the *Chesapeake* was a ship much inferior to the *Shannon*, as a regiment newly enlisted is to one that has seen service; and the moment things went seriously wrong she could not retrieve herself. This her captain should have known, and to the accusation of his country and his service, that he brought upon them a mortification which endures to this day, the only reply is that he died "sword in hand." This covers the error of the dead, but cannot justify the example to the living.

At this period of the war the British, for purposes of their own, had not included Boston among the ports subjected to the commercial blockade. The engagement of the *Chesapeake*, therefore, was incidental purely to the military blockade, and attaches properly to the various active coastwise operations of the enemy, and to the conditions thence resulting, which affected both the foreign and coasting trade of the United States, with consequent severe reaction upon the comfort and prosperity of the people. A signal instance of this was afforded by the permanent presence of the British division off New London, after Decatur's retreat there made it a very special centre of military blockading. As the commercial blockade by Warren's proclamation began at Black Point, a few miles west of New London, the place itself fell just outside the limits, and probably, but for the presence of the American vessels, would not have drawn any close attention from the blockading squadrons. As it was, they shifted their position from outside, between Montauk and Block Island, to close off New London, inside of Fisher's Island. Here they interfered seriously with the coasting trade between Narragansett Bay and New York, which then had special importance; for Newport, not being under commercial blockade, could receive neutral vessels with foreign supplies, which were thence distributed to the West and South by the Sound route.

The inconveniences entailed were forcibly presented by the Governor of Connecticut in his October message. "The British force in our waters having occasioned great inquietude along the whole of our maritime frontier, every precaution consistent with due regard to the general safety has been adopted for its protection. In our present state of preparedness, it is believed a descent upon our coast will not be attempted; a well-grounded hope is entertained that it will be attended with little success. Unfortunately, we have not the means of rendering our navigation equally secure. Serious depredations have been committed even in our harbors, and to such an extent that the usual communication through the Sound is almost wholly interrupted. Thus, while anxiously engaged in protecting our public ships (Decatur's), we are doomed to witness the unrestrained capture of our private vessels and the consequent suspension of commercial pursuits." An officer of the Connecticut militia wrote in December: "Our engagements with the enemy have been so frequent, that it would be vain to attempt a particular statement of each."

New York endeavored to mitigate this condition, embarrassing to her own people, by maintaining a squadron of gunboats to operate as convoys. This afforded some protection against the smallest enemy's vessels, and attacks by rowing boats, a species of warfare to which the enemy was in some measure compelled by the coasters hugging the beach in their passages to and fro. Occasional smart skirmishes were fought, and some relief from the enemy's pressure thus obtained; but little effect was produced upon the general constriction of intercourse. The gunboat squadron acted in similar manner outside of Sandy Hook; and its crews, being somewhat amphibious in character, were at times engaged as coast-guardsmen, with muskets and light artillery, to rescue from British boats vessels which had run ashore, or anchored in positions where large ships could not approach them.

Despite these local ameliorations, the situation was one of steadily increasing tension. As summer advanced, the more propitious weather emboldened the blockaders to keep nearer to the ports they watched. The fact of the United States brig *Siren*, from New Orleans, reaching Boston in June, 1813, "without seeing one enemy's cruiser," simply testifies to the

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hostile divisions being far inside the line which a vessel making such a run would naturally follow. The grinding efficacy of the British measures at this period is witnessed not only by incidental mentions, but by the ranges of prices.

South of New York, conditions permitted the enemy singular openings for vigorous action. The great estuaries of Delaware and Chesapeake Bays afforded opportunities, not only for penetrating far into the interior, but still more of occupying the highways of commerce, leading to important commercial centres, with a thoroughness and security impossible to the open common of the sea. Within their capes there was shelter from the ordinary dangers of the ocean, especially those incidental to the nearness of land; while on the other hand, from the narrowly limited outline of the water approach, it was possible to extend from end to end, and side to side, a string of watchers which it was extremely difficult to evade. Both bays were occupied, and expeditions in greater or smaller force pushed up them, making landings in various quarters. The attention of the British, however, fixed principally upon the Chesapeake, with its combination of interests in Washington, the national capital, Norfolk, a prominent naval station, and Baltimore an important commercial centre. Its waters were more sheltered than those of the Delaware, their numerous and extensive ramifications afforded wider scope for annoyance, and there, if anywhere, seemed to be an opportunity for vigorous action, directed not only to the blockade, but even to the destruction of two of the American frigates, the *Constellation* at Norfolk and the *Adams* in the Potomac.

Quite early in the year the British squadron, under Warren in person, moved up as high as Baltimore, anchoring off the mouth of the Patapsco, April 16th. From there a detachment of frigates and lighter vessels, several of them captured American schooners, was sent under Rear-Admiral Cockburn to the head waters of the bay, where the main road from Philadelphia to Baltimore crossed, and still crosses. There, where Washington thirty years before had taken ship on his way to Yorktown, the British landed at many places, pushing their way along the small streams that enter from various quarters. Everything that floated was seized, carried off, or burned. Whatever might contribute to national resistance—as, for instance, a cannon foundry near Havre de Grace, flour, and army equipments—was destroyed. Barring depredations or injury common in such operations, private property was respected, or, if taken, paid for, unless resistance was encountered; where it was, houses were burned in retaliation, the responsibility being attributed to the inhabitants. No effective opposition was anywhere made. "Our small division," reported Cockburn, "has been during the whole of this day on shore, in the centre of the enemy's country, and on his high road between Baltimore and Philadelphia." He returned to the main body after an absence of a week, there being "now neither public property, vessels, nor warlike stores remaining in the neighborhood." The destruction was as complete, as the immunity of the enemy was discreditable to the national Executive.

In both bays the United States Government, aided by the local authorities, maintained a flotilla of gunboats and rowing barges, which possibly at times exercised some restraining force on foraging parties or smaller expeditions; but the British movements were conducted with caution as well as energy, and little opportunity was afforded for cutting off straggling boats or tenders. A month after Cockburn's first expedition, Warren received a reënforcement of 2500 troops for service on the coast. With them he made two attempts upon Norfolk and its navy-yard; the first against Craney Island, covering the entrance to the Elizabeth River, the water approach to the place, the other upon the town of Hampton, important to the land line of communications between the upper country and Norfolk. The attack upon Craney Island, concerning which the senior United States naval officer had been most anxious, had been postponed too long, owing to delay in the arrival of the troops. It failed completely, and to some extent discreditably. Hampton was taken, and occupied for a few hours; but, being then abandoned, that enterprise was only technically successful, as permanent occupation was essential to effect the entire isolation of Norfolk, shut off as it was by water from the north, whence came substantially all its military supplies.

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Warren thus failed in getting at the frigate *Constellation* and the naval establishment, upon which his efforts had been directed in accordance with the tenor of the Admiralty's instructions. In the following spring he was relieved from the command, on the ground that the Government had decided again to divide the North American station, as before his coming, into three parts, no one of which was adequate to his rank in the Navy. During the rest of his stay the fleet continued to occupy the Chesapeake, in greater or less force, according to the season and general conditions; moving up and down at will, maintaining continual alarms, and closing all commercial intercourse, except of a collusive character through vessels having British licenses. "I believe," wrote the painstaking editor of Niles' Register, in December, 1814, "that there has not been an arrival in Baltimore from a foreign port for a twelvemonth;" and a memorial from Baltimore merchants, about the same time, complained that "in consequence of the strict blockade of our bays and rivers the private armed service is much diminished."

From the conformation of their shore lines, the regions penetrated by Chesapeake and Delaware Bays, and Long Island Sound—the central section of the coast—were particularly favorable to the operations of a powerful maritime enemy. South of the Chesapeake, the coasts of the two Carolinas and of Georgia had a character of their own, consequent upon an interior communication, behind low coast islands, which favored an internal traffic sheltered from the ocean, and in degree from the enemy. Ships-of-war of moderate size could indeed in some places enter the channels separating the islands; but, when inside, their movements were circumscribed by a very intricate navigation, continually interrupted by shoal spots. The coasters using these passages had therefore to be pursued by armed boats, a measure almost as well executed from outside as from within. To obviate this danger, a flotilla of gunboats was maintained; but it was found that to distribute these along the route was inefficacious. A cruiser outside could run from entrance to entrance much more rapidly than the insiders could proceed. Consequently, if the movement of a group of traders was detected, an enemy's vessel could get abreast a point they must pass, send in her boats, and capture, before the nearest gunboat detachment could arrive to the rescue. Only a convoy system met the needs of this trade, which depended largely upon the Spanish Amelia Island. Its importance is shown by the report of the United States naval officer of the district, that in four months the goods passing to and fro amounted to $8,000,000; a very large sum in that day of small transactions, and of intercourse restricted by war. A simple method of annihilating this traffic would have been to station permanently a British ship within one or two of the principal passes, as was done by the United States Navy in the Civil War; but the conditions were novel to British officers, and they did not try this solution. The expedient of seizing one of the islands, however, was entertained as early as 1813, and was carried into effect by Cockburn occupying Cumberland and St. Simons in January, 1815, at the time his superior was engaged against New Orleans.

The New England coast, north of Cape Cod, presented features entirely different from the low sandy beaches of the South, and was of a character much more familiar to British officers. The coasting trade was extensive; for Boston, not being closed to neutral vessels, was a principal receiving and distributing centre—entrepôt—for the whole country. Deprived of a sheltered waterway, the coasting vessels were forced to the methods familiar to their fellows along the rocky shores of France, Spain, and Italy, with which the enemy had been contending for twenty years. Evident precautions were, to make runs under the most favorable circumstances, keeping as close to shore as possible, calculating upon the position of known ports of refuge, and utilizing nights or thick weather, which gave their local knowledge and small size a distinct advantage over the ignorance and heavier draught of their adversaries. In all such navigation the points of exposure are projecting capes and headlands, which compel the coaster to come out into the open, and facilitate the approach of the cruisers, which in the days of sail shrank from embaying themselves when they could get at the chase with less risk. In a well-considered scheme of coast defence such salient positions are crowned with bat-

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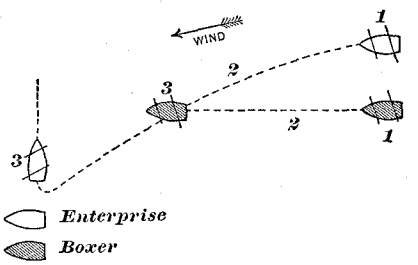
teries, to create a countervailing danger to the enemy; but it is needless to say that no such vulgar deterrent was practised by a government which went to war with its principal seaport undefended, and after



two years of hostilities saw a squadron of frigates, practically unopposed, ascend one of its principal rivers to the very doors of the national capital. At this moment Portsmouth was so inadequately protected that Captain Hull, commanding the district, was in constant anxiety for the ship-of-the-line building there under his supervision. "There is nothing," he wrote, "to prevent a very small force from entering the harbor."

The conditions of coasting engaged much of Hull's attention, because Portsmouth was a half-way port upon the line of this trade. At Boston, the end of the route and centre of distribution, Bainbridge manifests much less concern, being less affected. "The coasting trade here," writes Hull, "is immense. Not less than fifty sail last night anchored in this harbor, bound to Boston and other points south." He has, however, to chronicle frequent losses, at times of a large number of vessels, and the constant haunting of the coast by British cruisers and privateers. The "Liverpool Packet," of the latter class, "has within six months taken from us property to an immense amount." The brig-of-war *Young Emulous*, lately the United States *Nautilus*, "has been seen off this harbor every week for some time past, and several other enemy's vessels are on the coast every few days." He proposes a convoy system, and to institute it asks for two brigs-of-war. The Department grants him the *Enterprise* and *Siren;* but no sooner do they arrive than the enemy's force is so increased that he fears to risk them outside. "The enemy's cruisers are now so much stronger that we can hardly promise security to trade, if we undertake to convoy it." The Department recognizes the difficulty, but resolves to keep the brigs there. "The call for protection on that coast has been very loud, and having sent those vessels for that special purpose, I do not incline immediately to remove them." The wrath of the New Englanders boiled over in scoffing allusions to the "New Carrying Trade," by wagon, which was grotesquely caricatured by the application to it of sea terms. "Yesterday a large number of teams arrived from New Bedford with West India produce, and four Pennsylvania wagons, 17 days from Philadelphia." "A brisk business is now carrying on all along the coast between British cruisers and our coasting vessels, in ready money. Friday last, three masters went into Gloucester to procure money to carry to a British frigate to ransom their vessels. Thursday, a Marblehead schooner was ransomed for $400, and Saturday three coasters and six fishing boats at $200 each."

Whatever the inability of Hull's brigs to contend with the odds against the coasting trade, the *Enterprise* ministered some balm to the feelings of the country, mortified by the *Chesapeake* defeat. She had left Portsmouth September 1st, on a coasting cruise, under command of Lieutenant William Burrows, and on the 5th, being then off Monhegan Island, on the coast of Maine, sighted a vessel of war, which proved to be the British brig *Boxer*, Commander Samuel Blyth.

The antagonists in the approaching combat were nearly of equal force, the respective armaments being, *Enterprise*, fourteen 18-pounder carronades and two long 9-pounders; the *Boxer*, twelve 18-pounder carronades and two long sixes. The action began side by side, at half pistol shot, the *Enterprise* to the right and to windward (position 1). After fifteen minutes the latter ranged ahead (2). As she did so, one of her 9-pounders, which by the forethought of Captain Burrows had been shifted from its place in the bow to the stern, was used with effect to rake her opponent. She then rounded to on the starboard tack, on the port bow of the enemy—ahead, but well to the left (3)—in position to rake with her carronades, and setting the foresail, sailed slowly across from left to

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right. In five minutes the *Boxer's* maintopmast and fore-topsail yard fell. This left the *Enterprise* the mastery of the situation, which she continued to hold until ten minutes later, when the enemy's fire ceased. Her colors could not be hauled down, Blyth having nailed them to the mast. He himself had been killed at the first broadside; and almost at the same instant Burrows, too, fell mortally wounded.

As determined by American measurements, taken four days after the action, the size of the two brigs was the same within twenty tons; the *Boxer* a little the larger. The superiority of the *Enterprise* in broadside force, was eight guns to seven; or, stated in weight of projectiles, 135 pounds to 114. For exact precision it may be added that the American 18-pound shot were found to weigh 17½ pounds, the British 18½; consequently, from the excess of the *Enterprise* a deduction of seven pounds is due, the reduced broadside weights being 131½ and 117½. This superiority, though real, was in no sense decisive, and the execution done by each bore no comparison to the respective armaments. The hull of the *Boxer* was pierced on the starboard side by twelve 18-pound shot, nearly two for each of the *Enterprise's* carronades. The 9-pounder had done even better, scoring five hits. On her port side had entered six of 18 pounds, and four of 9 pounds. By the official report of an inspection, made upon her arrival in Portland, it appears that her upper works and sides forward were torn to pieces. In her mainmast alone were three 18-pound shot. As a set-off to this damage received, she had to show only one 18-pound shot in the hull of the *Enterprise*, one in the foremast, and one in the mainmast.

From these returns, the American loss in killed and wounded, twelve, must have been largely by grape-shot or musketry. The British had twenty-one men hurt. It has been said that this difference in loss is nearly proportionate to the difference in force. This is obviously inexact; for the *Enterprise* was superior in gun power by twelve per cent., while the *Boxer's* loss was greater by seventy-five per cent. Moreover, if the statement of crews be accurate, that the *Enterprise* had 120 and the *Boxer* only 66, it is clear that the latter had double the human target, and scored little more than half the hits. The contest, in brief, was first an artillery duel, side to side, followed by a raking position obtained by the American. It therefore reproduced in leading features, although on a very small scale, the affair between the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon;* and the exultation of the American populace at this rehabilitation of the credit of their Navy, though exaggerated in impression, was in principle sound. The British Court-Martial found that the defeat was "to be attributed to a superiority of the enemy's force, principally in the number of men, as well as to a greater degree of skill in the direction of her fire, and the destructive effects of her first broadside." This admission as to the enemy's gunnery is substantially identical with the claim made for that of the *Shannon*—notably as to the first broadside. As to the greater numbers, 120 is certainly almost twice 66; but anyone realizing the weight of 18-pounder carronades does not need to be told that if the *Boxer* was under-manned it was by very little, while the *Enterprise*, for whatever reason, had from beginning to end many more than were needed to work the battery, to which alone the fighting was confined. Had it come to boarding, or had the *Boxer's* gunnery been good, disabling her opponent's men, the numbers would have become of consideration. As it was, they told for something, but not for much.

If national credit were at issue in every single-ship action, the balance of the *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*, *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, would incline rather to the American side; for the *Boxer* was not just out of port with new commander, officers, and crew, but had been in commission six months, had in that time crossed the ocean and been employed along the coast. The credit and discredit in both cases is personal, not national. It was the sadder in Blyth's case, because he was an officer of distinguished courage and activity, who had begun his fighting career at the age of eleven, when he was on board a heavily battered ship in Lord Howe's battle of June 1, 1794. At the age of thirty, with little influence, and at a period when promotion had become comparatively sluggish, he had fairly fought his way to the modest preferment in which he died. Under the restricted opportunities of the United States Navy, Burrows had seen service, and his qualities received recognition, in the hostilities with Tripoli.

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The unusual circumstance of both captains falling, and so young—Burrows was but twenty-eight—imparted to this tiny combat an unusual pathos, which was somewhat heightened by the fact that Blyth had himself acted as pall-bearer, when Lawrence, three months before, was buried with military honors at Halifax. In Portland, Maine, the two young commanders were borne to their graves together, with all the observance possible in a small coast town; business being everywhere suspended, and the customary tokens of mourning displayed upon buildings and shipping.

Where coasting was so harassed, the danger to vessels approaching from the open sea was indisputable; and it will be recognized that coastwise operations such as described embraced readily, and without further development, the additional measure of commercial blockade, excluding neutrals. From Newport eastward recourse to this was postponed, because it suited the British to supply their provinces and armies with provisions shipped in neutral vessels from the ports thus exempted. The effect upon shipping in general is, nevertheless, indicated by occasional mentions. In Boston, on September 7, 1813, there were lying at the docks, exclusive of coasters, 249 sea-going vessels of all kinds, 91 being of the largest class. The figures show idleness—stagnation of employment. From December 1st to 24th, of 44 vessels which put to sea, only 5 were American. "Our coasts unnavigable to ourselves, though free to the enemy and to the money-making neutral; our harbors blockaded; our shipping destroyed or rotting at the docks; silence and stillness in our cities; the grass growing on the public wharves." This wail, in November, 1813, is that of a bitter Boston Federalist and opponent of the war; but that it embodied substantial truth is proved by many independent and incidental statements.

The central portion of the country, from Chesapeake Bay to New York, was fairly consolidated for mutual supply, because the heads of the great estuaries, where stood the distributing centres—Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York—were near together; and intercourse between them was favored by roads relatively good, as well as by natural water-ways. Northward and southward distances are greater. It is farther from New York to Boston than from New York to Baltimore. This central region was also reasonably self-supporting, from the varied occupations of the inhabitants and climatic conditions. Nevertheless, even here the harassment was severely felt. Early in 1814 the Governor of Pennsylvania, in his annual message, congratulated the people on the gratifying state of the commonwealth: a full treasury, abundant yield of agriculture, and progress of manufactures. But he added, "At no period of our history has the immense importance of internal navigation been so strikingly exemplified as since the commencement of hostilities. The transportation of produce, and the intercourse between citizens of the different States, which knit more strongly the bonds of social and political union, are greatly retarded, and through many of their accustomed channels entirely interrupted, by the water craft of the enemy, sinking, burning, and otherwise destroying the property which it cannot appropriate to its own use."

At the extremities of the country conditions were worse, owing to the almost entire dependence upon the coastwise communication thus suppressed. Whatever purely local intercourse might be maintained, neither the far North nor the far South embraced within themselves those balanced conditions of self-sustainment which distinguished the intermediate section. Quotations from Boston sources have been given. The condition of the South was graphically portrayed by a Federalist member of the House, Pearson, of North Carolina, speaking from his seat in February, 1814: "Blocked up as we are by the enemy's squadron upon our coast, corked up by our still more unmerciful embargo and non-importation laws, calculated as it were to fill up the little chasm in the ills which the enemy alone could not inflict; the entire coasting trade destroyed, and even the little pittance of intercourse from one port to the other in the same State prohibited, the planters of the Southern and Middle States, finding no market at home for their products, are driven to the alternative of wagoning them hundreds of miles, in search of a precarious market in the Northern and Eastern States, or permitting them to rot on their hands. Many articles which are, or by habit have become, neces-

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sary for comfort, are obtained at extravagant prices from other parts of the Union. The balance of trade, if trade it can be called, from these and other causes being so entirely against the Southern and Middle States, the whole of our specie is rapidly travelling to the North and East. Our bank paper is thrown back upon the institutions from which it issued; and as the war expenditures in the Southern and Middle States, where the loans have been principally obtained, are proportionately inconsiderable, the bills of these banks are daily returning, and their vaults drained of specie, to be locked up in the Eastern and Western States, never to return but with the return of prosperity."

The "unmerciful embargo" alluded to by Pearson was laid in December, 1813, two months before he spoke. It proceeded from two causes: the export trade in provisions, tolerated by the British through the Eastern ports, which they left unblockaded, and the abuse of the coasting trade by the vessels engaged in it. These in numerous instances supplied the blockaders with needed provisions; and information leaked through them to the enemy, even if it was not deliberately conveyed. It was known that the British admiral at Bermuda had contracted for fresh beef to be supplied from American ports, by American dealers, in American vessels, while Halifax teemed with similar transactions, scarcely veiled. Against this unpatriotic collusion, and support of the enemy, a sweeping law of embargo was issued, forbidding all exports, and putting the whole coasting trade under a license system, controlled by the President. The measure was found to be insupportable, affecting the tiny stream of revenue still left to the Treasury, which was rapidly approaching exhaustion. Advantage was therefore taken of the enlarging area of neutral territory in Europe, consequent upon Napoleon's being constantly driven back upon France, to repeal the law in April, 1814, and to permit trade with the neutral countries thus regaining self-government. The object of this step being apparently to increase revenue, Warren's successor, Vice-Admiral Cochrane, replied to it by extending the commercial blockade over the whole New England coast, hitherto spared, but now no longer indispensable to British purposes.

The results of the various British aggressive measures upon the seacoast of the United States is best shown by a few figures. Owing to the operation of the blockade, the exports of the country fell from $45,000,000 in 1811, to $25,000,000 in 1813, and to $7,000,000 in 1814; the several twelve months ending September 30th. The effect upon the coasting trade may be shown by the prices of two great food staples—flour, a domestic product, and sugar, an exotic. In August, 1813, flour in Richmond was $4 the barrel; in Baltimore, $6; in Philadelphia, $7.50; in New York, $8.50; in Boston, $11.87. The difference in price between the first two places, in the then centre of the wheat-producing area, and those more distant, was due to the expense and difficulty of land transportation when the coasting trade was impeded. In Boston, open to neutrals because unblockaded, sugar at the same time was quoted at $18.75 the hundred-weight. In the blockaded ports it ranged: New York, $21.50; Philadelphia, $22.50; Baltimore, $26.50. At Savannah, near the Spanish line, smuggling brought the cost down to $20. At New Orleans, where sugar was grown, the price was $9. Yet how grievously Boston was afflicted, by being unable to use her own ships for carriage, is shown by the fact that in 1811 she had imported, and then sent to Europe, foreign products to the amount of $5,944,121. In 1813 the amount fell to $302,781. It did not pay neutral vessels to carry sugar and coffee there, merely to take them away.

The movement of American shipping speaks quite as significantly. In the year ending September, 1813, although British action then was lax, out of a total of 674,853 tons of shipping, "registered" for ocean voyages, only 233,439 paid the duties exacted upon each voyage. In September, 1814, a stationary total, 674,632, shows that ship-building had ceased; of this whole, only 58,756—one ton in twelve—paid duty. Coasting vessels were not charged for their several voyages, but took out annual licenses, which they might or might not use. In 1813, of a total of 471,109, 252,440 obtained licenses. In 1814 the total fell to 466,159, of which only 189,662 were licensed. In 1816, after peace, the total rose to 522,165, the licensed to 414,594. The effect of stoppage and

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rebound is evident, and explains the scales of prices quoted. The tonnage registered for foreign trade had increased in the same year to 800,760; more than which—865,219—made a voyage.

More striking, perhaps, but not more significant, is the speculative movement of prices shown by the sudden news of peace. The intelligence reached New York Saturday, February 11, 1815, at eight in the evening. "Sugar, which on Saturday had stood at $26 the hundred-weight, fell on Monday to $12.50. Tea, from $2.25 the pound to $1. Tin from $80 the box to $25. Specie from 22 per cent. premium dropped to 2." In the next month, March, there sailed from Boston alone 144 vessels, more than half square-rigged, and all but 26 for United States ports. The bottled-up products of the country—grain, tobacco, cotton, and rice—were being rushed to market. Flour rose in two days from $7.50 to $10 the barrel; a testimony that not only foreign export, but home supply to the eastward, was now to be open. The fall in foreign products, due to freedom of import, was naturally accompanied by a rise in domestic produce, to which an open outlet afforded increased demand. In Philadelphia the exchange on Boston reflected these conditions, falling from 25 per cent. to 13. At Charleston, in three weeks of April, there arrived 158 vessels exclusive of coasters. These figures, which could be multiplied, sufficiently dispose of President Madison's doubts expressed concerning the effectiveness of the blockade.

It may then be concluded that there was little exaggeration in the words used by "a distinguished naval officer" of the day, in a letter contributed to Niles' Register: "No sooner had the enemy extended his line of cruisers from Maine to Georgia than both foreign and domestic commerce came at once to be reduced to a deplorable state of stagnation. . . . As most of the money loaned to the Government for the purposes of the war came from the pockets of merchants, they were rendered incapable of continuing disbursements, in consequence of this interruption to their trade; whence the bankruptcy with which the Government was threatened. . . . It was found necessary to remove all restrictions upon commerce, both foreign and domestic; but the merchant found no alleviation, his vessels being uniformly prevented by a strong blockading force, not only from going out, but from coming into port. The coasting trade was entirely annihilated. The southern and northern sections of the Union were unable to exchange their commodities, except upon a contracted scale through the medium of land carriage, and then at great loss; so that, upon the whole, nothing in a national point of view appeared to be more loudly called for, by men of all parties, than a naval force adequate to the protection of our commerce and the raising of the blockade of our coast."

Such is the forgotten bitter truth concerning a war which has left in the United States a prevalent impression of distinguished success, because of a few brilliant naval actions and the Battle of New Orleans. The lesson to be deduced is not that the country at that time should have sought to maintain a navy approaching equality to the British. What had been possible during the decade preceding the war, had the nation so willed, was to place the Navy on such a footing, in numbers and constitution, as would have made persistence in the course Great Britain was then following impolitic to the verge of madness; because it would have added to her enormous embarrassments the activity of an imposing maritime enemy, at the threshold of her most valuable possessions—the West Indies—three thousand miles away from her own shores and from the seat of her principal and necessary warfare.

(To be continued.)

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THE STARBOARD WATCH

By R. A. Stevenson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. L. JACOBS

THERE was nothing unusual about his appearance. You meet him every morning in Fifth Avenue, roller-skating to school, dangling a hard-handled book or two at the end of a strap. He had a snubbed nose; his Eton collar was rumpled and smudgy, his hair was towsled, but I could plainly see that William Walter Madison, rising thirteen, had something on his mind. He swung his slightly bowed legs from his chair by the window overlooking Wall Street and gazed thoughtfully at the hurrying crowds on the pavement below.

"William has disgraced us," said his father, looking solemnly at me across the shiny office desk. He paused, and slowly tapped the mahogany with his forefinger.

William craned his neck to get a better view of a Panhard that was clacking and sputtering to a circle of messengers and clerks on the opposite curb, but made no comment.

"We tried him at several schools here in the city," his father continued, "but in each case his behavior was such that we were asked to withdraw him. In September last, we placed him in a school in Connecticut. In three weeks—to be exact, in eighteen days—he was returned to me by express. Upon my word, sir, he was delivered to me with an addressed tag in his buttonhole by an Irish messenger. The masters wrote that he was incorrigible and that they had returned him by what seemed to them the safest method. I might have felt better had they declared a value on the package."

William looked interested for a moment, twisted his neck to adjust the troublesome collar, and rubbed the calf of his left leg with the toe of his right shoe. I was inclined to ask him to explain his remarkable exit from boarding-school, but his father continued:

"We then tried tutors, unsuccessfully. The last incumbent, after a four days' trial, suggested that I send him to the George Junior Republic. Naturally I was disappointed, but I tried to impress upon my son the serious consequences of his actions and was succeeding in some measure, I thought, when," he added impressively, "William ran away."

I expressed surprise. William looked at the floor.

"Yes, he was gone for two days. I employed a detective, who found him at Coney Island."

"Bath Beach," interrupted William.

"Silence," commanded his father. "We have felt his actions keenly. He has obstinately refused to tell me where he was or why he ran away. Yesterday he came to me and asked for one more trial. That explains why I asked you to call. I believe that your are interested in boys. Will you consider his case?"

I exchanged glances with William, and while he expressed no emotion at the prospect of a new educational flyer, I could see that he was taking a quick inventory of my possibilities.

"I would like to make a diagnosis," I observed professionally, "before making a decision."

"Very good," said Mr. Madison.

"William," I addressed the artist in crime, "will you walk uptown with me?"

"Surely, sir;" he slid off his chair and we prepared to depart.

As we were about to leave, the telephone buzzed. Mr. Madison took down the receiver, said "Hello, yes, all right," and hung it in its place.

"Mrs. Madison telephones," he said, "that she would be very glad to have you call this afternoon at five-thirty to talk over William. She has a wedding and a committee meeting on hand and cannot be at home sooner. I hope you will find my son interesting." He added at the door, "I confess that as yet I have not been able to solve the problem he presents."

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A few uneventful moments later we turned into Broadway for the long walk uptown.

"Billy," I remarked, looking down at his chunky little figure, "I wish ——" I have forgotten how I meant to open the conversation, for suddenly William was not there. He was darting into the street, shouting:

"There goes a hitch!"

He achieved the tail-board of a passing furniture van, settled himself, and grinned.

There were two things for me to choose between. One was to admit right there at the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway that the educational problem of William Walter was too intricate, and take a surface car. The other was to hitch on to the end of that van as quickly as I could.

"I used to like ice wagons better," I remarked when I had seated myself beside him, a bit puffy from the unusual exertion.

"They are all to the good in summer," answered William solemnly, "for you can suck ice. But the scales sometimes whack you. Besides, I always take a hitch when I get one, don't you?"

I confessed inexperience and we rode in silence for several blocks. The tail of a wagon furnishes opportunities for observation, but it is not a dignified view-point for a teacher of youth. I thought of my silk hat and hoped that no one I knew would see me. William, on the other hand, appeared to be enjoying the scenery, and swung his legs with evident joy. His profile showed a line or two of thought, but I was not prepared for his first observation.

"You are game all right," he said at Park Place.

"Thanks," I replied, pleased to know that I had passed my first examination.

"People wouldn't look at you if you didn't have that dip on." He pointed to my hat, and I felt the sympathy in his remark. William probably walked to church on Sunday morning stiffly arrayed in a bob-tailed Eton jacket and baggy grey trousers.

His consideration was helpful, but it did not add to my peace of mind. Men turned to look and I heard a typewriter girl giggle as we passed close to the curb. I felt uneasy and was considering how I could descend with my dignity—and William—and was about to test the persuasive influence of a soda-water treat when he asked in an off-hand way:

"Did you ever run away?"

I forgot my embarrassment and decided at once to stay aboard.

"I was rubbered awful," he continued sadly.

"So was I;" I drew on my imagination, but the story was hanging in the balance. "They found me in four hours."

"They didn't find me," said William emphatically. "That is, the detective ran across me after I had quit running away. I was running home then."

"Of course," I answered, "you couldn't have had a very good time. What happened?"

It was dangerous to ask the direct question, but William Walter was wrapped in his own thoughts and apparently did not hear me.

"Did you ever read 'Treasure Island' and 'Wrecked in the South Seas' and 'A Cabin Boy in the Antilles'?" he asked dreamily. And then I knew that if I was patient and the van didn't stop I would hear something interesting.

"Rattling good books," I replied.

"They are simply corking," said William. "All about wrecks and sandal-wood and coral and cocoanuts and yams and things. Uncle Billy gave them to me last Christmas. I often thought I'd like to be a sailor. Did you?"

"About once a month." I was very anxious to hear the story of William's life.

"And when I came home from boarding-school—that was funny—father was very much put out. He told me that ever since his father had come to New York with fifty cents and worked hard and succeeded, there never was a Madison that had disgraced the family the way I was going to do when I got hung or something else that was bad. I felt bad—really I did—and I thought they could get along better without me, so I asked father if I couldn't go out West on a ranch he owns, and he said Nonsense! And mamma asked me what her father would think if he knew his namesake was growing up the way I was, and I didn't know, for he is dead, and she cried. I didn't feel very pert myself, so I skipped one day."

"But you came back."

"Yes, I came back." There was a faint

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smile on William's face. "I happened to go down to South Street one afternoon. It's great down there. You ought to go. My tutors used to take me down there when they couldn't think of anything else to do, but they never stayed half long enough. I found the dandiest little schooner you ever saw. She was low and rakish, just like a pirate. There was a bully little cabin with a stove pipe sticking out of the roof and an anchor and coils of rope and everything. Her name was the *Sadie B.* I sat on the dock looking at her, and when a man came out of the cabin I asked him if I couldn't go aboard. He said I could. I didn't think he was much of a sailor, for he wore a derby hat and suspenders. After I had taken a look round I made up my mind that she was a pretty good boat, and I went back to where the sailor was reading a dirty newspaper on the roof of the cabin, and I asked him if he ever sailed to the South Seas.

"'What do you want to know for, Sonny?' he said.

"I told him that I was looking for a ship that sailed to the South, because if I got the right one I might like to ship as a cabin boy. The notion had come to me very sudden. Most of my notions do, and when they pop in that way I generally go to work and do something crazy. One of my tutors told me once that it was Satan. Do you believe that?"

"There are those who call it Original Sin," I answered; "but what did the sailor say?"

"Well he grinned and said, 'Gee whiz! this is funny. I have been looking for a cabin boy for two weeks. Just as soon as I get one we are going to set sail for the South.' I asked him if it was for sandal-wood and he said that there was nothing he liked better than to go after sandal-wood, but that it wasn't the season just then. He thought they'd go for coral. Then he told me a lot of stories—spun yarns, I mean—and I saw that I had made a mistake about his not being a sailor, for he was very interesting and had been wrecked a great many times—so many times that he said he was getting used to it. He said that I could ship with him if I wanted to. It was to be a short voyage, and as he was the captain we could fix the whole matter up right then.

"I said I'd go, and I wanted to go and get an oilskin; but the captain gave me one the last cabin boy had before he was promoted. He said, though, that I ought to have some tobacco, so I told him to get some and send the bill to father so that he would get it after we sailed, for I didn't think he would approve of my going. The captain said that I had better pay cash, so I gave him all I had and he clapped me on the back and said that I was open-handed and there was no doubt about it, I would make a good sailor. Then when some more men came aboard he told me that I could go out and be the starboard watch while they got supper.

"That was a great supper. We had ham and fried potatoes with onions in them the way I like them. Mamma will never let the cook serve them that way at home, so I ate a great many. The sailors told me that I had better eat a lot, for I'd probably be sick when we got out to sea and it was a good thing to have something to work on. I'd get better quicker. After supper we sat on the deck and one of the sailors showed me how to tie a half hitch and a bowline. I'll show you some day if you'd like it.

"About dark a tug boat came puffing up and the captain said it was time to get busy. The sailors didn't hitch up their pants and sing out 'Heave Ho, My Hearties," the way they do in 'Treasure Island,' but they swore all right and I hummed 'Sixteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo Ho, and a Bottle of Rum.' The first thing I knew we were out in the river and floating past the Battery.

"It was lots better than the way you go to Europe. We were close down by the water and everything looked different. The captain let me hold the other side of the wheel and once he let me hold it all by myself while he went forward to get a chew of tobacco from one of the crew. It was dark when we got to the Statue of Liberty, and the light was lit. The lights down there are all right—specially back in the big buildings. I took a long look at them and the red and green lights of the ferry-boats that crossed from side to side, and I said good-by to my native land.

"I wondered how they were getting along at home; for you know father is a good sport when he has time, and I don't like to hurt his feelings no matter what he

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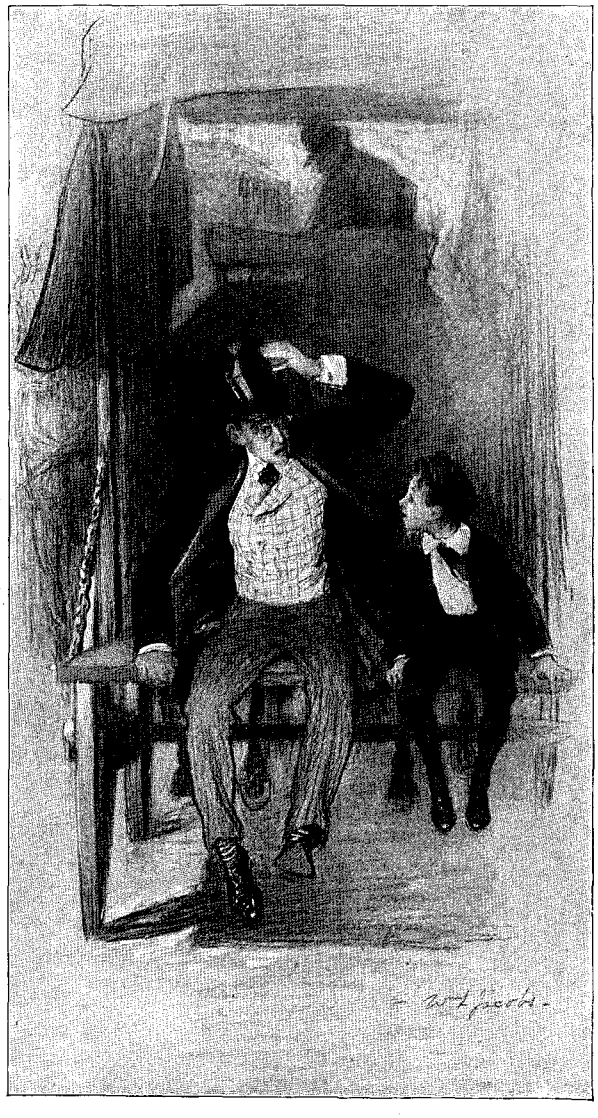
thinks, and mamma can't understand. Now last summer, she hauled me all over London on top of a 'bus, and the other day when I wanted to go out on the 'bus here and have some fun with the man with the megaphone she said it was common. Now isn't that funny."

"Yes; and the schooner?"

"Well, I was a little lonely and I was glad when the captain said it was time for the starboard watch to go to bed. But I didn't go to sleep right away; the bunk was rather mussy. Perhaps I was a little homesick; it might have been the fried potatoes—anyhow I didn't.

"When I woke up the next morning I thought we would be out of sight of land and I would have to get busy to find my sea legs; but there wasn't any motion and it was as still as anything. I looked out of the window and I saw green piles with barnacles on them. Then I hustled up on the deck to see what the matter was, and there was the *Sadie B.* tied up to a dock. There was a gang-plank down and the crew were wheeling sand from a pile and dumping it in the hold.

"The captain was sitting on the edge of the dock and I asked him what was wrong. He said that the night before when he got outside the Hook, he discovered that he didn't have enough ballast aboard and he had to come back and get some. I thought it was too bad, and he thought so too, for it was such fine sailing weather, and the weather man said it was going to rain the next day. That reminded me that I wanted to know how the Princeton-Cornell game had come out, so I asked him to let me see the paper he had. He said that it was time for the starboard watch to light the fire for breakfast. I asked him if the port watch couldn't do it, and he said that that was mutiny and that when he was a boy sailing on the Spanish Main, he would have got whacked on the head with a belaying pin for half that much back talk. Anyhow the port watch was wheeling sand. What is a belaying pin anyhow? I didn't see one that whole trip.



"You are game all right," he said at Park Place.—Page 499.

"The captain seemed to know his business, so I lit the fire and we had breakfast. I didn't like the potatoes quite so much, and afterwards the captain set me to work cleaning lanterns. I found that the star-

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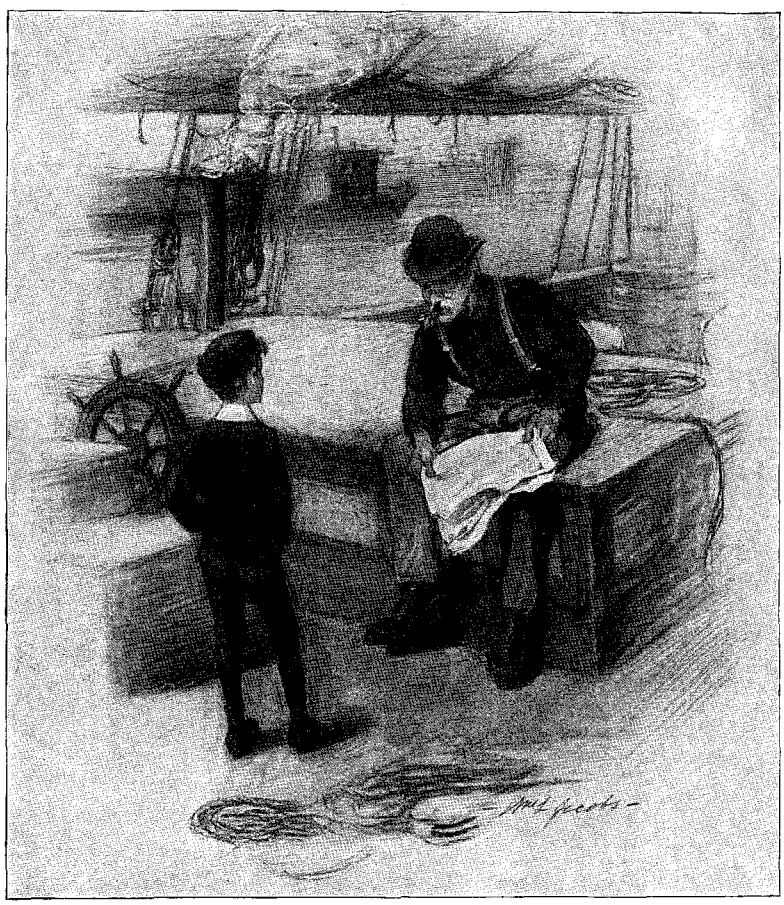
board watch has no cinch. I wanted to go ashore a couple of times, but there was always something for the starboard watch to do. Besides, the captain said that the only way to get your sea legs on was to stay on the sea. There wasn't any sea on, but he said I would gradually get my sea legs, and when there was a sea I would be glad. Sort of like taking your coat off in the house so as not to catch cold when you go out. That captain was a reader. He sent a man for the papers a couple of times, but somehow or other I never got a chance to see them. There was always something for me to do, and I was thinking of asking him to put me on some other watch, when one of the crew went ashore and came back pretty soon with something in a can. The captain winked at me and said it was time for the crew to splice the main brace. I knew what that meant, for King Edward did it once.

"They told me to scrub down the deck, for the ballast was nearly all on board, so I slopped water around the way the men do it on the ferry-boats, and it wasn't bad fun. I was having a pretty good time when a boy came out on the dock. He said 'Hello,' and so did I. We talked a little, and he asked me who I was and how much I got a week—because he made five dollars selling papers. I told him I was the cabin boy, and I supposed I'd get a share of the cargo when we got back.

"'Where do you think you're going?' he said.

"I told him we were going to the South Seas, if we had good luck. You ought to



"I might like to ship as a cabin boy."—Page 500.

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"It was lots better than the way you go to Europe."—Page 500.

have seen that boy laugh. I was getting mad, and I guess I would have punched him if he hadn't said:

"'You're on Bill Ryan's *sand lighter*, and you're going back to New York just as soon as they get loaded up. He comes down here twice a week.'

"Perhaps I didn't feel foolish. It took me just about a minute to see what was up. The captain thought that he would get a reward for me, and that was why he was reading so many papers. But he got left. I made up my mind that the best thing for me to do was to take a quick, rapid sneak. I told the boy that I was going to desert, and I asked him if he would help me. He said he would and I began to feel better right away, for something was doing; and all the boys in the Henty books braced up when they got in a tight hole. I unfolded my plan to the boy after thinking it out, and he said that he thought that it was a good one. I told him to sneak round behind the sand pile, and when I gave the signal he was to untie—I mean cast off—the rope that held the *Sadie B.* behind. Then I scooted along the deck and got a hatchet out of the tool box. That was exciting, for I had to pass the cabin and I could see the crew inside blowing the foam off their main brace. Then I went back, and it was just like being in a real adventure, and it was very exciting. I gave a low whistle, and when I saw the boat drifting out behind, I jumped up on the dock and I gave the rope that held the *Sadie B.* in front a whack with the hatchet, and cut it through, and then I left. The boy came with me, and I don't know what became of the *Sadie B.* I looked back once and she was drifting down on an oyster boat and the crew were running round on the deck. They looked to me as if they were saying something.

"It would have been more exciting if they had pursued us, but they didn't. I guess they were too busy, and we ran along until we came to a car that was standing on a switch, and it had New York on a board in front. I told the boy that I was going home. That boy was all right, for he helped me when I needed it; so I gave him my rabbit's foot, and made him swear deed and double, cross your heart, hope to die, that he wouldn't tell anyone if they pursued me. Then I got on the car and started home. When the conductor came and asked me for my fare I had to ask him if he wouldn't lend me a nickel, and I told him father would pay him. He asked who my father was and I told him. He looked very much pleased and said it was all right. He said it was just like finding money, and I didn't understand him then. When we got to the car barn he called up a cop and I had to stay there till a man came. He was the detective father had sent out for me. He

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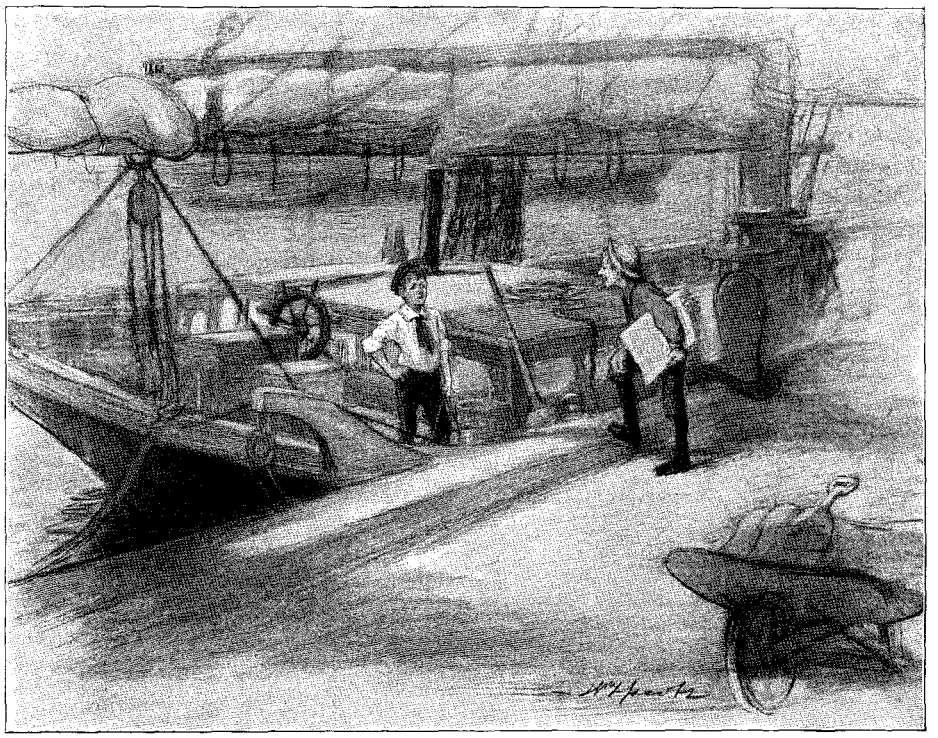

"He made five dollars a week selling papers."—Page 502.

wasn't a bad fellow, though, for he told me stories on the way home, and I had a good time, for it was funny to read over the shoulders of men that had papers that I was lost, for I wasn't—— Cheese it! cheese it!"

William suddenly scrambled into the recesses of the van.

"Come in here," he whispered excitedly. "There is mother with Mrs. Lexington, and she'd have a fit if she saw you."

We were rumbling past Grace Church. The pavements were crowded with shoppers and the curious that collect when the awnings are out for a wedding. Behind us a carriage was circling into the curb. I looked once; I had not met Mrs. Madison, and I was very glad.

"Billy"— I was terribly in earnest, and I spoke with emphasis—"I'll tell your father how you got rubbered if you don't get off with me at once."

"Suppose I tell mother about our ride." William was a diplomat.

"What kind of soda-water do you like?" I asked.

"Chocolate," answered William, promptly honoring my flag of truce; and we got off at Eleventh Street.

"Why don't you tell your father about your trip?" I asked, as the fizz was being shot into our drinks.

"Maybe I ought to, and I will some day; but you know I feel foolish, for he had to pay that conductor the reward for giving information where I was, which I would have given for nothing in about an hour. And he would laugh and I would never hear the end of it from Uncle Billy. You know how it is."

"I think I understand," I agreed; "I won't tell."

An hour later he ushered me into his mother's drawing-room, mumbled an incoherent presentation, and retired.

"Haven't I met you before?" asked Mrs. Madison, with a puzzled expression as she held out her hand.

"I wonder where it could have been," I answered weakly.

A faint sputter came from the door. I turned in time to see William's face wreathed in the curtains. He wore a grin, and a forefinger was laid across his lips. I compounded the crime and took William.

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MY BED

By Amos R. Wells

It is a narrow inn, shall I confess?
But amply broad enough for weariness.

No lights flare out a greeting; but what cheer,
What flowing sweet tranquillity is here!

All silent is the caravansery,
And no obsequious landlord welcomes me.

A-weary from the ways of toil and sin,
Through one half-open door I stumble in.

Soft on the yielding floor I sink and fall,
The only guest in that mysterious hall.

Unseen, unheard, the servants come and go,
And weave a wierd bewitchment to and fro.

A noiseless butler pours a shadowy wine,
And witless, prone upon my back, I dine.

Smooth hands caress me, reached I know not whence,
And lay a subtle charm on every sense.

Kind porters come a-tiptoe, grave and gray,
And bear my heavy burdens all away.

What passes there I never rightly ken,
So strange the place from all the modes of men.

But whether more or little understood,
I hereby testify the inn is good.

And if, as gossip rumors all agree,
This landlord keeps another hostelry,

Where, at the end of my last journey, I
A little longer while am like to lie,

I'll know the second inn is kind as this,
And greet its narrow doorway with a kiss.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE was once a man who objected to the quarter-hour chime of bells added by a generous citizen to the equipment of a neighboring church clock, on the ground that he "hated to be brought face to face with eternity every fifteen minutes." On very similar grounds not a few Americans object to a presidential election every four years. They "hate to be brought face to face" at such short recurrent notice with the duty of definite decision on issues in merit more or less mixed. They accept the dictum of Bagehot that the function of statesmanship under modern conditions "is the recording of the views of a confused nation." Occasionally, as all recognize, a genuine paramount issue may press for settlement on the predetermined date of a presidential election, thus by a happy chance securing a popular mandate at the psychological moment. But oftener, with no clean-cut issues dividing party from party, conservatism naturally prefers the maintenance of existing policies, with their perfected business adjustments, quite regardless of defects. It deprecates the necessity for reconsideration merely because another period of four years is completed, or the agitation for even a desirable reform on lines of indefinite promise. If conservatism had its way, it would probably seek to substitute some more elastic system by which elections would more closely coincide with an imperative call for popular decision of a dominating issue. Thus, the issue determining the election rather than the election the issue, it might be hoped to secure the tranquillity of a greater comparative finality in politics.

As to Finality in Politics.

Curiously, however, for such a contention, issues have been known to persist or to settle themselves in ways quite unlooked for, and regardless of the usual and expected workings of any given system. To choose for illustration an incident essentially of our own time, yet one removed by almost forty years from all but academic dispute, the extension in 1867 of the suffrage in England to nearly a million new voters was a marvel of unanticipated finality in politics. "In every respect extraordinary," is Morley's characterization of it in his Life of Gladstone. "The great reform," says Morley, "was carried by a Parliament elected to support Lord Palmerston, and Lord Palmerston detested reform. It was carried by a government in a decided minority. It was carried by a minister [Disraeli], and by a leader of the opposition [Gladstone], neither of whom was at the time in the full confidence of his party. Finally it was carried by a House of Commons that the year before had, in effect, rejected a measure for the admission of only 400,000 new voters"—the measure introduced by the ministry of Lord Russell, whose leader in the House of Commons was Gladstone. Thus in a fashion almost un-English, without submission to the electorate, and in response to a popular demand only as expressed in occasional demonstration by mass meeting and procession—a demonstration in which, it is interesting to note in passing, bodies of trade-unionists were as such first conspicuous politically—was wrought out the completion of the work of the great Reform Bill of 1832. In the preceding debate, better remembered, perhaps, than its occasion—a debate noteworthy for adding to the vocabulary of politics John Bright's famous "Cave of Adullam," and Robert Lowe's biting comment on the *finale*, "Now we must at least educate our new masters"—one broad generalization by Gladstone stands forth preëminent. "You cannot," he exclaimed, as he faced the conceded defeat of his own original measure, "you cannot fight

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against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—those great social forces are against you."

Here Gladstone touched the crux of the question of finality in politics. But unfortunately for his practical conclusiveness, futile as must be any fight against the future, it still remains that the keenest foresight is often at fault to determine the course of the great social forces. It is open to doubt whether Gladstone himself, as he in that impassioned moment predicted "perhaps not an easy, but a certain, and a not distant victory," did not speak rather with the confidence of impelling enthusiasm than with the warrant of an assured faith. The *dénouement* reads like the familiar story of the idealist forcing the situation for the opportunist, who by the clever intuition of a Disraeli foresees and forestalls the inevitable outcome—perhaps selfishly, perhaps patriotically, and perhaps both selfishly and patriotically. It is in no sense depreciation of the great service of the idealist, in life acknowledged by the world as it affects the "other fellow," and in death universally honored, to recognize also the practical service of the opportunist, who divines when and how best to reach a working agreement on a disturbing question. To justify some anomalies, even abuses, in order to secure the abolition of others, is doubtless to be counted as politics and not statesmanship. So at least seems to be classed that representative and best-abused of opportunists, Lord Macaulay, who, in the debate on the great Reform Bill of 1832, opposed uniform representation and, through "distrust of all general theories of government," praised the ministry "for not effacing the old distinction between the towns and the counties." But in so far as Macaulay thus contributed to the passage of the bill which gave England a partial settlement for thirty-five years, quieting a contention that threatened revolution, he deserved the tribute paid to him of supporting "that party which is just enough in advance of the age to be of service to it." This is another word for the party of capacity to give the greatest degree of finality in politics—a party, however, whose effective service can only begin when the agitation of the idealists has done its perfect work.

The Color Line in Dress.

WHEN a few months ago I read a graceful tale, the moral of which turned upon whether a blue ribbon or a white ribbon best became an ochre-yellow cat with turquoise eyes, it seemed to me an omen of promise, a pale forecast of greater attention on the part of novelists and story-tellers to the question of color in dress. The modern heroine of fiction suffers from a limitation of wardrobe hardly less extreme than her sister of Thackeray's day and Trollope's, when a simple white muslin, with now and then a touch of heavenly blue to emphasize its symbolism, did service upon all sentimental occasions. Who can forget the satiric vision of Rebecca appearing for the first time in the Sedley dining-room in a pure white gown. With this and her white shoulders, Thackeray sadly comments, she was "the picture of youth, unprotected innocence, and humble virgin simplicity." And it was in white muslin that Amelia won the unsophisticated heart of Dobbin, and even the tall and slender figure enshrining Ethel Newcome's sapient individuality is constantly enveloped in clouds of filmy white with azure ribbons floating over them.

Mr. Henry James, among Thackeray's worthy successors, has followed somewhat slavishly in Thackeray's steps through this one corner of his extended field of observation, and his lack of originality is the more marked that in rooms and gardens and environments determined by the taste of man his color schemes are the most distinguished to be found in modern literature. His effects have the delicately tinted, dim, and tremulous tone of Corot's pictures, save in his less vital works, where they deaden into the flat blues and pinks and creamy whites of the old pastellists. But his first favorite in color for women's dress is that of the conventional masculine author. He riots in the débutante's snowy draperies, and he signalizes the return to the world of his beautiful Madame de Cintré by clothing her in white with a blue cloak hanging to her feet, its silver clasp combining with its hue to suggest vaguely and entrancingly the heavens adorned by the crescent moon. He has, however, his moments of illumination. His Milly Theale in her diaphanous mourning, with her red hair and translucent skin, makes a Whistler portrait of that master's best period, and his "reduced gentlewomen" in sober grays are touching examples of feminine renunciation.

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It requires a poetic soul to draw from gray and black æsthetic inspiration, but the loveliest heroine of all modern fiction subdues her loveliness to such a sober setting. I wonder if any one who ten years ago read "Peter Ibbetson" has forgotten the black dress trimmed with gray, the black and gray hat, and the scent of sandal-wood, all vividly associated with the dream-life of Mimsey, the Duchess of Towers? There is an appreciable artistic merit in the contrast between the solemn sentiment of the garb and the tender human passion of the duchess to which readers alert to impressions of pictorial quality immediately assent.

With the same instinct for felicitous association, William Morris insisted that the visionary but somewhat earthly women of his decorative romances should beautifully embroider their gowns with their own hands in the brightest and most heart-enlivening hues. The effect of color upon the spirits was a feature of his artistic creed, and in his "Land of Nowhere," void of unhappiness, the people, men and women alike, walk in shining garments, making of their thoroughfares perpetual rainbows leading to golden dreams.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is another writer keenly alive to the psychological aspects of the colors affected by her heroines. In "Avis" the red curtain is made to palpitate to the young girl's fervor of emotion, and in "A Singular Life" Helen's purple conveys the same sympathetic suggestion. The properly responsive reader sees in the first the suffering, and in the second the triumph of love.

By fully utilizing the symbolic value still attached to different colors in certain countries a clever novelist might almost define his plot in advance. White for innocence, blue for fidelity, yellow for jealousy, red for cruelty, black for depression of spirits—many a popular novel has been constructed upon no more complicated lines. And the symbolism might be prettily extended by the adoption of color names, such as abounded in the Middle Ages. I should like to see such lively cognomens as Vyolet, Goldheu, Bluet, Redheud, Gowlde, and Silver upon the pages of our colorless volumes. Stevenson's John Silver certainly is responsible for some of the vitality in "Treasure Island" and stands for his author's love of pictorial words.

But without resorting to these methods of emphasizing color as an element of literature, the charm of fiction unquestionably could be enhanced by a more liberal sense on the part of writers of the place occupied in human satisfaction by rich hues and harmonious tints. No one lives with soul so dead as to acknowledge no favorite color. That ancient, searching catechism that went by the name of the "Mental Autograph Album" is a faded but authentic testimony to the universality of color preferences in the previous generation which took its introspection so seriously, and I am willing today to confess that Grizel, the heart-breaking child of Barrie's tenderest imagination, is dearer to me because of the little brown jacket with its brown fur collar. She invariably appears to me in a brume but glowing mist, out of which shines the honest kindness of her pure face; the color of her plain garb bringing to my mind the rich depths of shadow in the hair of Rubens's women, the lucent splendors of Cyprian wine, the dusky half-tones of frosted oak leaves.

Surely if the mediæval illuminators could adorn their saints on missal and triptych with all the pagan coloring of splendid nature, the modern novelist can permit his heroines—seldom extraordinary in saintliness—a wider range of æsthetic dress than the customary white and blue or chastened gray. One sighs for a second Clara Middleton, accomplished in "the art of dressing to suit the season and the sky," and drifting across the summer day in a ravishing concord of red rose and green and silver and ivory.

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THE FIELD OF ART

WATTS, A PAINTER OF PORTRAITS

IN pursuance of a custom which obtains on the death of a man conspicuous in the arts, there will doubtless be placed on exhibition, sooner or later, in England, as large a collection as can be got together of the personal output of the late George Frederick Watts. The collection in this case will include imaginative works, many of large size, works in sculpture, and lastly a series of portraits which for personal interest, aside from their artistic merits, will possibly surpass the production of any contemporary painter of portraits that we may call to mind. Not that the confrères of Watts, whose business it has been to paint portraits, may not have numbered among their sitters as many illustrious names as did the painter we are discussing, but it is indeed doubtful if their aggregate work would as inevitably produce the impression of such subtle interpretation of temperament and character as marks these "human documents" left to the nation by Watts. Much has been said and much will be said of the didactic, the literary side of this painter's art,—of his intellectual and moral elevation, of the fact that he was a painter of ideas, that he sought to give expression to thoughts that were more properly the subjects of poetry or prose, a writer's theme treated through the medium of plastic or graphic art. Much in this position may be true criticism and, from certain premises, successfully maintained—but this attitude would require more lines to elucidate, either *pro* or *con*, than these to which the present writer is limited. The question is perhaps more properly, did Watts, with his technical inadequacy, impress?—and in what was he most impressive? Here is a man so handicapped by limitations, both in drawing and painting, from the point of view of the skilled workman, the virtuoso, that he seems to this expert most inadequately equipped for the mere business of painting; for actual painting is a handicraft, a business. Watts had not much of this. Where can we recall technical passages of this painter that can compare with the competent charm of handling and lovely qualities of paint that, to quote another modern, Manet, frequently offered to the connoisseur? I know of none. But, conceding this, conceding inadequate drawing, conceding painfully labored pigment, let us not forget that Watts was something above technique—he was an artist. His compositions, literary if you will, were conceived and carried out with an appreciation that the human mind instinctively demands *design* in a given space that is to graphically convey an idea; and in drawing, even Watts seemed to possess the essential at times, and produced a sense of power that often moved the spectator. He possessed, too, an instinct for line, and an admirable feeling for quantity in spaces, and balance of light and shade. In color he often left much to be desired, but here also, in his portraits, he was sonorous and tonal to a superb degree. After all, may it not be through his portraits that he will finally make the strongest appeal to the judgment of posterity?

For insight, differentiation of character, noble attitude of mind in the presence of his sitter—a quality most to be desired in a portrait painter—Watts may be rated high—I should say very high. In the notable series of portraits which, in 1884, was placed on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, the qualities above mentioned were conspicuous with, in addition, a pervading sense of powerful and harmonious color. This is much. He has left priceless records of men who have made Victorian England illustrious. Happy the nation that possesses such an artist, and happy the nation that has the good judgment to perpetuate her sons through the medium of art while they are still living and producing—an example that other countries might profitably follow. England was proud of Watts, and honored him—a baronetcy he would not accept, but the gift to the nation of practically the work of his lifetime is the legacy of the artist to the country that recognized his greatness and sought in the conventional way to acknowledge it.

FRANK FOWLER.

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GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS: AN APPRECIATION

SPEAKING of Watts, "He makes me forget," remarked an artist, "that I am looking at a picture; I find myself inquiring what kind of life I have been living lately. As an artist, I may be at odds with him sometimes upon technical points, but first and foremost I forget that I am an artist, and only know myself a man in presence of illumination and noble intention."

It is a convenient statement with which to preface an appreciation of Watts, because, while it emphasizes the ethical side of his work, as he himself did, it also brings into view the technical, by which, as an artist, he is bound to be estimated. He is known to the world as a painter of ideas, and, while multitudes have been thankful for the fact, others have found in it a two-fold condemnation: the broadly sweeping one that painting is not concerned with ideas but with certain technical problems, and the more personal one that his particular techique is objectionable.

A man's work should be judged from the point of view which he himself deliberately selects, and Watts regarded himself as a painter with a message for humanity. He used to say that if he had had the gift of words, in which, by the way, he was far from being deficient, he would have reached the world through writing; as it was, he could paint, and that gift he cultivated, not for anything in itself that seemed desirable, but as a servant for the conveyance of his message. Then what of the latter?

It is not as fanciful, as it may appear at first sight, to couple Watts with Hogarth. If we except Blake, as being more an illustrator than a painter, these two stand out, with Turner, the most original, quite possibly the only truly original, artists that the English school has produced. Each believed himself to have a mission, and in both cases it was ethical; a product in Hogarth's of the Puritan conscience, in Watts's of that suave austerity that marked the higher agnosticism of the mid-nineteenth century. Think of Hogarth, on the one hand, audaciously tilting at the pseudo-idealism which had survived from the decadence of Italian art with his sharp satirical realism; on the other, publishing, under the respectable indorsement of acts of Parliament, pictorial sermons bristling with dogmatisms, the dogmatism of facts of condemnation. Then think of Watts, belonging to an age in which many of the finest intellects had shaken themselves free of dogma and were openly avowing agnosticism, but agnosticism of that nobler kind, which, while it admitted it did not *know*, was as far as possible from asserting that it did not *care*; was, indeed, in a condition of doubting faith, but also of faithful doubt. To the materialism which accompanied an age of machinery he held up a lofty idealism; to the indifferentism that characterized in commoner minds the loss of fixed beliefs a noble avowal of the essential seriousness of life. Add that the loftiness of his idealism included the manner of representation as well as the quality of the idea, and, knowing his admiration for the great Venetian masters, we may picture him to our comprehension as having much of Tintoretto in his artistic soul, in his man-soul not a little of the spirit of Cato.

For there is nothing of asceticism in Watts's work, neither the Puritan form of it nor the more general Christian kind that appears in the work of the Italian Primitives and reappears in Burne-Jones. Austere he is, but always with a gracious gravity; with something of the opulence of nature, its bigness, its perennialness and magnificent aloofness.

For, as it has been well said, he had adopted, consciously or unconsciously, for his own purpose that splendid paradox of Christianity, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." A man of beautiful humility, he had yet the staunchest belief in himself and in the righteousness of his view of art; and the latter involved not only the general axiom that art should tend to the uplifting of mankind, but the further postulate that his particular art should be of the kind which would appeal to people of all degrees of culture and ignorance and of every age. No man ever worked more deliberately for posthumous and enduring recognition. While most men with more or less consciousness reflect the spirit of their own age, Watts steadily searched out and essayed to represent those truths of life and love and death which are constant and inescapable, and in such a way as to be universally and perpetually intelligible.

Briefly, Watts's eminence in the region of idealistic painting consists in this, that he created new types, based not upon local or temporal accidents, but upon the everlasting relationship of man with nature; and

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in this respect he ranks with the German Boecklin as most original among the painters of the nineteenth century. For the same reason he missed that popular success which depends upon the artist jumping exactly with the rhythm of the time. Yet we have a significant indorsement to the reality of his appeal in the testimony of a head of one of the East Side Missions in London, that no exhibition held there ever aroused so much interest among the people as Watts's.

Significant of his point of view as an artist is the fact that to the majority he is perhaps better known as a painter of portraits than of ideal subjects. One may say that by painting these he kept his touch with the facts of life; wherein he differed from such other painters of the ideal in his time as Rossetti and Burne-Jones. While both of these artists projected their minds upon the background of the past, Rossetti being, indeed, a reincarnation of the early Renaissance, Burne-Jones the interpreter of a past that never existed, save in the imagination of poets, Watts lived and thought and painted in the present. Yet while he fronted living facts, he brought to them the vision of the idealist. In his portraits it is not so much the individual that he represents as the type; and with such a concentrated insight that the import of these portraits will be greater to men not personally acquainted with the originals, since in his reverence for the type he occasionally missed the obvious facts of the individual.

Yet in a technical way they will not stand comparison with the work of many of his contemporaries; for example, with the epigrammatic brilliancy of Blanche, the sturdy improvisation of Lucien Simon, the flashing momentariness of expression of Lenbach and Boldini, or the audacious actuality of Sargent. Technically they are less inspired. But, on the other hand, Watts would as soon have looked for inspiration in his butler, if he permitted himself such a luxury, as in his technique. Both were servants engaged for specific duties, but not to regulate the ideals of the master. On the other hand, he did not underrate the manifest, necessary cooperation of his servant.

To reach a rapid conclusion of Watts's technical ability, we may peg out at once a claim for draughtsmanship, and allow that it is somewhat barren of the verdure of painter quality.

He was a self-taught artist. From a few weeks' study in the Academy schools he escaped to the Elgin Room in the British Museum. The Marbles, as he used to say, were the only teachers that he ever had. This would seem to indicate that as a youth he had a temperamental preference for form —for the large and simple, monumental aspects of it. In later life he practised sculpture, and even in his pictures betrays no little of the sculptor's feeling. Thus to mention only one point, a very significant one, he always kept his outlines clear, even while surrounding the figure with vagueness. For although the expression of the figure may be frail, as in the picture of "Hope," the facts of bodily substance are strongly, almost severely, emphasized, and over and over again Watts has proved his delight in robustness of form, in massiveness of bulk, and marble or bronze-like firmness. Indeed, there can be little doubt that what attracted him in the Venetians was not their sensuous qualities of color, but their large, free, ample treatment of form.

His own use of color was regulated by this preference for the large, tempered with asperity. He had an aversion to what he termed the smearing of pigments; laid them on in pure tints, and with sharp edges where they impinged; sometimes employed raw tones and contrasts of color, crudely assertive, but more frequently worked over them until the figures showed through a veil of reflected light. This combination of an almost childish delight in what is raw and crude and gigantesque with austere restraint, expressed too with singularly unfacile brush strokes, often makes the color qualities of his pictures uncouth and uninviting, only acceptable in time, as one becomes inured to them; either discovering their close affinity with the purpose and temper of the artist's mind, or losing sight of them in the superior qualities of line and form. For it is in these latter that the essential grandeur of Watts's craftsmanship is displayed.

Hogarth had his line of beauty, characteristically dogmatic; the beauty of Watts's use of line consists in its freedom and fluency of expression, in its having a mental and moral as well as an æsthetic value. Withal it is severely simple, strictly architectonic. For example, in that masterpiece, "Love and Death," the centre line of the latter figure's back, carried down through the drapery, is the line about which all the composition is

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based. It is the key also to the expression of the picture, fixing at once in simplest and directest terms the artist's complex conception of Death, that unites with resistless force a tender and grave compassion; emphasizing also the frantic, ineffectual desperation, expressed in the figure of Love. Again in the full-length group "Orpheus and Eurydice," what a force of despair and helplessness is expressed in the vertical lines of the legs—the man's stiffened with the vehemence of the strain, the others limp and drooping! What a magnificent languor in the lines of the sleeping "Endymion" and rapidity of whirlpool movement in those of the Diana! How infinitely moving the purity and anguish of his Psyche, and tremulously virginal that bud of maidenhood by which he has symbolized Life in the picture presented by the artist to this country! It has aroused some, no doubt, honest indignation on the score of being indecent. Except that there is a dislike in many people's minds of the use of the nude, a confusion, indeed, of nude and naked, and that the majority are quite unable to read and enjoy the language of line, the objection would be inconceivable, for not only is the figure clothed with purity, but its appeal for protection is so piteous as to shame even a libertine. It is treated, indeed, in a way that not only represents, but admonishes to purity.

Corresponding with Watts's eloquence of line are his use and rendering of form. It is used with symbolical intent, but in a way as far removed as possible from the conventionalities of so-called symbolic painting. To paint a woman and put a mirror in her hand, and call her Truth, would have been impossible for him; probably not a single such object to point the meaning occurs in all his pictures; he had a horror of the conventional, the superficial, the accidental. Always it was the fundamental, the abiding, the perennially understandable thing that he sought to express; so that all his pictures arouse at once certain well-felt sensations of emotion, for his thought has become embodied in flesh. His constant practice of portraiture kept his use of figures very real and human, yet he had a dread of drifting into realism. We have noted that his portraits were strongly tinged with idealism, and he kept his subject pictures idealistic by never painting from the model. Draw from it he did, to discover the secret of some movement or gesture by means of which his imagination had planned to express itself. But the secret once mastered, he put even the drawings aside and let nothing come between the mutual working of his brain and hand. This habit may explain certain passages of indifferent drawing, of which, however, too much has been made by some critics, who overlook on the one hand the examples of beautiful drawing and modelling that abound in his works, and also the still more important facts that these blemishes were incidental to his mode of working, the price that he had to pay, consciously we must believe and regretfully, for what he deemed to be the pearl of great price. And let us not forget that impeccability in art, as in life, is a rather tedious and middle-class virtue; and that daring to be wrong for a greater right is not the least honorable element of genius.

Aloof from the turmoil of contending schools, serenely poised amid the reeling of beliefs, sane and strong in his confidence that human life was fundamentally beautiful, with a hatred of sordidness and sin, and a huge, wholesome sympathy with human efforts and yearnings, for nearly seventy years he lived and worked upon the mountains of Imagination, a signal figure in the world of art. A creator he certainly has been, and of types so fundamentally intelligible, symbols of facts so inseparable from human experience, and wrought with a craftsmanship which, at its best, has such grandeur and impressiveness that it seems more than probable the desire of his life will be achieved.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

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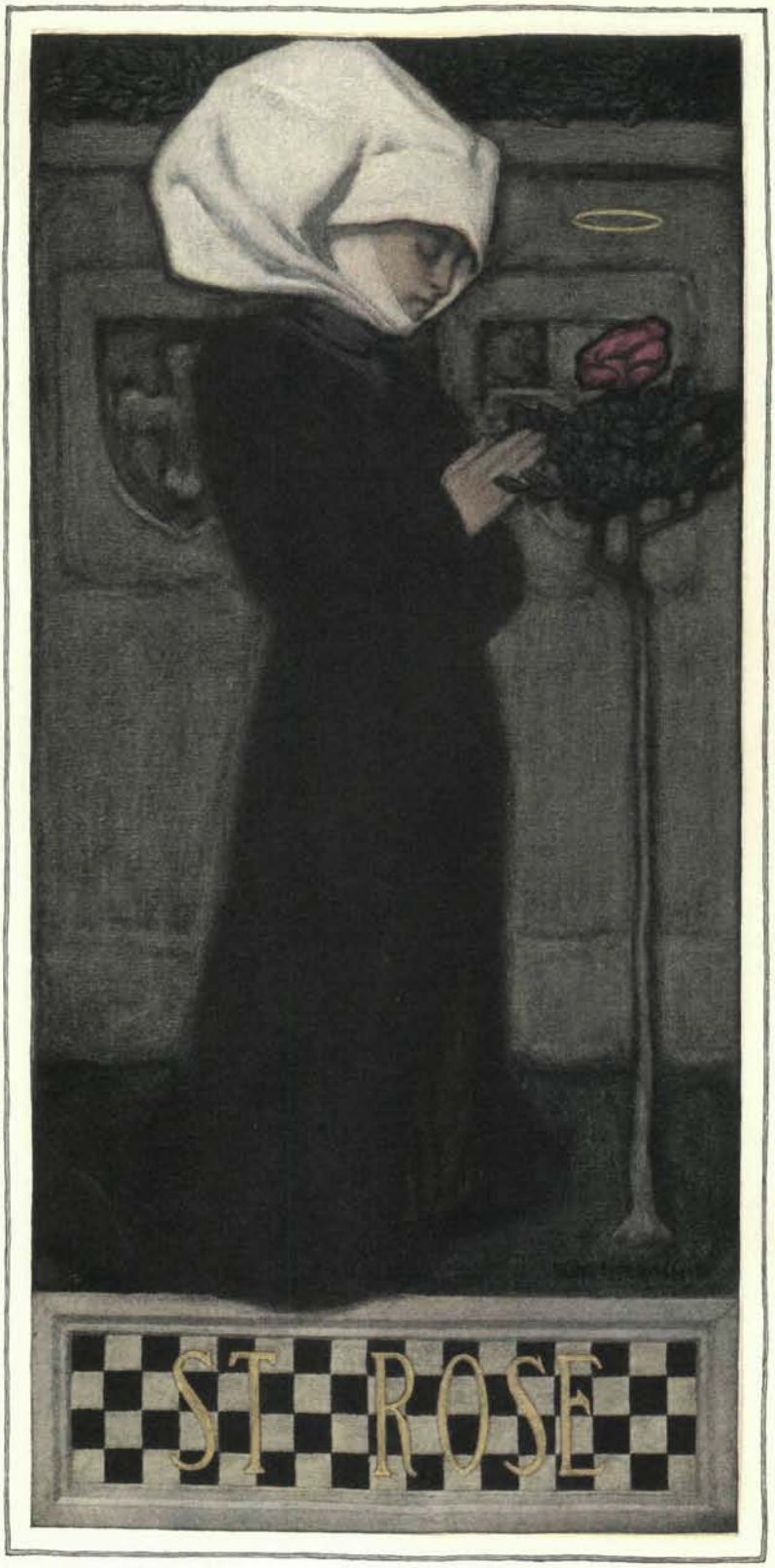

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

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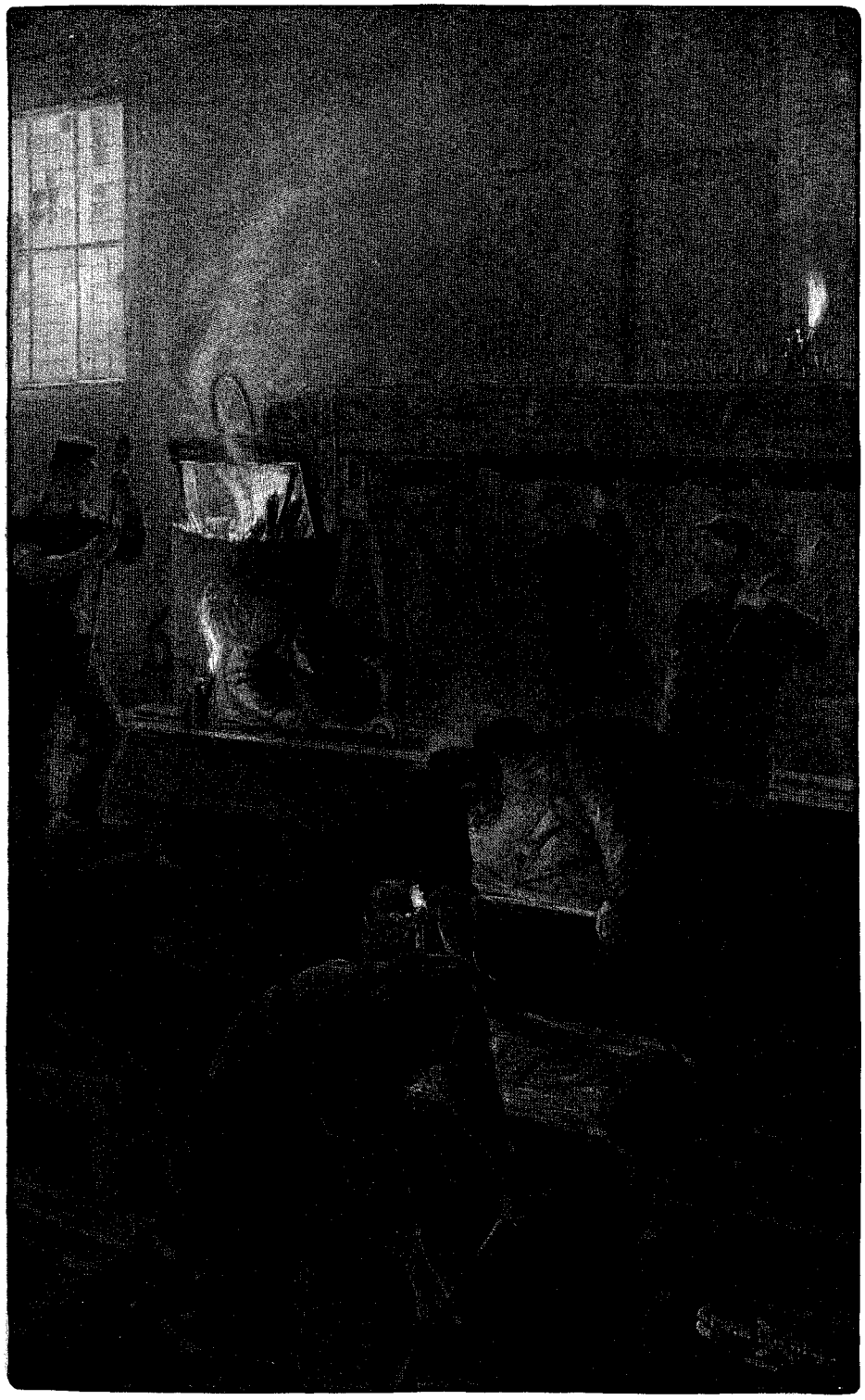

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

They buried them in singular bottomless boxes.—Page 386.

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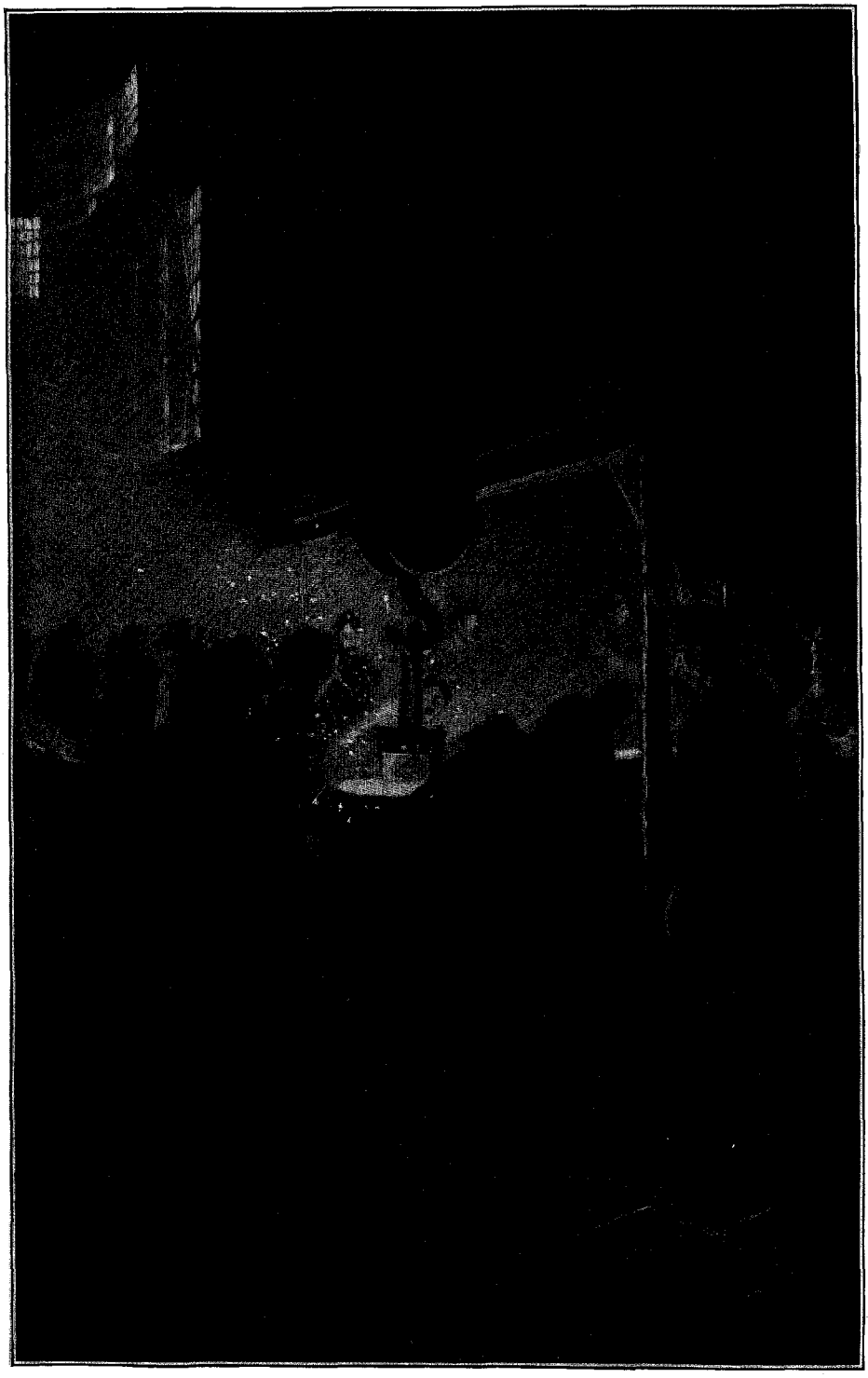

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Soon the crane set down a big ladle under the stream.—Page 387.

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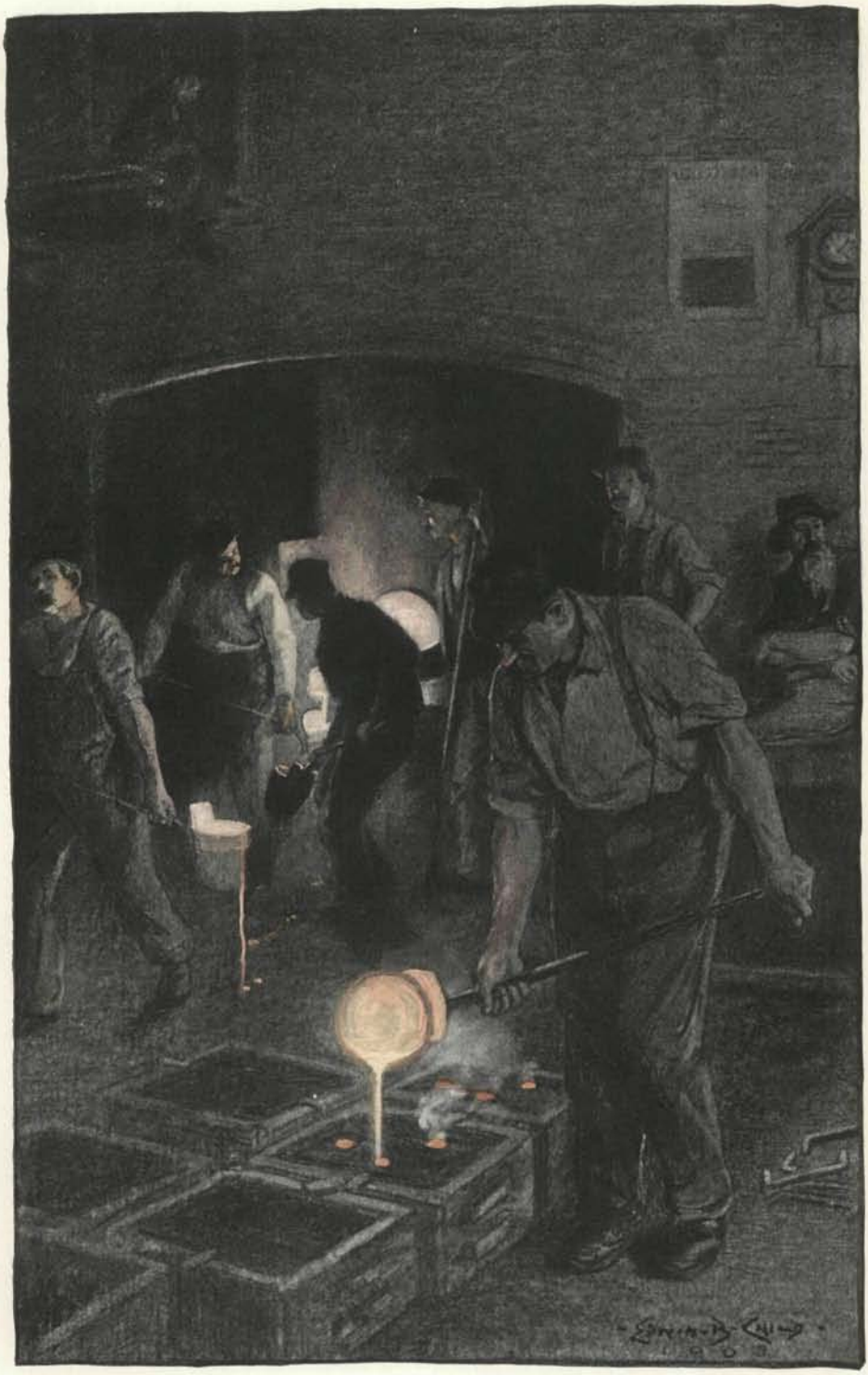

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Smaller ones carried by men who staggered under their weight.—Page 388

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